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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

U. S. P. A.

SEE FIFTH PAGE.

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Poetry.

LOVE AMONG THE CLOVER.

Over and over the purple clover,
Under the greenwood tree,
Sweet Bessie came straying, for wild flowers Maying,
And sang in her maiden glee:
"O hey, O ho!
There's a laddy I know
Who joys my face to see.
Fair blossoms, I pray, now what shall I say
When Robin comes wooing o' me,
Dear heart,
When Robin comes wooing o' me."

Over and under the boughs asunder,
Through the wood came Robin ere long;
In the olden fashion he carolled his passion,
And the hawthorn swayed to his song:
"O hey, O ho!
The way I know
She dropped me this flower to tell:
But what will she say this blossomy day—
Would that I knew it as well,
Dear heart,
Would that I knew it as well."

Over and over the fragrant clover,
The bees went humming till late,
And where is the laddy, and what luck had he
A-wooing his blithesome mate?
O hey, O ho!
They walk so slow,
Brown Robin and blushing Bess;
But what did he say in the wood to-day?
I think I will leave you to guess,
Dear heart,
I think I will leave you to guess.
—[Samuel Minturn Peck in Louisville Courier Journal.

MOTHER ROCKING BABY.

Swing, swing! sing, sing!
Here's my throne and I am a king!
Swing, sing! swing, sing!
Farewell, Earth, for I'm on the wing!

Low, high, here I fly,
Like a bird from sunny sky!
Free, free, over the lea,
Over the mountain, over the sea!

Up, down, up and down,
Which is way to London town?
Where, where?—up in the air!
Close your eyes—and now you are there.

Soon, soon, afternoon,
Over the sunset, over the moon,
Far, far, over all bar,
Sweeping on from star to star.

No, no! low, low,
Sweeping daisies with my toe,
Low, low, to and fro,
Slow—slow—slow—slow.
—[Sunshine.

LOVE AND LATIN.

She just had left the Latin school,
Her mind with richest learning stored,
And she was grandly beautiful—
A maiden made to be adored.

I loved her, and I told her so,
But added this, whatever hap,
Let not your friends at present know,
She whispered softly, verbum sap.

I have no wealth to give to thee
At present, sweet; is love enough?
She bent her loving gaze on me,
And, smiling, answered, quantum suff.

We've wed; she's mine while life endures,
And oft I say with love aglow,
You stole my heart and I won yours,
To which she answers, quid pro quo.
—[New York Press.

A RONDEAU.

Aye, bitter sweet, is your reply,
Why should you thus your love deny?
But to your words I must succumb,
And so remain hereafter dumb,
And vent my love but in a sigh.

Ah, now I hear a buzzing nigh,
A 'skeeter and his mate go by,
And I distinguish in his hum,
"I bit her, sweet."

A tear of sorrow fills my eye,
And yet no reason why I cry.
For consolation there is some,
The 'skeeter's word unbidden come,
My thoughts are mixed, I will not lie.
Aye, bitter sweet.

Our Story Teller.

"JIM."

The Inscription Over a Johnstown Grave, and the Story That Goes With It.

AFTER the toasts at the dinner of the Johnstown correspondents at the Fellowcraft club on Saturday night, and when reminiscences were in order, some chance remark brought out from Gen. D. H. Hastings, who, having been the benefactor of the newspaper men at Johnstown, had become their guest in New York, a story of the flood, which, though it has waited a full year for the telling, has the freshness and delicacy of a newly plucked flower, and the always new odor of heroism inseparable from a tale of noble actions, even though the hero be but a tramp. This is the way the general told it:

"It was the night after the flood, and I had arrived on the spot only a short time before, after driving sixty miles over the mountains. You know what a horrible thing darkness was in Johnstown, anyhow, and that was the first night, and the worst. A few of us were standing on the bank overlooking the plain and the smouldering debris at the bridge, saying nothing and trying not to think. Presently some one pulled a few pieces of wreck together and built a fire. We could see each other then, and one of the toughest looking men I ever saw in my life, and it took a pretty ragged and dirty and miserable man to attract attention at Johnstown then, hunted around until he found a battered old can, and in it he made coffee over the fire and handed it around to us. I said, when he handed me mine:

"'I suppose you've lost everything?'

"We always made some remark like that to a stranger then; it seemed about the only natural thing to say.

"'No,' said he, 'didn't lose anything.'

"'You belong here?' said I.

"'Nop,' said he.

"'Got friends here?'

"'Nop.'

"'Look here,' said I, 'who are you, anyhow?'

"'Well,' he sort of muttered, 'I'm what they call a tramp.'

"Then he seemed to brighten up and said:

"'I'll tell ye; I ain't done a stroke o' work in more'n four year, but I just happened to come along here, an' I tell you, it just knocked me out. I seen all these people with nothin' left an' nobody to help 'em, an' I just pitched in 'fore I knew it. I ain't much good, but I done all I could, an' I'm goin' to stay here now as long as I kin be of any help.'

"I sort of took an interest in the fellow at that, and told him who I was, and that if he'd come around to headquarters next day I'd give him something to do. He was on hand early next morning, and said he didn't mind what he did, so we tied a white piece of cotton about his hat, marked 'Morgue' on it in big letters, and told him to go help handle the dead. You know what awful work that was, but he looked like a ghoul anyhow, and he didn't kick at the assignment. After a day or two we noticed that he was one of the best men we had. He was patient, industrious, and kindly, and as faithful as a woman. He never shirked a task, no matter how hideous, and he never stopped as long as there was work to do, day or night. When we organized a regular force I wanted to put him on the pay-roll, and I asked him:

"'What's your name?'

"'Oh, just put me down "Jim," he said; 'that'll do.'

"So as Jim he went down on the roll, and that was the only name we ever knew him by. We kept him at work about headquarters most of the time, and for forty-five of the forty-seven days I was in Johnstown I had no more steady, hard-working, faithful and honest man among all the thousands that were there. He did everything he was set to do patiently, intelligently and uncomplainingly, and we all got to think a good deal of him. He remained, in appearance, a very tough-looking citizen, but as he worked among the sick and suffering and miserable, a good deal of his toughness wore off. He got more refined, somehow, although we didn't think much about it till afterward.

"One day the last of the men were paid off, and he drew the first money he had had since he began to work.

"'What are you going to do now, Jim?' I asked him.

"'Well, I'll tell you,' he said. 'You know I ain't always been a tramp; I used to have a nice home in Massachusetts, and a wife and children, but five years ago I had some trouble with my wife, and I went away, and—well, I ain't been good for nothing much since.'

"'Now, Jim, look here,' said I. 'What you want to do is to go right back to Massachusetts and see if your wife's alive, and look up your children and live like a man again.'

"'General, he said, 'that's just what I was comin' to. You see, I ain't been caring much what became of me since I got to trampin' around, but seein' all these people so miserable and workin', you know, an' helpin' 'em what I could, its kind o' changed me, somehow, an' I want to see if I can't be somebody myself. So I've got some money, now, an' I'll go back an' hunt up my folks, an' I know I can get work, an' maybe I'll get along all right again.'

"'Jim, you're just right,' I said. 'How much money have you got?'

"'Sixty-eight dollars, general.'

"'Now, I'll tell you what you do; we're all going away in a day or two, you know, and you go down to the Commissary department and tell 'em to give you a suit of clothes, and fix yourself up some, and when I go home I'll take you with me, and you can stay a day or two with me, and then go on to Massachusetts.'

"He seemed very grateful. I asked him; "'What will you do when you get there?'

"'Oh, I'll get work again.'

"'Well, all right; now you go off and get a new suit, and I'll take you home with me when I go.' I said, and Jim hurried off toward the Commissary department.

"Later in the day he came back. You wouldn't have known him. Of course the suit wasn't much, but it was neat and clean, and he'd got his hair cut and his beard shaved off, and he had on a boiled shirt and a necktie. He was a big, stalwart fellow, with a handsome, waving mustache, and he looked really handsome. But there was something the matter with him, and in a minute I knew what had spoiled Jim's life.

"'Jim,' said I, 'You've been drinking.'

"'Well, general,' he said, 'you know I'm through work now, an' I hadn't tasted a drop ever since I been here, so I thought I'd just get a quart of whisky while I was down there, and—and I guess I've drunk a pint or so of it, but I ain't drunk.'

"'Now see here, Jim,' said I, 'this isn't right; you'll never get back to your wife and children if you start in this way. Quit it right where you are, and don't spoil everything just as you are ready to begin over again.'

"He sort of half promised and went on down the road, but I noticed he met some friends and that there was a deal of tilting of elbows. I watched him until he met another party of friends and saw the elbows go up again, and then Jim went on out of sight.

"Some time afterward one of my aides came to my tent, looking very queer, and said:

"'General, there's an accident happened to Jim, and I guess you'd better come.'

"I hurried off after him, and away up the railroad track I came to a little group of men, and in the midst of them poor Jim lying on the ground. He had got in the way of the freight train somehow, and both his legs were cut off above the knee. We picked him up and carried him to the hospital. We did what we could for him, but it wasn't much. Two or three of us sat by his bedside all night, and when day broke he died. We picked out the finest coffin we had for Jim; we dug his grave in the prettiest spot there was left in the cemetery, and he had the biggest funeral that there had been in Johnstown at all. And the day we left we took a board and set it up at the head of his grave, and all we put on it was one word, 'Jim.'"—[N. Y. Sun.

He Was Bulldozed and Intimidated.

Traveling through Alabama recently and stretching my legs on the platform of a way station, while the train was waiting "twenty minutes for dinner," I asked an old negro if there was much bulldozing and intimidation at the elections in that section.

"You don't live roun' yere, do you, boss?" was his answer.

I admitted that I did not.

"I knowed you didn', caze you wouldn't ax me no sicher queschun. Bulldozin' en 'timerdation—you dun know whut dey is tell yer see er 'lection down yere!"

I asked him if he was ever intimidated.

"Now you talkin', boss! I bin 'timerdated en bulldozed. Hit's outdacious, da's whut!"

"How did they do it?" I inquired.

"Huh! How? Go long, now! Don't you know how dey do it? De puts me on de rock pile fer ten days 'caze a man gin me a dollar to vote fer him fer tax c'lector—da's how! Black man ain't got no show yere 'lection times, en you knows it!"—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Hint for Book Agents.

Book Agent (in disguise)—Now, how old are you?

Business Man—Forty-six.

"Color?"

"White."

"Male or female?"

"Male."

"Thanks; now how many copies of Stanley's travels shall I put you down for?"

"Great Scott, does the census require it?"

"The fine for refusal is $100; the book is dirt cheap at $4."

"Put me down for two copies and—the census."—[Minneapolis Times.

He Understood.

At a hotel a waiter came out of the coffee room and informed the manager that a man was raising a disturbance because he could not have his accustomed seat at the table.

"Go in again," said the manager, "and propitiate him in some way."

Back went the waiter and said: "If you don't like the way things is done here, you can get out, or I'll propitiate you pretty quick.—[Lloyd's Weekly.

His Great Smile.

If a woman does not like a man she can characterize him as no man ever could. A certain young man, Mr. Smith, was noted for an extraordinary and perennial smile. One of his lady school mates described a meeting with him, thus:

"As was going out of church I saw a smile down by the door; when I came nearer I discovered that Mr. Smith was around it."—[Christian Advocate.

In Luck.

Miss Passee (with girlish enthusiasm, joining a group of young people who are discussing an expedition through the mountains)—May I go with you? I should so love to!

Young Spriggins (with great cordiality)—Delighted to have you. We were just wondering where we'd get a chaperon.—[Harper's Bazar.

A Suggestion.

Old Richfellow (desperately)—If you refuse me what is there left for me to do?

Sweet Girl—Well, I read the other day about a rich man who made his will in favor of the woman who refused him, and then went out and hung himself—[Petit Journal Pour Rire.

Why He Was Good.

Rev. Primrose—You are a good boy to say your prayers every night. You must love God.

Bobby—Naw, I love the candy ma gives me for saying them.—[Drake's Magazine.

CENSUS HUMORS.

Some of the Funny Things the Enumerators Find.

The humors of the cenus are breaking out quite a la Francaise. "Suffering Moses!" says Isaac Goldstein, "how can I give my 'Christian name' in full?" Again, the enumerator asks a well-seasoned spinster her age. "I was born in '70," says the lady. "Ah!" says the ruffian, blandly, "1770 or 1870?" And these from the *Sun:*

Census Enumerator—Name, please!

The questionee—John Henry Perkins.

"Of how many children are you the mother?"

"What!"

Census Enumerator (to Philadelphia man)—Your age, please.

Mr. Chestnut—Forty-five.

Census Enumerator—Did you die during the past year or before that time?

Census Enumerator (to Chicago woman)—Married, mum?

Chicago Woman—Yes.

Census Enumerator—How many times have you been divorced since June, 1889?

The Way It Goes.

Census Enumerator (to head of the house)—Are you married or unmarried, sir?

Head of the House—Married.

Enumerator (a little later)—Have you a wife?

Head (astonished)—Yes.

Enumerator—Er—male or female?

Head (now thoroughly aroused)—That, sir, is one of the questions I am not going to answer.—[Lowell Citizen.

All a Delusion.

The only people who can really afford to laugh about these disease statistics are the Christian Scientists. Having no belief in the existence of disease, they can conscientiously answer that they do not now suffer and never have suffered from any disease whatsoever, acute or chronic. You can imagine a census taker in the fever and ague district of Indiana entering a house and finding a woman yellow and shaking with chronic ague.

"Madam," says the census taker (Mr. Porter instructs these dollar-and-a-half-a-day enumerators that they must have all the urbanity of my Lord Chesterfield himsel), "madam, will you kindly state whether you are suffering with any acute or chronic disease, with name of disease and length of time afflicted?"

"N-n-n-ne-ever had n-n-n-brrrr! not'in' the m-m-m-matter with me!" says the woman.

"Then may I venture to ask you, madam," says the polite census taker, "why you shiver in that appalling manner, and why you are as yellow as a rutabaga?"

"'T's all a d-d-d-d-delu-u-u-sion, m-m-mister! Only a durned b-b-b-b-belief of ager. I'm a Ch-Ch-Ch-ristian Scientist, mister. Brrrrr!"—[Boston Transcript.

Ye Poor Census Man.

"Pray what is your age?" said ye census man sage,
And ye damsel spoke never a word.
"Are ye foolish, insane, deaf, humpbacked or lame?"
And she smiled at a thought so absurd.
"Do you powder or paint?" and her smile it grew faint.
"Do you snore, Miss, and have you cold feet?"
Ye damosel yet she spake not, you bet,
But ye man he lay dead in ye street.
—[Washington Critic.

The following may not be true to nature, but it is amusing as an illustration of possibilities:

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Census-taker— ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
Helpless Citizen— ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
—[Washington Post.

Census-taker— ? . . ? . . ? . . ? . . ?
Helpless Citizen— ☞ ! ☞ ! ☞ ! ☞ !
—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

Was ever a song without words more eloquent?

Be Kind to the Census Man.

The census enumerator will ask about your health and the health of your families. He should be treated kindly.—[New Orleans Picayune.

ENUMERATE!

[*Somewhat below "Excelsior."*]

The light of morn was breaking fast,
When through the streets of Gotham passed
A youth, who bore this strange device,
Set in a precious ring of ice—
Enumerate!

"Try not the flats," the old man said:
"They'll pour hot water on thy head!"
The young man bounded up the stairs:
"I'll show them there is one who dares
Enumerate!"

"Oh, stay," the ancient maiden said:
"Oh, ask me not why I'm not wed."
The hero smiled, quoth he: "Do you
Not rank in age at forty-two?
"Enumerate!"

At evening on the dumping-ground,
A young man by a cop was found—
A coal-hod crowned his swollen pate
And he who ran read on his slate.
"Enumerate!"

FOUR DINING STORIES.

None of Them are Chestnuts and All of Them Are Good.

Here are some dining stories, told by the New York *Evening Sun's* "woman about town," all good, all new, and each having its affidavit attached to it. Let's give the Englishman the precedence.

He was dining with a company of Americans somewhere in the country, and the waiter announced the dessert after the manner of his kind; "Peach—plum—apple—blackberry—lemon—custard pie." "You may bring me peach—plum—apple blackberry—lemon pie," said the Englishman, in one wild plunge into unknown terrors. With a sly twinkle as he departed the waiter asked: "What's the matter with the custard pie?" while all the diners smiled till the dishes clinked together. And by and by, when all the pies were laid out before him, the Englishman looked up "in a contemplative fashion," and asked ruminatingly, "By the way, what was the matter with the custard pie, anyway?"

That reminds us—but that's another story, as Rudyard Kipling says, and it's the Irishman's turn now.

He was newly arrived, this Milesian personage, and he didn't propose to be borne at once, body and soul, out of the old loyalty into the new. But he, too, was at meat, and was ministered unto after the usual interrogative way. "Red snapper, boiled whitefish, baked bluefish?" asked the waiter. Then all the Irish blood in his veins rose at once. "No, ye kon't," he said. "I'll hav neyther of thim. St. Peter! I don't be havin' th' Amerykin flag stuffed down me throat that way, neyther baked nur boiled nur fried! Ye may bring me some green peas and petaties, waiter."

Scene, Delmonico's; time, a few evenings ago. A party of men and women near the center of the room:

Mrs. Youngwife—Tom, dear, who is that distinguished looking man near the door? I always see him. Does he dine here regularly?

Tom—Yes, my dear, he has dined here for ten years past.

Mrs. Y—Is he rich, Tom?

Tom—No, love, he has dined here for ten years past.

And now for the "that reminds me" story. The *naif* question of the Englishman over his pie suggests some consideration of the difference between the ponderosity of the English, and the quick darting of the American wit, a consideration which we shall only suggest here by illustration. Not long ago the London *Truth* was moved to relate that story familiar to all good-story-loving Americans which we tell in this crisp way:

Testy old man to small boy—Boy, what do you mean by always hollering just when I'm going by?

Small boy—Old fellow; what do you mean by always going by just when I'm hollering?

Now hear *Truth.* A somewhat irate old village squire was once moved to notice that a certain youngster seemed always in the act of hallooing while he was passing by. And so one day he said to him, with that arrogance which, it seems, characterizes village squires: "Boy, why is that you always appear to be hallooing whilst that I am passing by?"

To which the boy responded, with that readiness which characterizes village boys: "Why is it that you are always passing by whilst that I am hallooing?"

Our Serial Story.

Written for THE BLADE by Marion Harland. Copyright 1890.

MR. WAYT'S WIFE'S SISTER.

CHAPTER III.

"HETTY! do you ever think what it would be like to be engaged?"

"Engaged to do what?" said Hetty, lazily.

She lay as in a cradle, in a grassy hollow under an apple tree—the Anak of his tribe. The branches, freighted with pink-and-white blooms, dipped earth-ward until the extreme twigs almost brushed the grass, and shut in the two girls arbor-wise. The May sun warmed the flowers into fragrance that hinted subtly of continual fruitiness. Hester said she tasted, rather than smelled it. Bees hummed in the boughs, through the still blandness of the air a light shower of petals fell silently over Hetty's blue gown, settled upon her hair and drifted in the folds of the afghan covering Hester's lower limbs.

Homer had discovered in the garden-fence a gate opening into this orchard,

SHE STOOD IN THE ROSY SHADOW OF THE BRANCHES.

and confidentially revealed the circumstance to Hetty who, in time, imparted it to Hester, and conspired with her to explore the paradise as soon as the boys and Fanny were safely off to Sunday school.

"Engaged to do what?" Hetty had said in such good faith that she opened dreamy eyes wide at the accent of the reply.

"To be married, of course, Miss Inglemous! What else could I mean?"

"Oh-h-h!" still more indolently. "I don't know that I ever thought far in that direction. Why should I?"

"Why shouldn't you, or any other healthy and passably good-looking girl, expect to be engaged—and be married—and be happy? It is time you began to take the matter into consideration, if you never did before."

"There is usually another party to the arrangement."

"And why not in your case?"

"Where should he come from? Is he to drop from the moon? Or out of the apple-tree?"—stirred to the simile by the flick of a tinted petal upon her nose. "Or am I to stamp him out of the earth, a-la-Pompey? And what could I do with him if he were to pop up like a fairy-prince, at this or any other instant?"

"Fall in love with him, and marry him out-of-hand! I *wish* you would, Hetty, and take me to live with you! That is one of my dearest dreams. I have thought it all out when the backache keeps me awake at night, and when I get quiet dreamy hours by day, when *he* is off pastoralling, and the boys and Fan are at school, and baby Annie is asleep, and I can hear Tony croning 'Sweet Julia' so far away I can't distinguish the frightful words, and you are going about the house singing to yourself, and blessing every room you enter like a shifting sunbeam."

"Why, my pet, you are talking poetry."

Hetty raised her head from the arms crossed beneath it, and stared at the child. The light, filtered through the mass of scented color, freshened her complexion and rounded the outlines of her face; her solemn eyes looked upward; her hands lay together, like two lily petals, upon the coverlet. Unwittingly she was a living illustration of her father's theory of the Reality of the Unseen.

"No!" she answered, quickly. "Not poetry, for it may easily come to pass that you should have a husband and home of your own. I do dream poems sometimes, if poetry is clouds and sunsets and music nobody else hears, and voices—and love-words—and bosh!"

Hetty could not help laughing.

"Tell me some of the glory and the bosh! This is a beautiful confessional, Hester; I wish we had nothing to do for a week but to lie on the grass, and look at the blue sky through apple-blossoms."

"Amen!" breathed her companion softly, and for awhile they were so quiet that the robins, nesting upon the other side of the tree, began to whisper together.

"Bosh and my poetry dreams are synonyms," resumed Hester, her voice curiously mellowed from its accustomed sharpness. "Other people may say as much of theirs. I know it of mine. There's the difference. All the same, they are as sweet as the poisoned honey we were reading about the other day, which the bees made from poppy-fields. And while I suck it, I forget. My romance has no more foundation than the story of the Prince and the Little White Cat. Mine is a broken-backed cat, but she comes straight in my dreams after her head is cut off. You don't suppose she minded that. She must have been so impatient when the Prince hesitated that she was tempted to grab his sword and saw through her own neck. You see she recollected what she had been. The woman's soul was cooped up in the cat's skin. And I was eight years old when the evil spell was laid upon me."

The tears in Hetty's throat hindered response. Never until this instant, with all her love for her dependent charge, her knowledge of her sufferings, and the infinite pity these engendered, had the deprivations Hester's afflictions involved seemed so horribly, so atrociously cruel. The listener's nails dug furrows in her palms, she set her teeth, and looking up to the unfeeling smile of the deaf and dumb heavens, she said something in her heart that would have left faint hope of her eternal weal in the orthodox mind of her brother-in-law.

Hester was speaking again.

"Every painter has his models. I have had mine. I dress each one up and work the wires to make him or her go through the motions—my motions, mind you! not theirs, poor puppets! When the dress gets shabby, or the limbs rickety, I throw them upon the rubbish heap, and look out for another.

"I got a new one last Thursday. The man who jumped over me in the station, and afterward carried me into the restaurant (such *strong*, steady arms as he had!) is a real hero! O, I am building a noble castle to put him in! He lives near here, for he passes the house three times a day. His eyes have a smile in them, and his mustache droops just like Charles the First's, and he walks with a spring as if he were so full of life he longed to leap or fly, and his voice has a ring and resonance like an organ. The pretty girl that called him 'Mark' to-day is his sister."

"Why not his wife?"

"Wife! Don't you suppose I know the cut of a married man, even on the street? He hasn't the first symptom of the craft. He doesn't swagger, and he doesn't slink. A husband does one or the other."

Hetty laughed out merrily. There was a sense of relief in Hester's return to the sarcastic raillery habitual to her, which made her mirth the heartier.

A man crossing the lower slops of the orchard heard the bubbling peal, and looked in the direction of the big tree. So did his attendant, a huge St. Bernard dog. He tore up the acclivity bellowing ferociously. Before his master's shout arose above his baying he was almost upon the girls. At the instant of alarm, Hetty had thrown herself before the wheeled chair and the helpless occupant, and faced the foe. Crouching slightly, as for a spring, her face blenched, eyes wide and steady, she stood in the rosy shadow of the branches, both hands outthrown to ward off the bounding assailant.

"What a pose!" was March's first thought, professional instinct asserting itself, concerned though he was at the panic for which he was responsible. "In the same lightning-flash came—"Ill paint that girl some day!"

"Don't be frightened!" he was calling, as he ran. "He will not hurt you!"

Hester had shrieked feebly, and lay almost swooning, among her cushions. Hetty had not uttered a sound, but as the master laid his hand on the dog's collar her knees gave way under her and she sank down by the cripple's chair, her head resting upon the edge of the wicker side. She was fighting desperately for composure, or the semblance of it, and did not look up when March began to apologize.

"I am awfully sorry," he panted, ruefully penitent. "And so will Thor—my dog, you know—be when he understands how badly he has behaved. He is seldom so inhospitable."

The word brought up Hetty's head and wits.

"Are we trespassing?" she queried, anxiously. "We thought that this orchard was a part of the parsonage grounds, or we would not have come. It is me who should beg your pardon."

"By no means!" He had taken off his hat, and in his regretful sincerity, looked handsomer than when his eyes had smiled, concluded Hester, whose senses were rapidly returning. "My name is Gilchrist, and my father's grounds adjoin those of the parsonage. He had the gate cut between your garden and the orchard, that the clergyman's family might be as much at home here as ourselves. I hope you will forgive my dog's misdemeanor, and my heedlessness in not seeing you before he had a chance to frighten you."

Summoning something of his father's gracious stateliness, he continued, more formally:

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Miss Wayt?"

Bow and question were for Hetty. Hester's voice, thin and dissonant, replied with old-fashioned decorum of manner, but in unconventional phrase:

"I have the misfortune to be Miss Wayt. This is Mr. Wayt's wife's sister, Miss Alling."

It was a queer speech, made queerer by the prim articulation the author deemed proper in the situation. March tried not to see that the subject of the second clause of the introduction flushed deeply, while her mute return of his bow had a serious natural grace he thought charming. When he begged that she would resume her seat, the little roguish curl at the corner of her lips which he recollected as archly demure, came into play.

"We have no chairs to offer, but if you do not object to the best we have to give—" finishing the half-invitation by seating herself upon a grass-grown root, jutting out near the trunk of the tree.

"The nicest carpet and lounge in the world," affirmed Macrh, sitting down upon the sward. "Odd, isn't it, that American men don't know how to loll on the turf as English do? Our climate is ever so much drier and we have three times as many fair days in the year, and some of us seem to be as loosely put together. But we don't understand how to fling ourselves down all in a heap that doesn't look awkward either, and be altogether at ease in genuine Anglican fashion. Even if there are ladies present an Englishman lies on the grass, and it is considered 'quite the thing, don't you know?' They say the imported American never gets the hang of it, try as he will. A man must be born on the other side or he can't learn it."

"There may be something in your countryman's inborn reverence for women that prevents him from mastering the accomplishment," said Hetty, a little dryly.

March bowed gayly.

"Thank you for the implied compliment, in the name of American men! I am glad you are getting the benefit of this perfect May day. There, at any rate, we have the advantage of the mother country, if she *has* given us the Maypole and 'The Queen of the May.' This is a sour and dubious month in Merry England."

"You have been there, then?"

Hester said it abruptly, as she said most things, but the eagerness, dashed with longing, that gave plaintive cadence to the question, caught March's ear.

"Several times. I sailed from Liverpool twelve days ago. I was just off the steamer, and may be a little unsteady on my feet, when I collided with your carriage last Thursday, and you generously forgave me."

The girl was regarding him with frank admiration that would have annoyed an ultra-sensitive man, and amused, while it flattered, a vain one.

"It must be *heavenly* to travel in the country of Scott and Dickens!" she said, quaintly naive. "How you must have enjoyed it!"

"I did, exceedingly, but less on account of David Copperfield and Nicholas Nickleby than because, as a boy, I reveled in English history, and that my mother's father for whom I was named, was English. You should hear my sister talk of her first journey across England. She would say every little while in an awed undertone: 'This is just living Dickens!' You have not met her yet, I think?" to Hetty.

"No."

The tone was reserved, without being rude. He could have fancied that sadness underlay civil regret. Perhaps May had been mistaken in postponing her call until the parsonage was in perfect order.

"She means to call very soon. She thought it would be unneighborly to intrude before you had recovered from the fatigue of removal and travel. Mr. Wayt was my father's guest for a day or two, you know, before your arrival, and I have had since the pleasure of meeting him several times and of hearing him preach this morning."

In the pause that succeeded the speech the church-bell began to ring for afternoon service. Under the impression that he had lost caste in not attending upon the second stated ordinance of the sanctuary he offered a lame explanation.

"I am afraid I am not an exemplary church-goer. But I find one sermon as much as I can digest and practice from Sunday to Sunday. My mother doesn't like to hear me say it. She thinks such sentiments revolutionary and uncanoncial, and no doubt she is right."

"Anybody is excusable for preferring to worship 'under green apple-boughs' to-day," observed Hester, with uncharacteristic tact. "You see we have always lived in cities, great and small. We have been used to brick walls and narrow, high houses, with paved backyards, with cats on the fences"—disgustfully—"and wet clothes flapping in your eyes if you tried to pretend to ruralize. Every body hasn't as much imagination as Young John Chivery, who said the flapping of sheets and towels in his face 'made him feel like he was in groves.'"

"Fairhill has preserved the rural element remarkably well, when one considers her tens of thousands of inhabitants, her water-supply and electric lights," said March; "and luckily one doesn't need much imagination to help out his enjoyment of the world on this Sunday afternoon."

His tone was so respectfully familiar, his bearing so easy, the girls forgot that he was a stranger.

"It wasn't your Dickens who said it, but you can, perhaps, tell me who did write a

MAY STOOPED IMPULSIVELY TO KISS HER.

verse that has been running in my unpoetical brain ever since I entered your fairy bower," he said by and by.

"'The orchard's all a-flutter with pink;
Robins twitter, and wild bees humming
Break the song with a thrill to think
How sweet is life when summer is coming.'

"That is the way it goes, I believe. It is a miracle for me to recollect so much rhyme. The robins and bees must have helped me out."

"I wish I knew who did that!" sighed Hester. "Oh, what it must be to write poetry or paint pictures!"

March's glance of mirthful suspicion changed at sight of the knotted brow and wistful eyes.

"One ought to be thankful for either gift," he said, quietly. "I was thinking just now how I should like to make a picture of what I saw as I ran up the hill. May I try some day?"

Hetty drew herself up and looked inquiry. Hester's hands fluttered, painful scarlet throbbed into her cheeks.

"Can you draw? Do you paint? Are you an *artist?*" bringing out the last word in an excited whisper.

March was too much touched to trifle with her agitation. "I try to be," he answered simply, almost reverently.

"And would you—may I—would it annoy you—Hetty! ask him. You know what I want!"

"My darling!" The cooing, comfortable mumur was passing sweet. "Be quiet for one moment, and you can put what you want to say into words." As the fragile form quivered under her hand, a light seemed to dawn upon her. "You see, Mr. Gilchrist, my niece loves pictures better than anything else—and she has never met a real live artist before," the corners of her mouth yielding a little. "She has had a great longing to know how the beautiful things that delight her are made—how they grow into being. Is that it dear?"

Hester nodded her eyes luminous with tears she strove to drive back.

March struck his hands together with boyish glee.

"I have it! I will make a study of 'orchards all a-flutter with pink,' and you shall see me put in every stroke. May I begin to-morrow? Blossom time is short. How unspeakably jolly! May we, Miss Alling?"

The proposition was so ingenious, and Hester's imploring eyes were so eloquent, that the referee turned pale under the heart-wrench demur cost her.

"Dear!" she said, soothingly, to the invalid, "it would not be right to promise until we have consulted your mother. Mr. Gilchrist is very kind. Indeed"—raising an earnest face whose pallor set him to wandering—"you must believe that we do appreciate your goodness in offering her this great happiness. But—Hester, love, we *must* ask mamma."

March had seen Mrs. Wayt in church that forenoon, and been struck anew with her delicate loveliness. Could she, with that Madonna face, be a stern taskmistress? With the rise of difficulties, his desire to paint the picture increased. That this unfortunate child, with the artist-soul shining piteous through her big eyes, should see the fair creation grow under his hand had become a matter of moment. As poor Hester's effort to express acquiescence or dissent died in a hysterical gurgle, and a shamed attempt to hide her hot face with her hands, the tender-hearted fellow arose to take leave.

"I won't urge my petition until you have had time to think it over. But I won't withdraw it. May I bring my sister over to see you both? She is fond of pictures, too, and dabbles in water-colors on her own account. Excuse me—and Thor—for our unintentionally unceremoniously introduction to your notice, and thank you for a delightful half-hour. Good afternoon!"

Hetty looked after him, as his elastic stride measured off the orchard-slope—a contradiction of strange mortification and strange delight warring within her. It was as if a young sun-god had paused in the entrance of a gruesome cave, and talked familiarly with the prisoners chained to the wall. With all her resolute purpose to oppose the intimacy which she foresaw must arise from the proposed scheme of picture-making, she could not ignore the straining of her spirit upon her bonds.

"Oh!" wailed Hester, lowering her hands. "I didn't mean to be so foolish! I will be brave and sensible, but you know, Hetty, I have never had any thing like this offered to me before. It is like dying with thirst with water before one's eyes, to give it up. And when he said: 'Blossom-time is short,' it rushed over me that I never had any—I can never have any. I am just a withered, useless, ugly bud that will never be a flower."

An agony of sobs followed.

"My precious one!" Hetty's tears flowed with hers. "Do I ever forget your sorrows? Are you listening, dear? If possible you shall have this one poor little pleasure. You must trust your mother's love, and mine, to deny you nothing we can safely give. If we must refuse it is only bearing a little more!"

The going-out of the May day was calm as with remembered happiness, but the chill that lurks in the imperfectly tempered air of the new-born season, awaiting the departure of the sun, was so pronounced by 7 o'clock that Hetty called upon Homer to build a fire in the sitting-room, where she and Hester were sitting. The children were sent to bed at 8 o'clock. Mrs. Wayt was lying down in her chamber with one of her frequent headaches, rallying her forces against her husband's return from the long walk he found necessary "to work off the cumulative electricity unexpended by the day's services."

"I belong to the peripatetic school of philosophy," he said to a parishioner whom he met two miles from home.

"He was forging ahead like a trained prize-fighter," reported the admiring pew-holder to a friend. "Nothing of the sentimental weakling about *him!*"

March and May Gilchrist, pausing upon the parsonage porch, at sound of a voice singing softly and clearly within, saw, past a half-drawn sash curtain, Hetty rocking back and forth in the firelight, with Hester in her arms. The cripple's head was thrown back slightly bringing into relief the small, fine-featured face and lustrous eyes. Her wealth of hair waved and glittered with the motion of the chair like spun gold. It might have been a young mother crooning to her baby in a sort of chant, the words of which were distinctly audible to brother and sister, the nearest window being lowered a few inches from the top. Hester loved heat and light as well as salamander, but could not breathe freely in a closed room. To-night was one of her "bad times," and nothing but Hetty's singing could win her a moderate degree of ease.

"Blow, winds!" sang Hetty.
"And waft through all the rooms
The snow flakes of the cherry blooms!
Blow, winds! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O, Life and Love! O, happy throng
Of thoughts whose only speech is song!
O, heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?"

March moved forward hastily to ring the bell. He felt like an eavesdropping spy upon the unconscious girls. Without any knowledge of the isolation and mutual dependence of the two, the visitors perceived pathos in the scene—in the clinging helplessness of one and the brooding tenderness expressed in the close clasp and bent head of the other.

The singing ceased instantly at the sound of the gong. "By George! what an alarm!" muttered March, discomfited by the clang succeeding his touch. "And I gave it such a genteel pull!"

His attitude was apologetic still, when Mr. Wayt's wife's sister opened the door.

"I seem fated to be heralded noisily!" he said, regretfully. "I had as little idea of the tone of your door-bell as you had of the power of Thor's lungs. Miss Alling, let me introduce my sister! She gave me no peace until I brought her to see you."

May extended her hand with unmistakable intention of good fellowship.

"I scolded him for stealing a march upon me this afternoon while I, like a dutiful Chistian, was at church," she said. Her smile was her brother's, her blithe, refined tones her own. "But I mean to improve my advantages the more diligently on that account."

The genial persiflage had bridged over the always-awkward transit from front-door to drawing-room when the host is the conductor. It was the more embarrassing in this case because the two meagerly furnished parlors were unlighted except as a glimmer from the hall-gas added to the sense of space and emptiness.

"Allow me!" March took from Hetty's fingers the match she had lighted, and reached up to the chandelier. The white illumination flashed upon a pleasing study of an up-looking manly face, with honest, hazel eyes, drooping mustache and teeth that gleamed in the smile attending the question: "I hope your niece is none the worse for her fright?"

"Thank you! I think not. She is rather nervous than timid, and not usually afraid of dogs."

"I hope we can see her to-night!" May took up the word. "My brother says she is such a dainty, bright little creature that I am impatient to meet her."

Hetty's eyes glowed with gratitude and surprise. No other visitor had ever named the afflicted daughter of the house in this tone. The frank, cordial praise kept back no implication of pitying patronage. Mr. Wayt's wife's sister had knocked about the world of churches and parishes long enough to know that the perfect breeding which ignores deformity without overlooking the deformed is the rarest of social gifts. In any other circumstances, she would have refused steadfastly to subject Hester to the scrutiny of a stranger. As it was, she hesitated visibly.

"She is seldom able to receive company in the evening. But I will see how she is feeling to-night."

She had remarkable self-possession, as March had noted already. She got herself out of the room without mumble or halt. She walked well, and with a single eye to her destination with no diffident conjectures as to how she moved or looked. March had keen perceptions and critical notions upon such points.

"What an interesting-looking girl," observed May in an undertone.

And March, as cautiously—"I hope she will let us see the little one! She is the jolliest grig you can conceive of." Both tried not to look about them while waiting for the hostess' return. The place was forlornly clean, and the new carpets gave forth the ungoodly smell of oily wool nothing but time and use can dissipate. Plaintiff efforts to abolish stiffness were evident in chairs grouped in conversational attitudes near the summer-fronted fire-place, and a table pulled well away from the wall, with books and photographs lying about on it. March could fancy Hetty doing these things, then standing disheartened, in the waste of Moquette, under the consciousness that there was not one-fifth enough furniture for the vast rooms. At this point he spoke again, subduedly:

"What possessed the church to build these desolate barns and call them family parlors?"

May was a parish worker, and looked her surprise.

"A parsonage must have plenty of parlor room for church sociables."

"Then those who use them ought to furnish them. Or, say! it wouldn't be amiss to keep them up as show-places are abroad—by charging a shilling admission fee."

Hetty's return saved him from deserved rebuke.

"My neice will be very happy to see you," she reported, rather formally, her eyes darkling into vague trouble or doubt as she said it. On the way across the hall she said hurriedly to May: "We never overpersuade her to meet strangers. In this case there was no need."

Mary's gloved hand sought hers with a swift, involuntary gesture. It was the

THEY PAUSED UPON THE PARSONAGE PORCH.

merest touch that emphasized the low "Thank you!" but both struck straight home to Hetty's heart. The March tact was inimitable.

Hester lay upon a lounge, propped into a sitting posture with pillows. Her hair and drappings were cunningly disposed. A casual eye would not have penetrated the secret of the withered limbs and curved spine. A red spot like a rose-leaf rested upon each cheek; her eyes shone and her silent smile revealed small, perfect teeth like a two-year-old baby's. She was so winsome that Mary stooped impulsively to kiss her as she would a pretty child.

"I came to tell you how angry we all are—my father, mother and I—with my brother and his dog for scaring you to-day!" she said, seating herself on an ottoman by the lounge, and retaining hold of the wee hand until it ceased to twitch and burn in hers. "I did think Thor knew better! His tail committed innumerable apologies to me when I told him I hoped to see you this evening."

March and Hetty, chatting together near the crackling wood fire, caught, presently, sentences relative to colors and pencils and portfolios, and slackened their talk to listen. May had elicited the confessson that Hester's brush was a solace and the only pastime she had "except reading and Hetty's music."

"But it's only trying with me," said the tuneless voice. "I have had no teacher except Hetty."

"My dear Hester!" cried the person named. "Be candid, and say 'worse than none!'"

Hester colored vividly at this evidence that her confidences to her new friend were shared by others, but rallied gallantly to support her assertion.

"She doesn't think she has any talent for drawing, but she took lessons for three months that she might teach me how to shade and manage perspective, and use water-colors. She and I amuse ourselves with caricatures and all that, and I make drawings—very poor ones—to illustrate poems and stories, while she reads to me, and I do a little—you can't imagine *how* little and how badly!—in color. Just bits you know—grass and mossy sticks, and brambles running over stones, and frost-bitten leaves—and such things. Hetty is always on the lookout for studies for me. I can not sit up long enough to undertake anything more important if I had the skill. And I shouldn't dare venture to copy anything really beautiful—such as apple-blossoms," with a short-lived smile at March that left a plait between her eyes.

Intercepting Hetty's apprehensive glance, he smiled in return, but forbore to introduce the petition left with them that afternoon. May had been stringent on this point.

"Don't allude to it this evening!" she enjoined upon him. "Nothing is in worse taste than to use a first call as a lever for selfish ends. I'll run in to-morrow morning and try my powers of persuasion. Meantime, get your canvas and palette ready."

Hetty's spirits rose when she perceived that the exciting topic was avoided. The four were in the swing of merry converse when the clock struck nine, and, as if he had waited for the signal, Mr. Wayt walked in. March, who sat by Hetty, saw her stiffen all over, and her eyes sink to the floor. Hester began to cough irrepressibly—a hard, dry hack, to quiet which Hetty went to get a glass of water. The pallor of the pastor's face had a billious tinge; his eyes were sunken, his whole appearance haggard and wild. Yet his greeting to the guests was effusive, his flow of language unabated. Neither daughter nor sister-in-law offered to second him. Hester's roses faded, the ever-present fold between her eyebrows was almost a scowl. Hetty was coldly imperturbable, and the Gilchrists soon made a movement to go.

Mr. Wayt stepped forward, agilly, to accompany them to the door, Hetty falling into the rear and parting from them with a grave bow upon the threshold of the sitting-room.

"My regards to your estimable parents," said the host on the porch, his pulpit-tone carrying far through the night. "A clerical friend of mine dubbed Judge Aaron Hollingshed, of Chicago, an active elder in his church, and his wife, who was a true mother in Israel—'Aaron and *her.*' I already, in spirit, apply the like titles to Judge and Mrs. Gilchrist. It is such spirited support as theirs that upholds the hands of the modern Moses against the Amaleks of the day. Thank you for calling, and good-night to you both."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMOROUSLY PERSONAL.

At a party Phil Chater has been persuaded to preside at the piano. "There," exclaimed Jeff George as the pianist took up a piece of music, "he has taken a tune from the rack, and now he will put us all on it."

A Brooklyn doctor who lives in a street close to Greenwood cemetery has a reversible sign. Usually the board presents his name and office hours; but when a funeral passes he reversed it, when the following legend is displayed: "Not my patient; I cure all who follow my directions."

The following rather good story is told of Assemblyman Hoag: Recently the young politician in showing a friend through his apartments remarked as he entered his study: "This is a nice, cozy room—not very large. It's here that I entertain my political friends."

"Ah, the visitor is alleged to have replied, "it will be large enough for that."

"I understood you to say that your charge for services would be light," complained the client when Counsellor Silas M. Stillwell handed him a big bill.

"I believe I did say my fee would be nominal," was the lawyers reply, "but"

"Oh, I see," hastily interrupted the client, "you mean phenomenal."

Boisy Henriques—"I want to get an unabridged dictionary."

August Brentano—"Webster or Worcester?"

"I'm not particular as to the author, but it must be heavy enough to keep my trousers from bagging at the knees."

George Watson—The binder has ruled this ledger in a very funny way.

Walter Lehman (looking at book)—Yes, it seems to be humorously ink-lined.

Rawson Underhill—"I hear that Jay Gould is trying to buy the Grand Canal of Venice from Vanderbilt?"

Edgar Murphy—"Indeed, and what would the Wizard do with it?"

"Use it as a watering-place for his stock, I presume."

"We have plenty of fresh, salt air, down at Brighton Beach," remarked Boniface Cable to an applicant for rooms, "even our lady boarders wear solitaires in their ears."

"You don't say!" gasped the stranger; "and have you a salt-rheum in the hotel?"

"Yes," quickly replied Cable, "a humorous correspondent has rented it for the season."

"Let go of my ear," yelled a passenger on the elevated road Thursday night.

"I beg your pardon," replied Eddie Chartrand; "I thought I had hold of the strap."

Until recently Chauncey Depew always had a queer habit of saying "By gosh" when excited. One day a friend upbraided him for using such profane language. "What," asked Our Chauncey, "you don't really mean to call 'By gosh' swearing?"

"Why, of course, I do," replied his friend.

"Well, then, by gosh, I will never say it again." And Depew has kept his word. He now swears "by jingo."

Affable Clerk—Can I be mistaken! Isn't this the Mrs. Fitzhue I met in so romantic a manner last summer at Newport?

Customer—Why, yes; I'm Mrs. Fitzhue, and I remember your face; but I thought you told me you were engaged in religious pursuits.

Affable Clerk (who had been posing as a great swell)—And so I am; this is the nun's veiling department, madam.

Caller—"I hear you are going to the country soon, Mrs. Carroll?"

"Yes, we leave for the Catskills next week, but Mr. Carroll will not go with us."

"Yes, I heard him say he expected to have a very pleasant summer."—[New York Journal.

Summer Martyrdom.

Clerk (at summer hotel)—The lady in No. 16 has been complaining about the chambermaid.

Landlord—If No. 16 isn't satisfied she'd better go. The trouble with these city people is they imagine they come here just for their own pleasure.—[Harvard Lampoon.

Sorry He Spoke.

Mr. Jason (with an air of triumph)—These funny men hold the mirror up to nature very successfully. One can hardly pick up a paper without finding some joke about a man being bullied by his wife. But there is very little said about the other side of the question.

Mrs. Jason—No; that is too common to be funny.—[Terre Haute Express.

THE TOUGHEST JOB OF ALL

INTERROGATING FREE AMERICANS

Trials, Troubles and Hair-Breadth Escapes of the Census Enumerators—Results of the First Week's Work.

The first week of the census is over, thank heaven! Take it altogether, it has been additional weariness to the flesh this hot weather. To determine exactly how a census enumerator feels at the end of his day's route, a reporter for the Chicago *Herald* accompanied one of the tribe on his mission. His district lay within a radius of Chicago avenue and Wells street. It is a polyglot district. No fewer than ten languages and dialects are spoken in this domain—Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, German, Low German, (Plattdeutsch), Dutch, Polish, Bohemian, Irish and Italian. Come to think of it, though, there are eleven, for English is spoken there, too, occasionally. The ceremonial language, however, the tongue in which most business is transacted and most of the swearing was done on this particular occasion, is Swedish. It is a very nice language, with a fine literature—provided it is understood.

The first person encountered was a young woman who was working way up on the top floor of a dingy tenement house. The first question—that as to the name—she answered readily enough. The second question made her smile. No, she said, she was neither a soldier nor a marine, either for the Union or the confederacy, nor

"MARRIED OR SINGLE?"

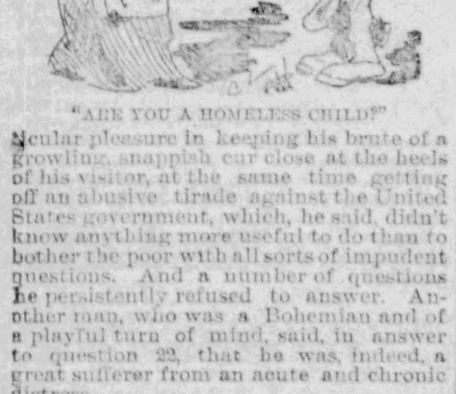
was she the widow of one. She was only twenty-two she said, and the big American war took place before she was born.

Relationship to head of the family? That was the third question. She didn't quite understand that. "Who was the head of the family?" she inquired. There was only her aged mother, whose sole support she was, and herself. "In that case your mother is the head of the family," decreed the enumerator. Whether, white, black, mulatto, quadroon, octoroon, Chinese, Japanese, or Indian? (No. 4). That question made the pleasant young woman laugh. "How stupid to ask me that!" she remarked in Swedish. But the enumerator, a man made up of stern duty and conscientious scruples, insisted on an answer. She showed her hands. "Ain't they white?" she queried. They were, and she went down on the record as a white person. The question as to sex was answered by Uncle Sam's minion himself. Then it went on, down to question sixteen, that of occupation.

"I sew pants for a clothing store on Chicago avenue," she said. The enumerator looked puzzled. "Shall I call you a tailor?" he said. "Yes," the young woman replied, and smiled again. Then question seventeen was plumped at her. "Months unemployed during the census year?" That question, she thought, suggested that Uncle Sam would hereafter take care of her, and she glibly told what a hard time she had had the past winter.

"Coal is so very high," she said. "In Sweden I could get for 10 ocr as much as for a silver quarter of a dollar here. And I didn't have work more than half the time. And then I only made 50 cents a day." At last was reached that string of impertinent questions beginning with 22 and ending with 30. She admitted that she, now and then, was troubled with rheumatism, and she exhibited a broken finger on the left hand, an injury she had received while still a child. But she insisted, with great energy, that she was neither a prisoner, convict, homeless child nor pauper. Then, much relieved, she once more sat down to her humble work, while we betook ourselves to her neighbor's. They were not quite so good-natured during the long interrogatory as the young woman had been. In fact, the head of the family, who was lying sick in bed, at first forbade his wife and children to answer any of "those d— fool questions." And even after being shown the authority of his visitor he went on using cuss words and some choice Swedish oaths, because of the intrusion. But the enumerator was tough. He was not to be cowed, and he wormed the answers out of that family in good style.

From door to door, from floor to floor the enumerator proceeded, sure as fate and unquenchable as Billy Fitzgerald's ambition. As a class the Scandinavians were not difficult to deal with. Neither were the Germans, both from North and South. Nearly all knew that a census was being taken, and knew, in a general way, what a census was and what it was for. Occasionally, though, the enumerator struck a snag—another name for ignorance or ugly disposition. Thus, a saloon-keeper, a low German, took par-



"ARE YOU A HOMELESS CHILD?"

ticular pleasure in keeping his brute of a growling, snappish cur close at the heels of his visitor, at the same time getting off an abusive tirade against the United States government, which, he said, didn't know anything more useful to do than to bother the poor with all sorts of impudent questions. And a number of questions he persistently refused to answer. Another man, who was a Bohemian and of a playful turn of mind, said, in answer to question 22, that he was, indeed, a great sufferer from an acute and chronic distress.

"What's that?" joyfully ejaculated the enumerator, getting his special schedules in readiness. "Lack of cash," was the chuckling reply, which made the other man look sheepish. Indeed, there were not a few who tried their wit on the luckless enumerator. One man told him he was born in Katzenellnbogen, and after the enumerator had finally succeeded by dint of having the word spelled out to him a dozen times, in transferring that awful jawbreaker to paper, the man corrected himself and said he was born in Langenholzkirchen, near Darmstadt. "How's this?" queried the enumerator, wiping the big beads of perspiration from his classic brow, "didn't you tell me a moment ago you hailed from that other place with the awful name? Don't you know where you were born?"

"Well, I'll tell you," was the facetious reply, "it's so long ago that I'd forgotten."

FOR SEASICKNESS

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. W. BLACKMAN, Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "*I am very much pleased with it in seasickness. Several cases have been brought to my attention where it afforded prompt and entire relief.*"

He Might.

"What is that you say? Harry married again! Well, I'll never believe in men again."

"Why?"

"The vows of love that man made to me!"

"Well, but you threw him over. You've been married three months."

"I don't care. He was so devoted to me. He might have been decent about it. He might have kept single for a year, anyhow.—[Sheffield News.

One Way to Propose.

She—Why have you named your horse after me, Mr. Remsen?

He—Because twenty fellows wanted her and (get up, Nell) I made up my mind they'd get left.—[Chatter.

AFTER SUPPER SMILES.

Covert Allusion to Wedding Rings.

Mother—Well, Katie, you have had quite a lively chat with that young barrister. Has he declared himself at last?

Katie—Yes; you see, ma, all the time he was smoking his cigar he kept puffing rings into the air, and I am perfectly sure that he intended that as a covert allusion to the engagement and wedding rings.—[Leipziger Nachrichten.

Decided in the Affirmative.

De Smith—I saw you kiss Miss Southmayd last night!

Travis (blushing)—Did you? That's unfortunate!

De Smith—She seemed rather reluctant.

Travis—Well, yes; to tell the truth, she said "No" to me with her lips.

De Smith—But her eyes said—?

Travis—I thought they said yes.

De Smith—Of course! And the eyes had it.—[Burlington Free Press.

Why the Proposal Was Made.

"Yes," said the proud mother, "my daughter Jane has had an offer of marriage."

"Indeed!" was the response of a friend.

"Oh, yes, and she has accepted and will shortly be married."

"Then Jane must have come into her grandfather's money, as every body said she would." Thus are the women, the dear creatures, cruel to each other.—[Boston Courier.

A Warrior Bold.

A lawyer gave a dinner party, after which the gentlemen retired to smoke and chat. All at once he got up, took down a sword which formed part of a trophy, and, brandishing it in the air, exclaimed:

"Ah, gentlemen, I shall never forget the day when I drew this blade for the first time!"

"Pray, where did you draw it?" said an inquiring guest.

"At a raffle," was the lawyer's rejoinder.—[De Figaro.

A Transformation.

Wife—Don't you think I have kept up my looks pretty well after our thirty years of married life?

Husband—Certainly, there is only one slight change preceptible. At the start you had white teeth and black hair, and now you have white hair and black——

Wife—Monster!—[Volksblatt.

Fido's Death.

He (sympathically)—I am sorry to hear of the death of your dog. What was the matter with him?

She—I am sure I don't know. Poor Fido was such a dear, and we did set everything by him.

He—Well perhaps he ate some of it.—[Harvard Lampoon.

IMPURE BEER AND LIQUORS.

Drinkers Have Little Idea What it is They Are Imbibing.

American beer drinkers who imagine that they get in all cases the genuine pure malt product, will be interested in the lively fight which is now being waged at Washington against legislation prohibiting the manufacture of beer out of glucose and such other mysterious articles. Judging by the energetic nature of the protest, glucose beer making must be an established industry of considerable magnitude. In spite of the undeniable growth of pronounced temperance sentiments among the American people, the production of beer in the United States, which was 8,383,720 barrels in 1875, was 25,098,765 barrels in 1889, or a little less than half a barrel per capita of our population. Considering the large and increasing number of total abstainers among male adults, to say nothing of women and children, it is obvious that this leaves our active beer drinkers a very generous annual allowance. But the growth in the consumption of malt liquors in this country is not so indicative of a spread of drinking habits among our people as hasty observers sometimes think, according to the Boston *Journal*, for it has been attended by a steady decrease in the consumption of spirituous liquors. In 1860, with a population only about half as large as that at present, the United States consumed 89,968,651 gallons of spirits. In 1889 the consumption had fallen to between 76,000,000 and 77,000,000 gallons. That is, beer has taken the place of whisky as the favorite tipple of drinking Americans. Whether the change has been in any degree advantageous is a hotly debated question. Brewers are naturally very positive that the substitution of milder malt liquors for the fiery and concentrated spirits has been beneficial to the physique and morals of the people. But on the other hand, a recent symposium of eminent physicians inclined sharply to the opinion that if a man has to use alcohol at all he had better take carefully selected gin, brandy or whisky in very moderate doses. Moreover, medical authorities tell terrible tales of the moral and physical deterioration consequent on the generous use of their vaunted "pure" beers by the people of Germany. The warfare between the brewers and distillers as to the respective merits and demerits of their beverages is constantly bringing some interesting and indeed rather startling facts to light, and, together with incidents like this glucose development at Washington, is calculated to furnish a good deal of ammunition to the cause of total abstainers.

A Trifler.

Mother—"Lucy, hasn't Mr. Jinks proposed yet?"

Lucy—"No, not yet, mamma."

Mother—"He helped you to put on your gloves last night."

Lucy (shaking her head)—"I know he did, but there are six buttons on the glove, and when he buttoned the fourth button he asked me if that wasn't enough. It only took him a minute. If he had any serious intention it would have taken him half an hour at least. I see he is only trifling with my young affections."—[Chatter.

Rectifying an Error.

Customer—Let's see, wasn't that a five dollar gold piece I gave you instead of a nickel?

Ticket Seller (promptly)—No, sir.

Customer—All right; I missed a counterfeit five dollars from my pocket, that's all.

Ticket Seller—Hold on a minute; yes, by Jove, it was as you say. Here it is.—[Chatter.

Did His Part.

Wife—How can you sit there and watch me cook, Henry, and never help me one bit?

Husband—Why, I do the hardest part of the work.

Wife—You do?

Husband—Yes; I eat what you cook!—[Yenowine's News.

Entirely Too Sanguine.

Clarkson—You said in your advertisemens that a fine stream of water where bathing may be had run near the house; (facetiously) I see nothing but the pump.

Skinnem (proprietor of the Catskill Gem)—See here, mister, you don't expect the Niagary Falls for $6 a week, do you?—[American Grocer.

Many Such.

"I don't understand you. A few minutes ago you said Meddlesome was a great business man, and now you say he don't know his own business."

"Exactly. Other people's business is his specialty."—[Detroit Free Press.

A Few Words on Indigestion.

It is not our intention to give the history of the Canadian, Alexis St. Martin, to whom a shot through the stomach brought fame, nor to tell you how long it takes to digest Strassburg pie or sourkrout. No doubt you know by experience. It has been well said: "Some men never seem to know they have a stomach." However, we do not write for this fortunate class.

The celebrated Purdon thoroughly "digested" the Laws of Pennsylvania. But there are few Purdons. The old Romans do not seem to have suffered from indigestion. The gastronomic feats of our Teutonic forefathers are almost incredible, and we read the accounts of "Homeric Banquets" with a feeling approaching to incredulity.

Our manner of life has impaired our digestive powers. We do not spend enough time in the open air; we rise early and retire late to rest. We bolt our food, and do not rest afterward. To these and other incidents of a high degree of civilization is to be traced one of our most common maladies, Dyspepsia. We shall not attempt to portray the mental or bodily condition of its victims. We shall simply point out a way of escape, and refer you to a work, giving a full account of many cures, with abundant testimonials, which you can verify by writing to the patients themselves.

Write for our Treatise on Compound Oxygen. It is a carefully written medical work, giving the mode of action, nature, results, and, in short, a full account of this great vitalizing agent. No other genuine. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa., or 120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

HOW WOMEN SHOULD WALK.

Let Them Dress Comfortably and Then Strike Out.

Walking parties are likely to be in great favor this summer, if the plans of the Ladies' Athletic club, of New York, may be taken as an indication of femin ine inclination. The members of that organization have arranged a schedule of long distance walks for every day until July 1.

There is no doubt that this pastime, properly indulged in, is a saving grace to woman kind. It is the simplest form of outdoor exercise, and yet the majority of American women don't know how to take it. They can't stand the fatigue, and, if the truth must be told, they don't know how to go about doing it. Eight out of a dozen will put on an elaborate frock with skirts that flap inconveniently at every step, a tight bodice and tightly fitting high heeled shoes. This is well enough for a short stroll, but if you're going to walk and enjoy it you require a different equipment. Wear a light-weight frock that has no pull back arrangements, and see that there is no more than one skirt worn underneath. Balbriggan tights are quite the best underwear for such occasions, if one does not wish to don a silk divided skirt, which is really the next easier to a pair of wings to get about in. Let the cords of you stays be loosened, and wear a bodice that is quite easy and loose sleeved.

Wear shoes that are entirely comfortable and have a somewhat broad low heel. Let your gloves be loose also, and if you carry a sunshade let it be very light in weight, and wear a hat which does not press down upon and bind your brow until it gives you a headache.

Next, mind how you walk. Square your chest and look out for your chin. That is the pivot upon which depends the poise of the machine. Step out easily and firmly, letting the ball of the foot strike the ground first, so that you get the benefit of that beneficent little spring which Dame Nature built into your instep to save the rattle and jar to the whole system which people who will walk on their heels inflict on their anatomy.

Don't exhaust yourself by a fearfully long tramp one day, and then have to lie on a sofa or in a hammock for a week to get over the fatigue. Begin with short stretches and increase the distance daily. Early morning and late afternoon are the best hours for walking. When you return to the house a sponge bath, a rub with alcohol, followed by a liberal application of violet powder, a cool gown, a glass of milk and a nap are a treatment that will make you feel healthy, happy and wise all through the summer days, and send you back to town an animated picture of vigorous womanhood in the autumn.—[New York World.

The Standard.

"I regard Hood's Sarsaparilla as having passed above the grade of what are commonly called patent or proprietary medicines," said a well-known physician recently. "It is fully entitled to be considered a standard medicine, and has won this position by its undoubted merit and by the many remarkable cures it has effected. For an alterative and tonic it has never been equalled."

PURELY PERSONAL.

Queen Victoria has ordered the artist Angeli to paint for her a portrait of Mr. Stanley.

Margaret D. Sibley, of Rochester, daughter of the late Fletcher Harper, is the sole heir to his estate.

Baron Zedwitz, the German minister to Mexico, is announced to wed Miss Lena Caldwell, one of Washington's rich belles.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Damrosch are now travelling in Germany, and next month will be the guests of Minister and Mrs. Lincoln.

Prince Bismarck and Jules Simon, the French statesman, have been elected honorary members of the New York Historical society.

Ex-Governor Holden, of Raleigh, is preparing a history of North Carolina during the reconstruction period, which is to contain much new information.

D'Oyly Carte has engaged Eugene Oudin to sing the leading baritone role in Sir Arthur Sullivan's grand opera, "Ivanhoe," that is to be produced at Carte's new theater in the fall.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott says he considers Dr. Phillips Brooks by far the foremost preacher in America. Possibly Dr. Brooks, who is genuinely modest, is ready to express the same opinion of Dr. Abbott.

Rev. Virgil Maxey, a Baptist minister and a nephew to ex-United States Senator Maxey, of Texas, is going to try to unite the pulpit and the stage. He will act six days in the week and preach on Sunday.

Du Maurier, *Punch's* well known caricaturist, lives in elegant leisure at Hampstead. He occupies there a big house that is filled with his wonderful collection of old engravings and pictures and with his handsome library.

Cyrus W. Field is said to wear two watches. One, an elaborate affair, valued at $2,500, is worn to please a friend who presented it to him, and the other, an ordinary gold watch, is worn to tell the time of day. He does not use the fine watch for fear of being too "showy."

Mr. Parnell usually wears a loosely fitting cutaway coat. But on state occasions he always dresses in a frock coat, and, like Mr. Gladstone's, it is a garment so well worn that it is often disagreeably shiny. It was observable, however, that after winning his case for damages against the *Times* he appeared in a magnificent new suit.

The Queen Dowager of Portugal doesn't care for expense. She recently bought 1,000 pairs of shoes in Paris and ordered 70 dresses from Worth. The dresses were lost at sea, and Her Majesty promptly ordered 70 more to replace them, and these reached Lisbon in safety. The people of Portugal "pay the freight," but they are not doing it with unbounded enthusiasm.

What's the Use of Talking?

There is no denying that SOZODONT is the best preparation for the mouth and teeth. Preparations, like snow-flakes in number, have appeared, but the public faith is still strong in the virtues of SOZODONT. Its use grows yearly.

Our Dick.

One bright morning in the latter part of October, 1888, while straightening the library, I heard a flutter of wings, followed by an exclamation from my daughter, "O, mamma, a canary." Sure enough, perched on the back of a chair, with drooping wings and panting body, was a very tired but pretty genuine canary, pale yellow color, with just a line of darker shade on each wing. He seemed very shy, and, weary as he was, we had some difficulty in catching and transferring him to a cage. In all my experience with birds I have never kept a caged prisoner. I do not believe they are happy confined within such narrow limits.

I kept my plants up stairs, and he liked nothing better than to be at liberty among them. I did not like to leave him there for fear of an accident, so I made him go down when I did. He soon learned that his time was limited, and the cutest things he ever did were when I tried to get him when I was ready. He would come to my shoulder and stay until I started down the steps, then fly straight back through the hall and into the room with the plants. Of course, I went back; he would allow me almost to touch him, and then sliding out from under my hand would elude my grasp, and hop just a few paces away, finally getting on the floor and under the bed. I never saw a child look any more saucily defiant than did this midget, away beyond my reach, with head to one side, body flattened, and still as a mouse, he seemed to say, "get me, if you can." It was too funny for me to do anything else than laugh, and he soon learned he could outwit me in that manner, and took advantage of it until I was obliged to leave him down stairs.—[Vick's Magazine for June.

His Only Bent.

Editor (to applicant for position)—But what can you do, young man? Haven't you some special talent or taste—some bent, as they say?

Applicant (dubiously)—N—no, sir, not that I can think of—except that I am a little bowlegged.—[Burlington Free Press.

—Unless more care is given to the hair, the coming man is liable to be a hairless animal; hence, to prevent the hair from falling use Hall's Hair Renewer.

CADETS OF WEST POINT

WILL BE GRADUATED THIS MONTH.

There Will be Girls and Flirtation, Vague Heartburnings and Regrets in Many Hearts This Month.

June is the month of months for the bright cadet whoh as completed his course of study, is ready for his final examinations and looks forward to holding at an early day a lieutenant's commission in some branch of the regular army of the United States, says the New York *Press*. If he desires to carry away a life-long recollection of his student home as a whole he should climb to old Fort Putnam, five hundred feet above, and view West Point as it stretches from the base of the hill far out to the apex projecting into the river.

CAMPING OUT IN AUGUST.

First comes the grassy parade ground, then a gravelly strip, at the south end of which stand the guns and caissons of a battery of field artillery: then the green space to which the cadets, as soon as their examinations are finished, are marched into camp. Against the corner of this tented field projects an angle of Fort Clinton, its parapet and scarp and counter scarp overgrown with a coating of grass like green velvet.

On the opposite side of the river and to the north juts the rugged promontory of the east point, called at one time Martaliers Rock; beyond it, low, marshy ground, stretching far to the hills. Directly south, the river, once swept by the guns of Fort Constitution, is modernized by the New York Central railroad, which divides the water space into two almost equal parts. To the north tower Old Crow Nest and Storm King, faced by other gigantic sentinels of equal height on the opposite side of the river.

Stepping along the rear parapet of "Fort

IN THE BALL ROOM.

Put"—the front is too broken to walk on—one gets another view east and southward. Directly beneath are the academy buildings, the cadet barracks—three sides of a quadrangle—the academic building, the hospital, the chapel, the library, while near, on a hill slightly lower than that on which "Fort Put" was built, stands the astronomical observatory.

On the opposite side of the river, half hidden by the foliage is the memorable Robertson House, where Benedict Arnold breakfasted on the morning of his flight, and the rocky point from which he put out in a barge to go on board the British ship Vulture. On the west side of the river, looking south, is the broad face of Cozzen's Hotel, and beyond a succession of summer cottages. Six miles down, Anthony's nose looms up, apparently stopping the current of the river, which it really turns aside.

Notwithstanding the stir, the excitement of the examinations going on below, "Old Fort Put" is as quiet, indeed more quiet than the day when the Continental sentinel paced to and fro on its parapet. The river flows as tranquilly, a

NO VIOLATION OF ORDERS.

schooner rounding the point drifts as lazily as in revolutionary times. Occasionally the rattle of a drum is heard in the court of the cadet barracks, or the fine notes of a bugle ring "thin and clear," as the cadet is called to some new duty. Then firing is going on in the ravine near by, and at long intervals there is a boom reverberating as the echo is tossed back and forth, at first angrily, then faintly, till its last sounds seem to be going to sleep in the sleepy valleys.

Go back in fancy 112 years. It is not June, 1890, but June, 1778, the spring when "Fort Put" was built, when Fort Arnold was commenced, when the Great Chain was laid. Colonel Putnam has mainly completed the fort which bore his name. From below rise sounds from a party dragging a gun up the steep winding road which still leads to the summit. They are hidden from view by trees, but one can fancy the shouting and swearing of the ragged Continentals as they toil on with their heavy burden.

Within the inclosure of the fort those of the little garrison not working on the walls or on guard are lounging about., gossiping on the various engagements of the war that have already taken place, or discussing the strength of the position, or perhaps what further works the newly appointed engineer, Colonel Kosciusko, will see fit to build.

Far down on the plain there are white tents, but they do not cover cadets. The West Point cadet has not yet been born. They are the temporary abodes of men who are engaged in actual war. On the parapet of Fort Arnold, the eastern portion of which is completed, cocked hatted sentinels are pacing, occasionally casting a glance across the river to Fort Constitution, where they may see their comrades also marching on the sentry's beat, or may look down on those engaged in floating the boom or the chain between the two forts. This is a picture as one would see it during a spring when all was activity at West Point; when the Revolution was in its youth; when Benedict Arnold was one of Washington's most trusted generals.

Perhaps if one should climb to "Fort Put" in the evening—the evening of the graduating ball—and listen to the strains of music floating out on the quiet air, and picture to himself the scene within, he might smile at the contrast between this and the ball which took place in honor of the new-born Dauphin. Then the venerable Washington—on none of whose portraits has any one ever seen a smile—with the elderly Mrs. Knox, "carried down a dance of twenty couple in the minuet."

Of all the dances ever laid out by a dancing master none has ever been more absurd than this minuet, and it is scarcely possible to conceive of anything more solemn than George Washington and Mrs. Knox leading down the twenty couple of Continental officers, military and civil—knee breeches and powdered wigs—and their ladies, whose height of hair resembled more than anything else the top of a one-horse shay.

How different from the scene in the cadet ball room! A forest of white legs are triangulating in circles, sliding, gliding, whirling, sideways, backward, in reverse. Each cadet holds by the waist a youthful beauty in silk, in tulle, in satin lace, mingled in exquisite combination of colors. There are but two shades in the uniform of the cadets, the gray and the white. But in the costumes of their partners are all the colors and shades of the rainbow. These youths, these maidens, know no stately minuet. They spin, they twirl, now tilting before a change of direction; then darting from one end of a room to another, threading their way among other shooting couples, as if the youthful guide had spent his boyhood as a pilot on the Lachine Rapids.

Truly this, compared with Washington and Mrs. Knox leading the minuet, is a pleasing indication of the progress of the age and the increased fitness of things. So, also, are the parade ground flirtations, wherein cadets sometimes obey orders and still promenade with the girls of their choice. During certain hours the young warriors are not allowed to approach within a prescribed distance of visitors. A stick of the proper length held by both parties to the evasion, allows of unlimited charter without the technical violation of any order.

In the chapel at West Point is a silent moral recorded by an omission. Among the marble tablets bearing the names and dates of birth and death of all the generals of the revolution is one left blank, for the man whom the tablet commemorates died an alien in a foreign land. Back near the choir gallery, where it is not easily seen, is this unobtrusive censure. The name which does not appear is that of Benedict Arnold.

WHITE HOUSE CHERUBS.

A Few Amusing Stories of the President's Grandchildren.

The domestic life at the White House grows more and more interesting as the little people are from day to day developing. Little Benjamin begins already to show a masculine individuality. A year ago he did as he was told, but original will, if not original sin, was strikingly exhibited the other day by him. Benjamin got up all right, and was as good-natured as can be. During the morning a delegation appeared and Benjamin was taken down to help receive them. He passed around the room voluntarily and shook hands with every one and was simply delightfully cordial and childishly charming. But it fatigued the little man, no doubt, for he afterward was irritable with those he loved best, just as older and wiser people are. By evening, however, he brightened up and in the cool of the day, while the President and all the household were sitting on the front piazza enjoying the evening breezes, little Benjamin with the rest, the attorney general joined the group. After greetings from the older ones the President bade his namesake shake hands with Mr. Miller. Then little Benjamin put his hands behind him and looked from his head to his feet the personification of rebellion.

"Will you shake hands with Mr. Miller?" said the President, coaxingly.

"No, I won't," said Baby McKee.

"Then you must go into the house. I cannot have a little boy out here who is not polite."

Benjamin went into the parlor, followed by his mortified mamma, and there he set up a howl that, like Tennyson's bugle, "set the wild echoes flying." Mamma coaxed, nurse coaxed, and still this little man kicked and screamed until he had vented his anger and indignation. Finally—for he kept peeping out and it looked so very nice outside, and his grandpa never relented an inch nor gave him a look—he could not hold out any longer, and suddenly became quiet, walked out and shook hands with Mr. Miller, and then walked off to play with little Mary, as calm and serene as though he had not been making a "scene" and mortifying everybody.

Not long since, one fine morning, Mrs. McKee bade the nurse take the children out on the grounds and let them run about and play in the grass. All went well for awhile. Benjamin and his sister could not make mud pies, but they did heap up little piles of leaves and enjoy rolling about. Of course their little white dresses soon had the freshness taken out of them, and the White House children looked just like any child might under similar circumstances. Presently a group of tourists passed by on their way to the War department. Among them were some ladies, one of whom espied the children. Addressing the nurse, she said:

"Whose children are those?"

"Mrs. McKee's, madam."

"Humph! you don't tell me! Well, I don't see that they look any better than other folk's children! Seems to me if I lived here I'd keep my children dressed up."

The nurse apologized for their common-place appearance, and gathering up the babies went in to pour out her indignation, but she was met with shouts of laughter from Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee, who see the funny side of a situation as quickly as anybody.

Little Mary McKee is beginning to rival Benjamin in the family affection, for she is fast learning from her brother all he knows and developing on her own account besides. She is very docile, and will do a lot of pretty or "cute" things to please her friends. But her originality is so feminine it is worth mentioning. She likes to see herself arrayed in her pretty clothes, and she has a favorite hat (or bonnet) which is so becoming, and which she likes so well that when it is once on she never wants to take it off. She would like to wear it to ride, to walk, to her meals and to her bed if mamma and nurse would let her! She had a little rivalry with Cousin Marthena Harrison when she was visiting at the White House. One day nurse took the little maids with her to the Boston store. To get what she wanted, she had to ascend to the second floor with the babies on the elevator. They caught sight of themselves in the side mirrors. "Who is that?" said nurse to Marthena, pointing to her image in the glass. Ignoring herself she said: "Oh, that's Baby McKee!" Almost every fine afternoon the nurse and children can be seen riding out to the soldiers' home, or the shaded suburbs of the city.—[Washington Herald.

"Mamma's Gittin Better."

There is gladness in the household;
The shadow fades away
That darkened all the sunshine
Of many a summer day.
"O, mamma's getting better,"
The happy children cry.
And the light of hope shines bright again
In the loving husband's eye.

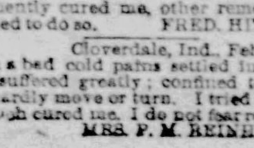
In thousands of homes women are "sick unto death" with the terrible diseases so common to their sex, and it would seem as if all the happiness had gone out of life and the household in consequence. For when the wife and mother suffers all the family suffers with her. This ought not to be, and it need not be, for a never-failing remedy for woman's ailments is at hand. Many a home has been made happy because the shadow of disease has been banished from it by the potent power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the unfailing remedy for all weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women.

$500 Reward offered for an incurable case of Catarrh by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cts., by druggists.

Electricity as a Moral Agent.

Electricity has stepped in mercifully to alleviate the miseries of the early riser on dark winter mornings. An arrangement has been devised by which a connection is made between the room clock and the stove. The clock indicator is set over night to any required hour, and when the hour hand reaches that time in the morning, an electric connection is established with the stove, which is then lighted by an electric spark. The sleeper in the meantime is not disturbed. As the temperature of the room rises, however, it is indicated by a small thermostat, and when it has reached a point of summer-like comfort an alarm is sounded. The sleeper, of course, is awakened, but the act of jumping out of bed has no terrors for him, the morning ablutions are performed without a shudder, and the necessity for occasional lapses into profanity is checked.

ST. JACOBS OIL



Cures Backache. Backache. Backache.

Martinez, Cal., October 2, 1888.
I could hardly walk or lie down from lame back; suffered several weeks. St. Jacobs Oil permanently cured me, other remedies having failed to do so. FRED. HITTMAN.

Cloverdale, Ind., Feb. 8, 1887.
From a bad cold pains settled in my back and I suffered greatly; confined to bed and could hardly move or turn. I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me. I do not fear recurrence.
MRS. F. M. REINHEIMER.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

After Many Years.

IN COMPANY with a gentleman friend I was recently strolling leisurely along one of the beautiful avenues of Denver, Col., viewing the magnificent wonders of that sun-kissed city of the universe, together with the everlasting snow-capped mountain peaks in the near vicinity, when our attention was attracted to a gentleman, dressed in the uniform of the G. A. R., who was standing on the opposite side of the street, and who seemed to be observing us very closely. To satisfy his curiosity as well as our own, we crossed over to his side of the street, and on approaching him, he said:

"Halloo," addressing himself to me, "you served in the 2d U. S. Cav. during the late war, did you not?"

"No, sir; I served in the 5th U. S. Cav."

"I beg your pardon," said he; "I would have sworn that I carried you off the field at the battle of Cold Harbor, Va., June 12, 1864, and assisted in amputating your leg."

I explained to him that I lost my leg at the battle of Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864, while in Troop D, 5th U. S. Cav.

"Well," says he, "you have a comrade just across the street, in the city hall."

"What is his name?" I asked.

"Henry Himbre," says he.

"Henry Himbre!" If the stranger had applied a galvanic battery to me with full force I could not have felt more shocked than I did for an instant.

Henry and I had enlisted on the same day at Cincinnati, O. We were sent to Carlisle Barracks, Pa., (our headquarters) together, were drilled together, joined our troop together at Charleston, Va., drank from the same canteen, ate from the same old greasy haversack, drank coffee from the same old smoky tin-cup, slept together, and on Monday morning, September 19, 1864, went into the battle of Winchester, Va., together.

In the evening of the same day, when Gen. Sheridan made his final cavalry charge on Early's left wing, we both went down within ten feet of each other, Henry being pierced through the left shoulder with a minnie-ball, shattering the bone, and myself receiving an ounce ball through my right ankle, the same killing my horse, causing him to fall heavily upon my wounded limb. We were placed side by side in the hospital at Winchester, in a church, where we remained until we were able to be transferred back to Carlisle Barracks, from which place, on May 16, 1865, we were discharged, and together we came back to Cincinnati, O., where we separated, and did not meet again until May 23, 1890; neither did we know of the whereabouts of each other during that long separation.

The comrades who have had a like experience can better imagine my feelings than I can describe them, as we crossed the street to the city hall in search of my long lost comrade. I learned that he occupied a desk in the office of the chief of police. I went in alone, and, after scanning the faces of all the occupants, I discovered my friend was not in. I handed my card to the chief and requested him to tell Henry Himbre that a stranger awaited him on the east steps of the hall, and under no circumstances to allow him to see my card, all of which he cheerfully promised to do; but the sequel proves quite the contrary. He laid my card on Henry's desk "right side up with care." I rejoined my friends on the steps, where we were telling some of our war experiences, when, without a moment's warning, some one slapped me on the shoulder, saying at the same time:

"My God! Is this my long lost comrade?"

I turned around and faced him; we clasped each other in our arms, sank down on the steps, and sat and cried like two children for ten or fifteen minutes without being able to say a word.

As soon as Henry could command his voice he said to the chief of police, who had been a silent witness to the scene:

"Chief, I am not ashamed of these tears, for we cannot help shedding them."

"God bless you," replied the chief; "you need not be ashamed of them; it does my soul good to see you old comrades crying over the fond memories of the past."

I then accompanied Comrade Henry to his home, where I was introduced to his estimable wife and family. At Henry's request Mrs. H. showed me the bullet that made a cripple of her husband. With tears in her eyes she placed the ball in my hand. That very act broke me all up again, and I cried, Henry cried, "mother" cried, and the children all cried. I had seen that same battered lump of lead cut out of my comrade's shoulder almost 26 years before, had held it in my hands, and had wiped the blood and flesh from it with my own hands. Old comrades can appreciate my feelings on this occasion.—GEORGE W. BOUSMAN.

War a Sublime Spectacle.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—The grandest, the most inspiring of all actions is war. Its panoply, the marching columns, the banners, the gilded trappings, the blast of the heroic bugle, the spasmodic tones of the fife and drum, the deep-toned, heavy ordnance, the whip-like crack of the lighter guns, the clatter of small arms, the whiz and song of flying missiles—all combine to engender the most sublime inspiration that human valor can be wrought up to, unequaled by any other cause. It inspires the timid and thrills the patriotic to deeds of daring, to do and die for the cause battling for, no matter whether fighting for the right or wrong. I have seen the unassuming boy-man aroused by the sound of battle, transformed into a fighting demon, with no thought of danger to himself, to fight on to death and an unknown grave, remembered only by a few faithful comrades, who knew his merits and modest bearing, and who saw his heroic action.

There is a fascination about war and a bloody battle field, that no other cause can inspire. But the sadness, oh, the sadness of the quiet battle field, after the storm has passed and wounded removed—the burial of the dead at night. Nothing can exceed the solemnity of a moonlit battle field. The long rows of dead comrades who, a few hours before, were in life's strong manhood, are now in eternal silence. The bodies are tenderly placed in long trenches, like sticks of cordwood, never more to respond to human roll call. Think of this, you who deprecate the bravery and service of those still living—battered relics of the greatest war ever waged. Think of this, ye who begrudge the pittance rendered by a benign government to these needy patriots.—C. S. BARRETT, Old 4th Mich.

A Bugler With a "Jag" On.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I am not entirely satisfied with things. There seems to be a hitch somewhere. Fred Rogge and Joe Griffith have been absent from roll-call for a long time. What's up, boys? Won't the guard let you pass? Show up; throw on some shavings and light up.

What are you giving us, Comrade Hunt—that story about feeding the widow and her children on ham and potatoes, and doing the gallant. Come now, old boy, that's "too thin." You 9th Ohio chaps were never behind, no matter what was on the tapis.

I had a furious skirmish with your bugler while on the Rosseau raid. He got on a big jag while at headquarters. He had been the general's bugler until that occurrence. Then he was driven back to his own regiment. He seemed to be glad to get away from us. We did use him rough while he was on his spree, no mistake. I think he was part Indian. He had long, straight black hair, and his eyes had the Indian snap. I do not remember how he came to get on such a "bender." When our provo-marshal ordered me to take charge of him he was gloriously drunk. He would yell and howl as he ran through the woods. I chased him about two miles before I caught up with him. Then he showed fight, but he finally came to terms and accompanied me to Gen. Rosseau. He was very indignant at the general for putting him under arrest. When he demanded the reason for it the general told him he was too noisy, besides being too drunk to blow a call on his bugle. That made the bugler furious. Snatching up his bugle he put it to his mouth and in a twinkling was sounding a "rally." Then it was the general's turn to get angry.

"Stop that, you d—d hound," shouted the general, "do you want to bring Wheeler down on us?"

Then he changed off onto "Skew ball skew ball." The general was beside himself. He got out of his buggy and made for the bugler, who was in all his glory, because he had got the "old man" flurried. The general then shouted to me:

"Cut the d—d rascal down, corporal; cut him down, I say, or shoot him!"

Then, turning to the company, who had been watching the "shindy," he shouted:

"Give him a volley from your carbines, Co. C!"

The bugler then started to run back through the ranks of Co. C. Sergt. Brown made a grab at the bugler's long hair as he passed him, but he only got a handful of the black locks. The bugler tore away and was soon going at full speed on the back track. The general ordered me to take one man and capture him, and take his horse and bugle and turn him adrift in the woods. I was not long in overtaking him. McCabe was with me. The bugler dismounted when we came up to him, and we did the same. I took his bugle from him, and then he began to see that he had gotten into a bad scrape. McCabe was rough with him, and told him we were going to take his horse and leave him in the woods. He did not like Mack, and wanted him to fight.

We were about to leave the bugler, when he seized his horse and pushed McCabe over. When Mack straightened up he went at the bugler with his sabre, but the bugler caught his sabre blade with both hands, and I had to interfere and knock the bugler down before he would let go his hold. By that time he was pretty well sobered, and he began to reason with me about leaving him there in the woods. I saw he was getting over his spree, so I told him to mount his horse and we would go and see the general. To this he objected, but we started back. When we overtook the company he was thoroughly sobered off, and went and begged pardon of the general, who sent him on his way rejoicing, to his regiment. McCabe told the boys he had rather meet the devil than the bugler of the 9th Ohio, drunk.—DAN KNIGHT.

Was Out Among 'Em.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I was not a soldier, from the fact I was not old enough to be one. But no soldier takes more interest in this department of THE BLADE than I. I was 11 years old when the war broke out, living near Nashville, Tenn. My father was a Union man, and had to leave home and seek safety in the Union army. I was in camp with either the rebel or Union army during nearly all the war, and saw and heard a great many things; and perhaps can relate as many truthful incidents of those days, as many old soldiers. I have been looking for something in the Camp Fire from the 81st Ohio, 8th Mich., 10th Ind. or 16th Ills., as I was with these regiments frequently, and remember Capt. Overmeyer and Maj. Evans of the 81st Ohio, and Capt. Bennett of the 8th Mich. Cav. The latter officer and thirteen of his company came out and took supper at my father's house near Pulaski, Tenn., while they were camped there. They were out hunting bushwackers. Now, if any of these "boys" remember the occurrence, and the lad who showed them the way to the still-house, over the hill, please show up. If any of the 81st Ohio vets are alive, I would like to hear from the ones that Capt. Overmeyer sent with an old lame negro and I, to get a good horse and three barrels of whisky, hid in the hills, 18 miles north of Pulaski, Tenn.

If a certain major of the 81st Ohio will write up his experience with Southern belles during the winter he was camped at Nances Mill, Tenn., I am sure it will make entertaining reading for the boys.

My father was a minister, and when the Union army got possession of Middle Tennessee he came home and stayed for some time. One dark, rainy night we were called up about midnight by a crowd at our door. The party consisted of one of our neighbors, his family and a few Union soldiers. One of the soldiers had courted this man's daughter, and they had come to our house to get married. The regiment to which the soldier belonged had received orders late in the evening to be in readiness to leave Pulaski next morning and so this soldier wanted to get married before leaving. He left the next day and nothing more was heard of him until the war was over, when he returned and took his wife. His name was John Nelson, and he belonged to an Illinois regiment. The last I heard of him he was in business at Nashville.—F. S. WHITE.

The Alliance and the Soldier.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I desire to call the attention of the comrades to a matter of importance to many of them. Please read this carefully, dear comrades, for your own sake, and for the welfare of your families. Consider well what you are doing. When I joined the Alliance it was with the firm belief that it was a society based on pure principles, and did not in anyway interfere with our political or religious views; but when I read and studied the platform of the Alliance, I was soon convinced that the Alliance was organized in the South, and introduced in the North for the purpose of blinding thousands of loyal men; and by so doing, their votes could be secured to elect men to office that will equalize the Union and Confederate soldier, and pass laws that will put a stop to all pensions. Study carefully the fifth clause in the Alliance platform. In that clause you will likely discover what I have; that should that clause ever become a law, it will equalize the Union with the rebel soldier. And you can not misunderstand, either, that when the revenue is used exclusively to pay the debts of the nation, there will be no money with which to pay pensions to the soldiers.

Has not every Southern Congressman and a good many Northern Congressmen voted against every pension law? Don't the South claim that they are taxed the same as the North to pay pension claims. Have not certain men in Congress introduced bills to pension Southern soldiers? Now, comrades, whenever the Alliance divides the Republican vote, thousands of us old veterans will die in poor houses. I know that the poor man is oppressed by the rich, and that laws should be passed to protect us against combinations, trusts, syndicates, and high rates of interest, but shall we join a movement that will forever impoverish every old soldier, to bring about such legislation as the Alliance claims should be enacted?—AN OLD UNION SOLDIER. [The editor has never had occasion to investigate the Farmers' Alliance, is not acquainted with its principles, and publishes "Old Soldier's" remarks on the subject for the benefit of the comrades in general.—EDITOR.]

They Could Run.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—The 4th U. S. Cav. was engaged in the battle of Okolona, Miss., February 22, 1864. Our retreat was in order; but how the 2d N. J. Cav. could run! The most daring and dreadful position was that of the colonel and color-sergeant of the 4th Tenn. Cav., trying with all their mortal power to rally the boys around the flag. But at that supreme moment it was impossible to accomplish anything. However, the Johnnies did not secure what they were after—our long train of captured mules.—GEORGE W. L. PROBERT.

The Apple-Jack Was All Right.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I am a constant reader of THE BLADE and especially enjoy the Camp Fire, particularly that part which pertains to the Army of the Cumberland, as I was member of the 4th A. C., and also a member of Comrade Lyman Root's Co. B, 125th O. V. I. Now, Comrade Root, I can only assist you in so far as the apple-jack is concerned, in 1863. As for the 1864 affair, I was not there; but the apple-jack had the desired effect. I would very much appreciate a letter from Comrade Root, or others of the old company boys.—WILLIAM WASSON.

From the Land of Oranges.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I have been a subscriber to THE BLADE since 1856. I enlisted in Co. E, 72d O. V. I., at Benton, O., in 1861, serving nearly five years. I was captured at Guntown and taken to that hell-hole—Andersonville. Eleven members of my company died of starvation. I was present at the execution of the six unfortunates, who merited their punishment. Dan Harris, Co. I, 6th Iowa Cav., tied the hangman's knot—I saw him do so. Sergt. Moore, Co. F, 72d O. V. V. I., was one of the jurymen. I. F. Helliger, Co. B, 72d O. V. I., is correct in what he wrote concerning that event.—CHARLES F. M. GUERNSEY. [The editor finds it necessary to exclude all references to the subject contained in the latter portion of your letter.—EDITOR.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

W. M. H. ("Tippecanoe Bill") admonishes those who are inclined to make sport of the old veterans who wear G. A. R. badges, to stop and consider that fine clothes do not make a king, and that these same old veterans were the brave men who bore our flag on high through the dangers that threatened this country in the dark days of '61-65.

OLD WAR SONGS—LX.

THE "SONG OF ALL SONGS."

Seeing there is some interest manifested in the reproduction of old war songs, I take the liberty of sending the following, called "The Song of all Songs," which has been sung by thousands of old soldiers in camps around Vicksburg, and in the army of the Tennessee. I think it will interest a great many of the old veterans.—J. G., Cottonwood Pt., Mo.

As you walk through the town on a fine summer day,
The subject I have got you have heard, I dare say,
On the fences and the railings, wherever you go,
You may see the punny ballads sticking up in a row.
As you read them along as you stand for a while,
Some are so odd they will cause you to smile;
I noted them down as I read them along,
And put them together to make up my song.

There was "Abraham's Daughter," "Going out on a Spree,"
With "Old Uncle Snow," from "The Cottage by the Sea,"
"If Your Foot is Pretty, Show It," "At Lanigan's Ball,"
And "Why Did She Leave Him?" "On the Raging Canawl."
There was Laughing "Annie Laurie," "With Her Jockey Hat and Feather,"
"I Don't Think Much of You," "We Were Boys and Girls Together;"
"Do they think of me at home?" "I'll be Free and Easy Still;"
"Give us back our old commander," with "The sword of Bunker Hill."

"When this cruel war is over," "No Irish need apply,"
"For everything is lovely, and the goose hangs high;"
"The Captain with his whiskers," and "Annie of the Vale,"
Along with "Old Bob Ridley," a "Riding on a rail;"
"Rock me to sleep, mother," "Going round the Horn,"
"I am not myself at all," "I'm a bachelor forlorn,"
"Mother, is the battle over?" "What are the men about?"
"How are you Horace Greely?" "Does your mother know you're out?"

"In the days when I was hard up," "With my Mary Ann,"
"My Johnny was a shoemaker," "Or any other man,"
"The young girl from New Jersey," "O wilt thou be my bride?"
And "Oft in the stilly night," "We'll all take a ride."
"Let me kiss him for his mother," "He's a gay young gamboler,"
"I'm going to fight mit Sigel," "And his bully lager beer,"
"Hunky boys," "Yankee doodle," "When the cannons loudly roar,"
"We're coming, Father Abraham, Six hundred thousand more!"

"We won't go home till morning, till daylight does appear,"
"Annie Russell," "You and Johnny," "Riding on a railroad car;"
"We are coming sister Mary," with "The folks that put on airs,"
"We are marching along," "With the four and thirty stars,"
"On the other side of Jordan," "Don't fly your kite so high,"
For "Johnny's coming o'er the green" to "Root, hog, or die;"
"O, freedom's starry banner," "The flag of Washington,"
Shall float victorious o'er the land from Main to Oregon!

THE ORIGINAL DIXIE.

I wish I was in de land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten;
In Dixie land whar I was bawn in,
Early on a frosty mawnin'.

Ole missus marry Will de weaber,
Will he was a gay deceaber;
When he put his arm around her
He look as fierce as a forty-pounder.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat didn't seem a bit to grieb 'er;
Will run away, missus took a decline,
Her face was de color ob de bacon rine.

While missus libbed she libbed in clober,
When she died she died all ober;
How could she act de foolish part
An' marry a man to broke her heart?

Buckwheat cakes an' cawn meal batter
Make you fat or little fatter;
Here's a health to de nex ole missus,
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us.

Now if you want to dribe away sorrow,
Come an' hear dis song to-morrow;
Den hoe it down an' scratch de grabble,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabble.

CHORUS.

I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray!
In Dixie's land
We'll take our stand,
To live an' die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie;
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie!

THE LAST SHOT

Fired on the Battle-Field of Chickamauga.

Mr. A. B. Leeper, a prominent citizen of Delaware county, Illinois, passed through the city last evening on his way home.

He has been down to Chattanooga with a committee picking out historical spots on the battle-field of Chickamauga.

Leeper was Sergeant of Company A, of the 115th Illinois, which was in Whittaker's Brigade, Fourth Corps, Army of the Cumberland. September 20, 1863, the battle of Chickamauga had waged fiercely all day.

"About dusk the firing had almost ceased. Only now and then was there a stray musket-shot. In the dim light Sergeant Leeper saw a Confederate soldier drawing a bead on him from behind the roots of a black oak tree not ten feet away. Quickly throwing up his Remington rifle Sergeant Leeper fired. The bullet struck the oak about six inches from the Confederate's head. It was the last shot fired in the great battle. Mr. Leeper hurriedly rejoined his company, and Johnny Reb fled in the opposite direction.

The other day, while on the battle-field, Mr. Leeper decided to see if he could find the bullet. He had no difficulty in picking out the tree, for the black oak was the biggest thereabouts, and stood almost alone.

Greatly to his surprise, it was an easy matter to find where the bullet had entered. Digging into the trunk, his knife soon struck an obstacle, and the little bits on the point of the knife proved to be lead. Mr. Leeper dug it out. It was a bullet, and the identical one he had fired twenty-seven years ago—the last shot at the battle of Chickamauga. It was almost in its original shape. Closed inspection showed it was the only bullet in the tree. Mr. Leeper had no difficulty in identifying it, as it was in the spot he had seen it enter. Besides, his company had Remington rifles, while the rest of the regiment had Enfields. Mr. Leeper showed the bullet to an *Enquirer* reporter yesterday, and highly prizes it as a relic of the war.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

Congressman McKinley's wife is described as a delightful little woman with brown hair, blue eyes, a fair complexion and pleasant, winning manners.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Farmstead.

"Farmers' Ills."

We have changed the make-up of THE BLADE, putting the Farmstead on the 3d page (and moving the Question Bureau to the 7th), in order to have room to put, immediately after it, the replies we receive to our questions on "Farmers' Ills," which we asked for last week, and repeat this week, on the editorial (4th) page. We hope our farmer friends will give us their views, in brief, on these important matters, and *at once.*

INFORMATION WANTED.

Apoplexy and Diarrhoea in Fowls—Little Chicks Die.

Mrs. A. C. L., Indiana: Your fowls have apoplexy, on account of over-feeding. The diarrhoea may be stopped by taking flour and browning it well in a pan, stirring in sufficient sheep's tallow to barely moisten the flour. Put in this a few drops of laudanum and a little cayenne pepper. Make a thick soup of this by pouring water over it and stirring it well. Pour a teaspoonful of this down each fowl's throat two or three times a day, until the diarrhoea ceases. See that the quarters of the fowls are clean and sweet, and examine them for lice. For the little chicks, rub their heads with unsalted lard from base of beak to base of brain. They no doubt have lice, as most young chicks have. If they have diarrhoea, give them a little of the mixture prepared for the grown fowls.

To Tan Hides With Fur On.

J. N., Missouri: To tan hides with fur on, remove all fleshy matter from the skin, and with sheep skins the wool should be washed clean with soft soap and water, and the suds be thoroughly rinsed out. For each skin take 4 ozs. of salt, 4 ozs. of alum, and ½ oz. of borax. Dissolve these in a quart of water, and when cool enough for the hand to bear, stir in sufficient rye meal to make a thick paste. Spread this paste well over every part of the flesh side of the skin, which is then to be folded together lengthwise, and left for two weeks in an airy place. Then remove the paste, wash and dry the skin. When nearly dry, it must be worked and pulled, and scraped with a blunt knife made for the purpose, shaped like a chopping knife, or with a piece of hard wood worked to an edge. The more the skin is worked and scraped as it dries the more pliable will it be.

Curing Hams.

B. J. S., Colorado: Trim all rough meat off. Keep in a cool room. Mix a pint of salt and a pint of coffee sugar well together, and rub over every part of the hams (or shoulders). Rub this in for three successive days; then, as the moisture begins to ooze from the meat, lay them in pans or wooden trays, and as the juice run out, dip it on the meat as you rub on the salt and sugar. After three or four weeks they will be ready to smoke. Smoke enough to be pleasant to the taste; then rub a little black pepper over the surface, put into cloth bags, tie up tight. Put a coat of whitewash over the surface to keep off flies, and hang in a cool, dry place. Dried beef can be cured in the same way, says a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, with the exception of smoking. The beef must be put in paper bags, and hung up near a stove to dry; or if the weather is cold, it will freeze dry, and become a little more tender.

Castor Beans for Poultry.

Mrs. A., Kansas: Castor beans are not good for poultry. Certain of the beans, it is said, act as an emetic on a human being, while others are cathartic. They are too acrid for fowls, and should not be fed at all. Give your fowls fresh water, plenty of grass and vegetables, boiled oats, screenings, (if not mouldy), wheat, boiled bran, but no corn, or but very little, during the hot months of summer.

Heaves in Horses.

Reader of THE BLADE: To relieve heaves in your horse, first remove all sources of irritation. Keep him from draughts of cold air while in the stable; also remove all urine, that he may not inhale the ammonia in it; give easily digested food, and examine the feces for worms. If he has them they must be expelled. Give hay free from dust or mold, and dampen with water in which salt has been stirred—barely sufficient to give the water a slight saltish taste—and also dampen all oats fed. Give him this cathartic: Cold-drawn castor oil, 16 ozs.; solution of potash, 2 ozs.; oil of lemons, 2 drachms; oil of myrth, 1 drachm; syrup (or molasses), 2 ozs.; water that has been boiled, 8 ozs. Rub the castor oil, also the other oils and the solution of potash well together in a mortar, then add the other ingredients, still stirring. Shake well before administering. For one draught. To be given with a drench horn or out of a wine bottle.

Bloat In Cattle.

J. G. K., Ohio: Almost any food in excessive quantities will produce impaction of the rumen in cattle, but the most prolific source of the trouble is when they eat too freely of damp grasses, especially clover, the latter especially generating gas very rapidly. If the bloat is seen early, a dose of asafoetida, ½ oz.; linseed oil, 1 pt., will relieve it. When the swelling is marked, the best way is to plunge a trochar or sharp knife into the rumen and let the gas escape through the canula. The operation is to be performed in the most prominent part of the swelling, and when the tube becomes clogged clean it out with a wire or stick. There is nothing better to put over the wound than a pitch plaster. When a cow is subject to frequent returns of the disease, Prof. Law recommends careful dieting and giving this: Fenugreek, iron rust, carbonate of soda, common salt, of each, 4 ozs.; powdered nux vomica, 2 drachms. Mix well, and give a heaping tablespoonful twice daily in the food. It will not dry up a cow to make a cut for the escape of the gas. No, it will not cause loss of calf, if properly done. Yes, the diet should be light for a week or so. In putting cattle into clover, they should not be permitted to remain in it for more that fifteen or twenty minues at first. Increase the time each day. In this way they will gradually get used to eating it. Some cows are more subject to it than others. A little care in feeding in the spring will prevent cattle from the danger of hoven.

Inflamed Udder in Mare.

M. J. McK., Kansas: Give your mare plenty of good grass and a fair quantity of oats, but no corn until after she has had her colt. She should have no heating food. Put ¼ oz. saltpetre in her drinking water once a day for three or four days. If you can draw the milk from her udder, do so at least three times a day. A flaxseed poultice should be applied to draw the pus, and then if it is "brought to a head" it may be lanced. Rub the udder with gentle hand friction with this: Powdered camphor, ¼ oz.; extract of belladonna, ⅛ oz.; lard 1½ ozs. Sometimes it becomes necessary to inject into the udder a solution of the sulphate of zinc, but this should be done by a veterinary. You may find some trouble in getting the udder healed until after she has foaled, as the milk will keep distending the bag, and unless you relieve it by drawing the milk, it will be hard to reduce the inflammation.

Curb in Horse.

J. M. B., Kansas: The word curb is supposed to be a corruption of the word curve, because in sound hind limbs, well formed, the border of the leg, from the hock to the fetlock, viewed from the side, is quite straight, whereas, when curbs are present, a curved appearance is given to it, especially in its upper third. Curb arises from the sprain of the calcaneo-cuboid ligament at the back of the hock. The first thing for you to do will be to throw off the weight from the injured ligament by putting on a patten-shoe (high heeled). Then apply a cooling lotion consisting of ½ pint of arnica to a gallon of cold water until the inflammation is all out. Cold water will do if you cannot conveniently add the arnica. If there is swelling after this apply biniodide of mercury 1 dr., lard 1 oz. Cut the hair off from the swelling and rub on a little of this every night until there is a free watery discharge. Foment the leg with hot water to encourage the flow. After a week's time heal with vaseline. If the curb has not disappeared after the healing, apply the ointment again.

Strawberries Blossom But Bear no Fruit.

Mrs. E. W. M., South Dakota: The Wilson strawberry, which you say does not bear fruit, has the credit of being a good flowerer, the flowers of which are perfect. It is an excellent fertilizer for other early sorts. When pistillate varities (those having imperfect stamens) are planted, some other variety must be planted in alternate rows, to fertilize them. One row of staminate to four of pistillate is sufficient. Mulching through the fruiting season is a great advantage. Your strawberries very likely need fertilization.

Swelling On Mare's Belly.

J. L. H., Nevada: Give your mare raw linseed oil, 12 ozs.; oil of anise-seed, 2 drachms; spirits of sweet nitre, 1½ ozs. After this, give internally pine tar, 2 ozs.; pulverized gentian root, 1 oz. Mix and divide into eight balls. Rub the swollen part with arnica, ½ pint; vinegar, 1 quart; salt, a handful. Rub this well in two or three times a day. Feed no corn, as it is too exciting.

Never Blooming Apples.

L. D. W., Pennsylvania, would like to hear more from R. P. Cifero, West Virginia, and H. A. Kuenne, Wisconsin, on the above subject. A communication to the Farmstead from either of the gentlemen named would be acceptable. We have not the address in full of either.

Kicks in Harness.

G. A. R., Kansas: You will find something about kicking horses in the FARMSTEAD of last week.

Got Cut on Wire Fence.

A. J. H., Kansas: For the raw warts that have appeared on a partially healed cut, made by wire, on your horse's leg, poultice it for a day or two with linseed meal poultice. Then wash carefully with soap and water. Then mix alum (burnt) and wheat flour, equal parts, and sprinkle it on the sores. Wash off once a day. There may be some sand or dirt in the wound, which prevents its healing. If there is, it will have to be opened and the sand or dirt removed. Give the horse half an ounce of saltpetre once a day in drinking water for a week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Solid-Hoofed Hogs.

A correspondent of the *Rural New-Yorker* says: There has been a considerable amount of talk about the "Aristotle" or solid-footed hog. The writer has seen quite a number of these "mule-footed" hogs in the South, where they are numerous enough to escape being curiosities. The following note from Mr. Talbot, who is breeding this hog, may interest our readers: "This hog was formerly a bone of contention between many naturalists, some maintaining that it did not exist and consequently that many other statements of Aristotle could not be depended upon. All doubt, however, is now dispelled. The 'Aristotle' is the best hog I have in a lot of nine breeds, with which I am experimenting. One experiment consists in selecting a typical specimen of each breed and blending the blood of the whole in order to secure a composite type showing the improvements due to the admixture of the different breeds. I am not positive, but think that the cloven-hoofed hog is simply the result of an abnormal freak, or 'sport,' in some pigs in early times, and that the swine-herder, in order that he might be respected by the herders of cattle or cloven-hoofed animals, perpetuated the results of this 'sport' by interbreeding animals similarly distinguished, in order that his craft might in time be raised to a higher place in society. Perhaps he lived before Jacob's successful experiments in coloring animals before their birth, and, though not as successful as he expected, still he must have been encouraged in his undertaking by a fair measure of achievement."

Fresh Eggs.

No one knows the difficulty experienced by those who are willing to purchase strictly fresh eggs in procuring them, especially persons living in the crowded cities. They can buy eggs, it is true, but they are compelled to do so with a confidence in the merchant that the eggs are fresh; and yet the merchant, with all the care he may exercise, knows nothing of the stock he has on hand, other than the fact that he, in turn, places his confidence in those who supply him. Despite the care that may be shown by all parties, stale eggs will put in an appearance, and when such is the case all parties concerned are more or less disgusted, and the result may be an injury to the merchant and but few eggs purchased by the customer. Destroy the confidence and prices decline. When a reliable party produces eggs on the farm, and makes it a point to sell them daily, so as to render it an impossibility to make any mistake, he can build up a custom that will be permanent, and can also command a price above the regular market quotations. But such person cannot afford to buy eggs from other parties also. In all cases where the poultryman has included eggs from other parties, he eventually meets with disaster. The poultryman who wishes good prices, and who can, in time, command his trade, must not attempt to sell eggs from any yards but his own. If he cannot fill orders, he should not attempt to do so with eggs from other yards. In this way better prices will be obtained and confidence retained. We can point to parties who sell eggs at 60 cents a dozen the entire year. The eggs are no better than some that are sold at 20 cents a dozen, but the parties supplied by them know that they will never incur any risk of having stale eggs among the lot. These men really sell 40 cents' worth of confidence with every dozen eggs, for it is, after all, the reliability of the parties that secures for them the higher prices.—[Farm and Fireside.

Eggs That Will Keep.

One of the secrets which we again impress on readers is that eggs intended to be stored away for fall or winter use should be from hens not in company with males. The hens will lay just as many eggs when no males are present as with them, and there will be less cost of food to be consumed by non-producers. A fertile egg will spoil in one-fourth the time of an infertile egg. One of the surest signs that an egg is fertile is that it quickly becomes stale. We have had infertile eggs to be placed in an incubator, kept therein at a temperature of 103 degrees, and when removed they were but little damaged, some of them being suitable for "bakers." The eggs containing the germs of chicks, if not progressing in incubation, would become spoiled in a week or ten days. If eggs can be kept for three weeks in an incubator at 103 degrees, they will easily keep in a cool place for three months. As so much depends on the kind of eggs to store away, it is not only cheaper, but the results will be much more satisfactory.—[Farm and Fireside.

Green Food for Ducks.

If ducks are to be kept in limited areas, they may be fed all kinds of green food. In fact, as the duck is quite a gourmand, it does not restrict itself to any particular diet, and the various weeds may be made to serve a valuable purpose as food for ducks. The well-known pigweed is quite a delicacy with ducks, and purslane, dandelion, all kinds of grass, and even young weeds that would be rejected when matured, will be eaten. It will pay to feed ducks on green food principally. At this season they need but little grain, especially if they are not laying.

Pear Leaf-Blight.

The latest issue from the Pathological department of the United States Horticultural bureau, gives practical information and directions as follows:

"The seedlings are especially subject to leaf-blight, but are hardly ever, as far as we know, seriously injured by scab. As the two diseases, however, are usually associated on large trees, and as we have used the Bordeaux mixture successfully on the seedlings, we would suggest that it be adopted for all and applied as follows:

"Seedlings.—Make five applications, the first when the leaves are one-quarter grown, others at intervals of ten days until the trees are budded.

"Large Trees.—Spray five times; first when the fruit is the size of peas, and thereafter at intervals of twelve or fifteen days.

"For applying the mixture to the trees less than 12 feet high, and especially to seedlings in the nursery, the knapsack pumps provided with improved Vermorel lance and nozzle will answer.

"When the trees are large and in considerable numbers it will pay to get a strong force-pump, mount it on a barrel, and place the whole in a wagon or cart to be moved about at pleasure. In all cases, however, it will be necessary to use the Vermorel nozzle, as it is the only nozzle of value that will not clog, it can readily be attached to almost any force pump, and will be found to be a very effective piece of machinery.

"The total cost of a course of treatment such as is outlined above, including labor in preparing and applying the remedies, will be for nursery stock about $3 per 1,000 trees. For large bearing trees the cost will run from 6 to 12 cents per tree. In case the Bordeaux mixture shows on the fruit at the time of harvesting, it can be removed by washing in water.

"In addition to the foregoing it would be well to rake the old leaves and fruit together in the fall and burn them, as in this way thousands of reproductive bodies will be destroyed."

WHAT THE FARMERS SAY

In Answer to The Blade's Questions on "Farmers' Ills"—The First Instalment of Answers.

We are glad to have our farmer friends reply so promply as some are doing to our questions on "Farmers' Ills," asked on the editorial page of last week's BLADE, and repeated in this issue. We hardly expected any replies to them in time to print this week, but are glad to give the following, received up to Monday, June 16:

Whiteside Co., Illinois.

TAMPICO, ILL.—Your questions on "Farmers' Ills" attracts my attention, and in answer would say:

1.—Farmers are not making expenses, as it costs $10.50 per acre to produce a crop, which sells, on an average, this season, for $7.50.

2.—From six to eight farms out of every ten are mortgaged, mostly for improvements.

3.—Principal cause, low prices, high rates of freight, high rate of interest, and, furthermore, a scarcity of money in the Middle and Western states.

4.—The state legislature should reduce the rate of interest and reduce the freight rates on railroads. Congress should pass the silver bill, and the service pension bill, and also break up trusts, combinations and public gambling on futures.

5.—Our climate is adapted to raising corn, grasses, oats and barley. Other crops are not profitable.

I am in favor of the silver bill, service pension, the protective tariff, and I am in favor of the alien landlord bill introduced by Oates, of Alabama.—J. C. A.

Otoe Co., Nebraska.

NEBRASKA CITY.—You want to know what is the matter with the farmers. I will try and answer one or two points.

1.—Here, some farmers are making some money, and some are running behind.

2.—Mortgaged about one in ten.

3.—In the first place, our country here is so heavily bonded to the railroads that it makes our taxes high. Second, as all of our supplies come by railroad, we pay high freight rates to them again. Third, grain is low, and the railroad charges about one-half for taking the other half to market, so they take out more money than we get back. There are too many in the farming business.

4.—I believe that about four hundred and fifty millions of manufactured goods are imported into this country that could be made here as well as in Europe. If some would quit farming, and as Thomas Jefferson said, make our own comforts, we would have a Liverpool market at home, and would not have to pay all to the railroads.—FARMER.

Fon du Lac Co., Wisconsin.

METOMEN, WIS.—THE BLADE just received, I respond to your questions:

1.—Meeting expenses, and a little more.

2.—About four in every ten; mostly for purchase. Money on the farms, some for buildings, none to pay expenses for living.

3.—I know of none that are running behind; all are gaining a little.

4.—Can be relieved by legislation. The bills pending in Congress, if passed, will give much relief, and give general satisfaction.

5.—Wheat, corn, oats, barley, wool, pork, beef, butter, cheese and horses. Not unless it is flax.—E. B.

Fountain Co., Indiana—(Wabash Valley.)

VEEDERSBURG, IND.—1.—Agricultural land is less valuable now than at any period in twenty years. The farms are not in as good shape; fences are poor, buildings out of repair, orchards dead, and timber exhausted. Nevertheless, the farmers are, as a rule, holding their own, some making money, some losing, but most of them simply living.

2.—Two in ever ten are mortgaged, but five in every ten in debt. Fifty per cent of this indebtedness represent purchase money, one-half of which has been due twenty years; 25 per cent for improvements; 5 per cent to raise money to live upon; 20 per cent to meet losses of various kinds (on board of trade, securities, etc.).

3.—Low prices and bad management have had their influence; but that which rouses the farmer to assert his rights, to unite in common defense, is the knowledge that while he is burdened, those who purchase farm products are growing wealthy. Combines and trade unions, wholesale and retail dealers' protective associations, and other safeguards of manufacturers, merchants and transfer companies insure them a reasonable, and sometimes an unreasonable, profit.

4.—If this government by just legislation will compel manufacturers, tradesmen, workingmen, money loaners and transfer companies to engage in active competition, you will find the agriculturist coming to the top, as prosperous as the men engaged in any other vocation. It is an insult to attribute the present trouble to ignorance or carelessness. The state legislatures should set aside all laws that now permit cities and incorporated towns to enact laws not recognized in other parts of the state. They should reduce the salaries of all officers to correspond with the prices of the common comforts of life.

5.—The principal crops in this state (Indiana) are wheat, corn, oats, hay, fruits and garden vegetables. Broom corn pays when only a few cultivate it, but as soon as it is discovered that any one crop pays better than others, many then begin its cultivation, and the result is the price falls to the bottom, and the bottom drops out.

The above is my judgment on this problem of "farmers' ills." I desire no controversy. Yours in general sentiment as expressed in THE BLADE.—J. S. B.

The questions to the answers numbered in the above replies will be found in the article referred to, on the editorial (4th) page of this issue. We hope for a very large number of responses to our questions, that we may intelligently discuss the situation, and give THE BLADE'S readers the benefit of the combined opinion of the intelligent farmers among its constituency.

Log Full of Foxes.

Some time ago a party of gentlemen near Social Circle, Ga., went out fox hunting, and on entering a piece of woods they spied a fox making across the woods at break neck speed. The dogs gave it about two hours' chase, when the fox returned to a large log lying in the woods, and was seen to go right on, making the chase three different times. One of the party decided to station himself at the log in order to determine what the peculiar actions of the fox meant. Shortly after he had taken his stand he saw the fox coming. The fox leaped into the large end of the log. Just as he jumped into the log another fox was seen to come out the other end. And on examination the log was found to be entirely full of foxes, sixteen in number. And when one would jump in at one end he would punch out another, and thus force him to make the race.—[Walnut Grove News.

Two Victims.

Brown—Hello, Jones, where are you going in such a hurry?

Jones—I'm going to the dentist's to get my tooth pulled.

Brown—That's bad; but I'm worse off yet. I'm going to my lawyer's to get my leg pulled.—[Light.

Candid.

"So my daughter referred you to me, eh? Well, I hardly understand it. She never consults me except in a financial way."

"Well—ah—sir, that's just it."—[Harper's Bazar.

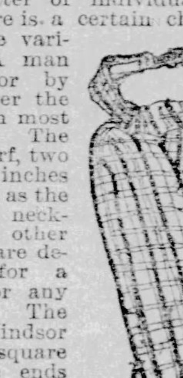
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS.

Scarfs, Collars, Gloves, Etc., That Are Worn by Gentlemen.

A man whose complexion is neither very dark nor very light has the choice of any color, but he should be careful to select a shade which will go well with the clothes he wears. Two shades of the same color should always be avoided, as they never harmonize.

A man whose complexion is decidedly light or blonde, should invariably favor the blue shades in neckwear, care being taken in selecting the proper shade. A little patience and experience in trying on the various shades will be rewarded by the right one and the purchaser will know it thereafter. Blue or kindred shades should be avoided by the man of dark complexion. His colors should be red, brown or a neutral gray.

In buying neckwear the choice of patterns is a matter of individual taste largely, but there is a certain character displayed in the various designs. A man should endeavor by trials to discover the particular design most fitted for him. The four-in-hand scarf, two and one-half inches wide, is accepted as the leading style of neckwear, and all other current styles are designed more for a change than for any other purpose. The old-fashioned Windsor scarf, tied in a square knot with the ends folded over and fastened with a pin, will be very popular this summer. At present it is most universally worn east. In tying this scarf one should study to produce the careless, uneven effects, the object being to make it look as easy and soft as possible. It is not necessary to allow it to cover the whole shirt front, however, especially above the knot. There a little of the shirt front should show when the coat is buttoned up. That is at present "the thing."



THE HAYMARKET.

In the cuts is represented "The Haymarket" scarf—an imitation of the Windsor—already folded and made up in such a manner that it may be formed into four distinct shapes should a change of puff be desired at any time. Another cut represents an outline of the latest novelty in the four-in-hand scarf. This is an exceedingly pretty thing and one that has already been adopted almost universally throughout the United States. It is made up like all other scarfs of this style, excepting in the plaits, which are sewed in the scarf, and when it is tied it looks like the ready-made or plaited Teck scarf.

FOUR-IN-HAND.

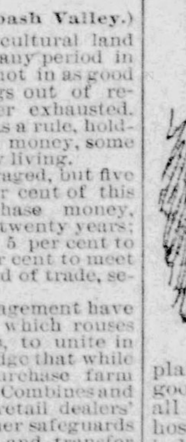
The two leading shapes in collars will be the standing collar with turned over points, in medium size, and the standing collar with narrow one-fourth or one-half-inch space, and in height to suit the wearer. Many people object to wearing the collar snug around the neck, claiming that it is uncomfortable, but a two or three day's trial will convince any man that it is a wrong impression. The collar should fit the neck snugly.

Flannel or outing shirts were designed for the park, house and for recreation costume. They are entirely out of place in business. Neglige shirts in Madras or zephyr cloth will be worn much during the hot months, with either standing or turnover collars. They are made in this way and are handled in the furnishing goods' stores, and the collars and cuffs are attached. The bosom is plaited, and it should be laundered the same as any other shirt, excepting that the bosom and body should be starchless. A belt or sash can be worn with the shirt if desired. These goods come in all shades, colors and patterns, and the choice is left entirely to the good judgment of the wearer.

Handkerchiefs are now shown in white, with colored figures. The full name of the owner, with a fac simile of his signature, is embroidered or sewn in one corner in white or black. The hemstitched and old-fashioned white handkerchief of fine linen is supposed to be the swellest thing now—and what is nicer?

White and fancy washable vests, double and single breasted, are popular, and will continue to be worn all through the season. These can be worn with any colors or fabrics. The "pony," or short gold chain is the style, although a black silk braided material, with faint gold trimmings, has a place, and will go into the lead during the season.

Gloves with very light silk embroidery on the back, done in the same color as the glove, are popular—either in this style or with plain or "crowsfoot" stitching on the backs. Browns and tans are the prevailing colors. Plain lisle thread gloves will be worn during the day and and all through the hot months. This is an idea which ladies must award gentlemen the credit for.



BEFORE TYING.

Canes or umbrellas come into the market now with rustic or natural wood handles, trimmed with gold or silver in the form of slight rings or small nail heads as a finish. The plainer the style the better. Furnishing goods which are hidden from the view of all save the wearer—such as suspenders, hosiery, underwear, etc.—is left to the individual fancy, as one style is as good as the other, and the live haberdisher always keeps in stock all of the new and pretty things the market offers.

"For Outward Application Only."

"Well, Mr. Murphy, how are you today—better?" asked the doctor.

"No, sorr, Oi'm worse—as full av pains as a windy," replied Mr. Murphy.

"Worse! Did you rub that stuff I sent you well into the skin?"

"Rub it into the skin? Av course not, sorr! I saw it was labelled 'fur outward application only,' so Oi just rubbed it on me clothes!"—Yenowine's News.

SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

THE JOAN D' ARC COSTUME.

A Strikingly Pretty Gown for Summer Wear.

This is a striking and beautiful gown of black grenadine, over lustreless black silk. The skirt is embroidered all over the front and sides with a large fleur de lis design, worked in steel and a band of

steel galloon girdles the waist and is fastened in front by a steel slide. The bodice is braided in plastron shape, in arabesques enclosing the fleur de lis, and its extremely high collar and sleeve caps are cut into turrets, which are outlined with steel braid. The double sleeve, with its elbow cap, is of woven steel net, made expressly for this costume, and is lined with steel-grey silk. Gauntlet gloves of grey suede cover the hands, and the head is crowned by a grey straw hat, whose coronet brim is faced with black velvet and has three lines of steel braid and a steel fleur de lis over the forehead. A bunch of gray marabout tips and a knot of black velvet are set high up on the left side.

GOOD MINISTERS ARE SCARCE.

The Churches Seek Them Nowadays, and in Rather Curious Fashion.

"In choosing a minister, the church used to dictate terms to the minister, now it is the minister who dictates terms to the church." This was the way in which a prominent trustee of a Brooklyn church expressed his conviction that the time-honored method of a congregation calling a minister to a pulpit and hearing what he could say for himself was about done away with, provided the minister is a first-class preacher. This conclusion has also been reached by the twelve church members comprising the trustees and prominent officials in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian church, formerly ministered to by the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler. Dr. Cuyler resigned in April last, and since that time the church has been casting about for a fitting successor. Dr. Cuyler continues to supply the pulpit, but does no pastoral work in the parish.

The means taken by the committee to learn of the talent and general fitness of a preacher for the Lafayette avenue church partakes of the nature of detective work. "It must be confessed," said the trustee to the reporter, "the season for the change from the old method of bringing a minister before us to our hunting one up lies in the fact that there are comparatively few A 1 ministers nowadays. Congregations grow in size, grow enormously rich sometimes, but the number of good preachers does not grow proportionately. You can't get a minister of any prominence nowadays to submit to the old system where he was called before the congregation and tested. He knows he is on exhibition, and he feels it. It has been a system always abhorred by ministers, and now that there is such scarcity of good ministers, any one of them would let us know in a way we wouldn't forget if we should summon him to go on exhibition for the benefit of the people who happened to be in church on the morning he preached.

"This tendency in churches," continued the church trustee, "exists not only in Presbyterian and Congregational and other churches without bishops, but also in the Protestant Episcopal and Methodist Episcopal churches and all others except in the church of Rome. When a minister finds a church he likes, it's pretty difficult for the higher powers of the church to order him to a pasture where the pickings are lean.

"In the Lafayette avenue church we have got the system of hunting up a minister down to a fine point. We meet at one of the committeemen's houses in the latter part of every week, and sit behind locked doors. Then we decide what church each of us is to visit on the coming Sunday. On Friday or Saturday we scatter. If a committeman has to go to Chicago or St. Louis or St. Paul, he starts earlier in the week. No one knows when we start. Our families even do not know where we are going when we leave town. Our secrecy is maintained in order that no minister may learn we are coming his way and prepare an extra fine sermon for his flock, ostensibly preaching to them, but really talking for a big increase of salary. One of the things to be avoided in the former system was the fact that the candidate put on an extra burst of speed, and the congregation did not know how he would turn out when he got down to his regular gait. The visitor to the church selected slips unperceived into a seat in in the rear of the auditorium, and uses his ears and his eyes like a reporter.

"The committee, on returning to Brooklyn, meet and compare notes, and, on a very favorable report of a certain minister, several members visit the church and hear him. That is as far as we have got. When we are sure we can recommend a minister to the church, a meeting of the members will be quietly called, and the chairman of the committee will set forth the reasons for inviting a certain minister to become the pastor. An affirmative vote of a majority will settle it and he will be invited. Very likely he will be a very much surprised man when he gets the invitation, for it will be untrammelled in its nature as regards any dictation by the officers of the church. This was the course pursued in getting Dr. Meredith of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational church, and the result proves its wisdom. You see, the system gives the church a wider field to graze over in the same time than the old method. Dr. Cuyler's successor will probably not be chosen until fall."—[N. Y. Sun.

Poisoned by Silk in Her Ears.

Miss Cyrena Alice Boyd, a lady of 19 years, whose parents reside in Yolo county, died under peculiar circumstances. A few weeks ago she was visiting some friends in San Francisco, and while there had her ears pierced. She was very particular to urge that white silk be inserted in the puncture, but the thread finally used contained some coloring matter. A day or so after Miss Boyd returned to her parents' home in Yolo. In a few days she experienced soreness about the ears, but did not regard the matter as of much consequence.

One day she and her sister happened to be out in a shower and Miss Boyd took cold. The effect of the exposure began to manifest itself in her ears, already swollen and sore. Then she became alarmed, and, upon her father's advice, she came to this city to secure medical attention. Her ears swelled rapidly, the swelling extending to her face, and finally one of her eyes was closed completely. Erysipelas set in, blood poisoning followed, and then it was evident that her life was beyond the power of saving.—[Sacramento Letter.

Would Do Better Then.

Chawles de Courcey (at a dance)—Aw, quite a pleasant evening. Aw, did you see the moon, you knaw?

Miss Perline—That's the third time you've said that, Mr. de Courcey.

Chawles—Aw, yes; because we've only done round dances togethah. You just ought to heah me talk in a quadrille. I'd weally bore you in the larncers.—[Chatter.

Convincing Evidence

That Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures Rheumatism and kindred complaints is abundant. This medicine eradicates from the blood all trace of the disease, and so invigorates the system that a perfect restoration to health is inevitable.

"In Oakland, La., 22 years ago, I had been sick a year and a half with sciatic rheumatism. The extreme pains that I suffered wasted my flesh to the bone, and my strength and vitality were well nigh exhausted. My skin was yellow and rough, showing a bad state of the blood, and it is more than likely that blood poison existed, as I have taken large quantities of mercury. After the sciatica was in a measure under control, I was put under treatment to cleanse the blood and give me strength. This was continued several weeks, but to no purpose. My physician then suggested the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and it is to this medicine I owe my restoration to health. From actual experience in the use of various blood-purifiers, I am confident that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has no equal."—J. W. Pickle, Farmerville, La.

"I have known Mr. J. W. Pickle for many years, and consider him a truthful man."—R. B. Dawkins, Mayor of Farmerville, La.

☞ Be sure, in making your purchase, that the druggist gives you

Ayer's Sarsaparilla FOR Rheumatism.

"During the past year my joints, which had become stiff and sore, caused me great pain, especially at the close of a day's work. At times my fingers were so lame I was unable to hold a needle, while the pain at night prevented my sleeping. I suffered also from nervous chills and a want of appetite. I tried outward applications and took remedies prescribed by my doctor; but all to no purpose. A short time ago my son-in-law, Wm. Woods, of Hollis, N. H., was cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla of an inflammatory disease of the eyes, and seeing him so much benefited, I thought I would try this medicine for my own trouble. The result is a complete cure of the pains, stiffness, and swelling from which I suffered so much. The Sarsaparilla has had a good effect on my appetite and nerves, so that I have better strength and no more chills."—Eliza Halvorson, Nashua, N. H.

"After being many years afflicted with rheumatism, I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great success."—J. B. Bridge, Boston, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

Price $1. Six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

WHEN AND WHOM TO MARRY.

Rules That Have Been Tried and Seldom Found Wanting.

Whom to marry and when to marry are grave questions that confront many people who have not yet come to feel that marriage is a lottery.

Hence arise questions like the following:

1. How can I tell when I love?
2. Can I afford to marry, if poor?
3. What sort of a person will I be happy with?
4. Will I always be loved?
5. Will I always love?
6. Will I ever see somebody whom I will love more?
7. Shall I marry young or shall I wait until I am mature?
8. Should a man marry a widow?
9. Should a girl marry a widower?
10. Is it always well to marry if one loves?
11. Is there love at first sight?
12. What is love at first sight?

And many others.

Ye who are married can best answer many of these questions. Only one who has made experiments in marriage in all its phases could singly answer all of them. And not unlikely the result of such experiments would prove anything but edifying.

I am, therefore, prepared only to give the result of my own venture in the matrimonial boat as a partial guide, completing the latter by giving the results of other men's and many women's ventures, or marriages.

Probably the first approach of that tender feeling known as love is felt when at school a red cheek seems to the average boy lovely as a peach, and he respects the possessor for her gift. Maybe a big blue eye strikes him as prettier than any he has seen in the picture book mother bought him for a Christmas present, and he wishes that he might have this living picture book near by to look at when he chooses.

Now, she with the red cheek or she with the big blue eye may see across the aisle in the little school-room a bright little fellow whose clothes fit as nicely and look as pretty as those on the doll she takes delight in fondling at home.

For a doll is the first object outside the immediate household for which your little daughter shows any liking. The doll is her beau ideal. To win her favor one must conform to that model.

Its shape, the color of its hair and eyes, its clothing, speak to her language mystic and full of meaning. To her it is the symbol of mother's care, first love, wifely devotion, and perhaps the incentive of those sweet flatteries that in after years may turn some poor fellow's head.

The influence of the doll is never lost; it survives through life. Behind it all is the desire of possessing something to respond to the feelings, rather than not have anything we too frequently take what does not satisfy our desires.

And as our impressions of what we need are true or false, so will possessions bring joy or sorrow, and when the question comes to us, whom and when shall we marry? we should inquire into our needs and ascertain just what sort of a partner will supply our needs.

The question should never resolve itself into whether blonde should marry blonde, whether brunette should marry brunette, or whether partners should be of different complexion. An investigation on the complexion hypothesis might prove entertaining, but would, I fear, bring us back to where we started. But to my answers:

1. You are in love when you absolutely need the object of your affection.

2. A poor person can afford to marry if marriage will increase the possibilities of escape from poverty.

3. You will be happy with the one whose tastes, education and moral views are similar to your own.

4. You will always be loved if you observe the above rules and do not lose sight of the fact that

> Still in mutual sufferance lies
> The secret of true living;
> Love scarce is love that does not know
> The sweetness of forgiving.

5. You always will love if you realize that obedience to duty is the only medicine for conscience, and that perfect happiness in this world at least is but the shadow of a dream.

6. You will see somebody whom you will love more when your sense of duty becomes blunted, which will only happen in case you have not observed the first rule laid down.

7. Marry young if your nature has developed freely; if not, wait until your nature has developed. Rather than marry when undeveloped never marry at all.

8. Marry a widow according to rules laid down previously.

9. Same as No. 8.

10. Always marry if you truly love, but do not confound fancy or infatuation with the noble passion.

11 and 12. There is a love at first sight, but it is simply a quick and mutual apprehension of similiarity in tastes, education and moral views.—[Boston Globe.

Dug Up and Photographed.

William McNickle, a farmer of Black Hawk, Pa., died eight weeks ago and was buried in Highland cemetery. He was married twice, and by his first wife had three children, one of whom is the wife of a Mr. Sanderson, of Hulton, near Pittsburg. When her father died Mrs. Sanderson, for some reason, failed to get word of his death in time to attend the funeral. She had possessed no picture of her father, and decided to get one. She came to Black Hawk last Saturday, and that evening had the body exhumed and a full length view taken by a local photographer. The body was found to be in an excellent state of preservation and the features almost entirely unchanged from their appearance at the time of burial.

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Simpson—"Indeed!"

Weeks—"Yes, they're curing hams by prayer!"—[American Grocer.

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She—"Oh, Switzerland is lovely. I dote upon Switzerland, but do you know, I can't endure the Swedes!"—[American Grocer.

Owed to the Sparrow.

> Spare, oh
> Spare! the little wren
> That screams around the door;
> But spare, oh spare! the sparrow not,
> And let him come no more.
> —[American Grocer.

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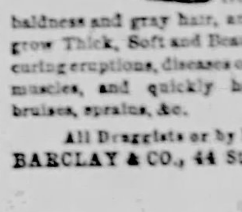

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FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

The coming campaign for the election of members of the Fifty-second Congress will be a most exciting and important one. "Our friends the enemy"—the Democratic free trade party—is ready to promise anything in order to obtain a majority in the House, that it may tie the hands of the administration, stop any further general pension legislation, and deal a blow, if possible, at the protective system.

We propose to make the Weekly BLADE just such a paper as the people need in the discussion of the issues upon which that campaign will turn in every state in the Union. We shall discuss **the Tariff** fully and exhaustively; we shall have our say on the **Pension Question**; and we shall, especially, devote much attention to the **Farmers' Interests**, by discussing the difficulties with which they are environed, especially in the West, and the different methods proposed for its relief. No American farmer can afford to be without THE BLADE during this campaign, for it will fearlessly advocate his cause.

In brief, THE BLADE will be made just such a paper as Republican campaign committees will want the voters to read—will treat of the topics that will be all-important in deciding the Congressional contest, in all the states.

We will give to clubs and campaign committees terms for THE BLADE during the campaign that will put its price down to the cost of white paper. **Write to us for campaign terms!**

THE ESSENCE OF IT.

Some writer—our impression is that it was JOHN RUSKIN—once referred to a score of grasshoppers "making the field ring with their importunate chink," while a thousand cattle silently reposed in the shade of the trees therein. It is a striking illustration that noise does not necessarily imply strength or value. The quotation applies with much pertinence to the row that the importers are making over the McKinley tariff bill, as will be seen by the following analysis of the matter:

The total value of all imported goods brought into this country per year is about $700,000,000;

Of these, not over $70,000,000 will be affected in any manner by the McKinley bill;

Ten years ago, according to the last census, the total value of our home manufactures was over $5,000,000,000, and now is very much larger;

Yet the importers of the seventy millions' worth are making more noise than the millions of producers who are engaged in the production of the (much more than) **five thousand millions** worth!

Query: Is the Senate to yield to the worthless grasshoppers, or conserve the interests of the valuable cattle?

THE boards of the council should be more careful in granting street railway franchises. Hasty work in rushing through ordinances of this nature will not do. The Railroad committee has fallen into the bad habit of passing an ordinance about for the approval of committee members without that deliberate consideration which should be given them. City Solicitor READ, last evening, examined one of these documents, and found it full of flaws and holes. By promptly reconsidering it, the board of Aldermen saved itself from the stigma of having approved such a bad ordinance. The only remedy for this sort of work is more careful examination before introduction. A valuable franchise is not a thing to be tossed to a street railway company like a penny to a boy.

MR. MCKINLEY, in his speech in the House supporting the silver bill, put tersely the two points which should bring to its support and endorsement the masses of the American people. They are, first, that it will utilize every dollar of the silver product of the United States; and, second, that the instant silver is on a parity with gold, that instant there will be free and unlimited coinage of silver. He also showed the demagogy of the Democratic opposition to the measure when he remarked that the Democratic members knew that they could not get free coinage when they were in a majority—they knew they could not get it now, and to defeat this bill was to defeat all silver legislation.

OREGON is steadily growing in Republicanism, as the following table of majorities on Representative in Congress for the past ten years clearly shows:

1880 Republican	1,397
1882 Republican	8,385
1884 Republican	2,047
1886 Republican	1,635
1888 Republican	7,497
1890 Republican, at least	8,000

The Congressional fight this year was waged squarely on the McKinley bill and the increased majority shows that all the free trade assertions that it is not popular with Republicans are utterly false.

DURING the lake navigation season of 1889, there passed through the Detroit River—the gateway between the Upper and Lower Lakes—36,000,000 tons, in round numbers, of freight. It is an interesting fact that of this amount, 98 per cent was carried in American vessels, and only 2 per cent in Canadian ones. Our free trade friends are constantly crying for "free ships," and saying that we can not increase our maritime interests without them; yet Canada has free ships. The figures above are a refutation of their claims. When water traffic is profitable, American capital is quickly attracted to it as an investment.

SOME of the free trade papers which are declaring that the English workingmen are as well paid as our own, should take for a text the fact that the gardeners in the vicinity of London—who are "skilled workmen"—have struck for an advance to nine cents per hour!

IT was all right for the New York Century club to elect GROVER CLEVELAND to membership. He is a man of letters—he averages about one a week.

THE RUM CURSE IN ENGLAND.

The bill before the British Parliament to regulate the Rum traffic has opened up a discussion that is interesting all classes of society. There are three classes of licenses granted at present: the publican's license, which allows the sale of all kinds of liquors, distilled or fermented; the beer license; and the wine license, taken out by the keepers of eating houses and hotels. The enormous increase in the number of beer-houses—which take out the second class of licenses mentioned above—has become alarming, and the new bill aims to wipe them out at one blow, besides making some radical changes in regard to other licenses, and putting the traffic under far closer restriction than now exists.

The new bill—which was introduced by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL—is, first, a local option measure, and, so far, a distinct gain for Prohibition sentiment. It divides every county in England into a convenient number of "licensing divisions," each of which is, so far as the matter of licenses is concerned, under the absolute control of a committee of the county council, to be appointed annually. The local option feature comes in under a provision that the power of the licensing committee to grant licenses may be suspended in any parish, if two-thirds of the rate-payers shall vote a resolution to that effect. This resolution may be rescinded at the expiration of one year, if two-thirds of the rate-payers vote to do so; if not, the original no-license resolution remains in force for three years. There is some doubt, however, whether this local option provision will not be cut out of the bill by Parliament before it is enacted into law.

The licensing committee have absolute power to determine how many licenses shall be issued in their district, and to select the licensees; that is, they may refuse any objectionable applicant, and their refusal is final. No beer-house licenses are to be issued. The bill aims at a great reduction in the number of drinking-places; a much higher license fee for those that are allowed; an improvement in the character of the places, and the sale of food to be a requisite for the sale of liquor—that is, liquor to be sold only in hotels and eating-houses. The licensing committee also has autocratic powers in fixing the hours of opening and closing, and over the interior arrangement of the building itself.

The provision of the bill which excites the most discussion is that for the compensation of the large number of liquor-sellers and beer-house keepers whose licenses will be revoked by this law. The Prohibitionists bitterly oppose any compensation, on the ground that these persons, being engaged in an immoral occupation, have no right to any compensation for the unexpired term of their licenses. The *Spectator*, in a recent issue, seems to voice the sentiment of the greater mass of the people when it says that to continue the privilege of selling Rum to one man and compel another to shut up his shop without indemnifying him, "is sheer robbery." There seems little doubt but that some compensation will be allowed, but the amount, and the working details of the scheme, do not appear to be settled upon.

The closing up of all the beer-houses is the point of the bill which touches upon practical politics, for they are the general rendezvous for the poorer classes, and it is expected that the cry that the club-houses of the rich are allowed to remain open, while the "poor man's club," the beer-shop, is summarily closed up, will be used at the elections. Sir RANDOLPH CHURCHILL appears to have foreseen this, and has discounted it to some extent by a provision making the license fees of clubs so extraordinarily heavy that some of the "swell" club houses in London will have to pay something like £2,000 a year each—$10,000.

This bill, it is to be remembered, applies only to England and Wales, and it seems acknowledged that it will be passed, at least as to its main features, in a short time. Any attempt at more stringent liquor legislation for Scotland and Ireland will be deferred until some time in the future, as it is said the drink problem in those countries "presents peculiar difficulties." This appears to mean that this plan of stringent dealing with the Rum traffic will be given a trial in England and Wales, its working qualities tested and its defects remedied before any attempt is made to legislate in a similar direction for Scotland and Ireland.

Licenses in England at present are very high, when measured by American standards; and the failure of the system to remedy the admitted evils of the traffic is certainly tacitly admitted by this effort at higher license, the enforced reduction in the number of drinking-places, and the weeding out of the more disreputable class of keepers by the arbitrary refusal of licenses. It will pay every friend of Prohibition to watch this experiment, and note its failure—for any system that does not destroy the saloon and stop the sale of Rum is necessarily doomed to failure.

That so strong a measure has been proposed shows that the evils of the traffic are becoming so alarming as to force themselves upon even the conservative English race, and compel an attempt at their abatement. The entire temperance movement is really an education of the people. License is better than free Rum, but license itself is a failure. It seems, however, that the masses will be compelled to move only by seeing its absolute failure, even in its most stringent form, before they will be willing to support the only true method—through Prohibition, to stop the sale of Rum, prevent its manufacture, destroy the saloon, and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

SPEAKING of the pope's declaration against cremation as being too pagan, the *Independent* asks why it is any worse to cremate dead bodies now than it was the living bodies of HUSS, RIDLEY, BRUNO and LATIMER, several centuries ago? The question is a poser; but it calls attention to the fact that even the intense conservatism of the papacy, with its claims to infallibility, has had to yield to the advancement of the world in toleration. Only three or four centuries ago living men who dared differ from it in opinion were promptly burned at the stake; now it opposes the burning of men, even after they are dead.

THERE are several state elections between this time and the general November election. Oregon held her state election on June 2, and also re-elected BINGER HERRMANN, Republican, to the House—the first member yet chosen of the 52d Congress. Alabama and Kentucky will vote on August 4, Arkansas on September 2, Maine on September 8, and Georgia on October 1. One or more state officers will be elected in each state, and Vermont and Maine will choose Representatives in Congress.

THE drift of population from the country to the towns and cities will be shown by the census to have been marked within the past decade. Discussion of its causes and results will be in order.

FARMERS' ILLS.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR RELIEF?

The Blade Desires to Hear From the Farmers Themselves Upon the Subject of Their Troubles.

There is a great deal of distress among the farmers of the country. The prices of their products is low, and many of them find it not only impossible to make any profit, but actually to meet their expenses. Many have mortgages on their farms, and find it impossible to lift them. There has been a great deal of wild talk on the general subject for several months past, and THE BLADE would like to know the truth.

We recognize the fact that agriculture stands at the foundation of national prosperity, and that unless the farmers are doing well the nation at large cannot flourish. THE BLADE has always steadily championed all measures that it believed to be for the well-being of the agricultural community, and it proposes to try to find out, from the farmers themselves, what is the matter, and what measures, in their judgment, will aid them.

We ask our farmer friends to write us letters, *as short as possible*, answering the following questions:

1.—What is the condition of the farmers in your vicinity—are they meeting expenses, making money, or losing it?

2.—How many in every 10, in your judgment, are mortgaged? Were these mortgages given for improvements, to pay for the land, or to raise money to live upon?

3.—Where the farmers are running behind, is it the result of bad management, poor crops, or low prices and high freight rates, or all of them?

4.—What is the judgment of the farmers of your community as to the relief possible by legislation? What should the state legislature do in the way of giving relief, and what should Congress do?

5.—What are the principal crops of your vicinity? Is the climate adapted to the raising of other crops, which would be more profitable? And if so, what?

Please make your replies as short as you can. We want them, primarily, for our own information; but we shall publish a selection of them, taking those that are representative of the views of others writing from the same section, so that our readers may be able to judge of these important matters for themselves. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left-hand corner write "Farmers' Column." Do *not* address them to the "Farmstead."

OKLAHOMA AND THE RESERVATIONS.

It is a matter of interest to the people of Oklahoma, and others who desire to settle on the Indian lands for which the government is now negotiating, to know that the remnant of the Iowas, who, though numbering only about 85 men, women and children, all told, occupy nearly a quarter of a million acres, have at last consented to sell their surplus lands and have accepted the government's price. They will be allotted lands in severalty, and the remainder will be opened to settlement by Presidential proclamation.

This action breaks the ring of Indian reservations which now completely surrounds Oklahoma, and prevents its enlargement. The action of the Iowas may have a favorable effect also on the Sacs and Foxes, whom the government commissioners are already laboring with for a similar cession of their surplus lands. They expect to visit the Kickapoos and the Pottawatomies on a like errand, and also to negotiate with the Chickasaws, who are south of the Canadian river, their reservation being watered by the Washita.

The result of all these efforts is likely to be the extension of the boundaries of Oklahoma both eastward and southward. The next step may be to deal with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes for the extension of these boundaries westward. No Man's Land, which has been constituted as Beaver county, is now separated from the rest of Oklahoma by a broad tract owned by Indians. More important still is the negotiation for the acquisition of the Cherokee Outlet. This may be facilitated by the success of the commissioners in their minor projects.

"ANDERSONVILLE" NEARLY GONE.

Several weeks ago we announced that we had printed 1,300 copies of "Andersonville," and that when they were exhausted the book will be out of print, and therefore unobtainable. Since that time we have sold about 1,000 copies. Therefore, but 300 copies remain; and it may be taken as a fact that those who do not order within 30 days will be too late. All will be gone. *And we will not reprint the book.*

The book is one which every one interested in the war of the rebellion should have. It is the recital of the experience of JOHN MCELROY in Andersonville and other rebel prisons, and gives the best history of life in the prison-pens of the South which has ever been published. It is a large volume—so large that the postage on it is 25 cents—and was originally sold by subscription at $3 per copy. We will now send a copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.25. Remember this is the last chance; when the 300 copies now on hand are sold, the book will be out of print. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

ONCE upon a time a certain man got mad with the editor and stopped his paper. The next week he sold his corn at four cents below the market price. Then his property was sold for taxes because he didn't read the sheriff's sale. He was arrested and fined eight dollars for hunting on Sunday simply because he did not know it was Sunday, and he paid three dollars for a lot of forged notes that had been advertised for two weeks, and the public cautioned not to negotiate them. He then paid a big Irishman, with a foot like a forge hammer, to kick him all the way to the newspaper office, where he paid four years' subscription in advance, and had the editor sign an agreement to knock him down and rob him if he ever ordered his paper stopped again.—[Yamhill County Herald.

HERE is a suggestion made by a Mississippi Bourbon of a method to overcome the negro vote of that state:

Every citizen shall have one vote, and an additional vote for each forty or eighty acres of land owned by himself or wife, and a vote for every $500 or $1,000 worth of real estate, less the forty or eighty acres of land he may own.

The Bourbons no longer sneeringly ask, when the suppression of the negro vote is mentioned, "What are you going to do about it?" The fact that schemes of the nature of the above are being proposed, shows that they consider it impossible that the present status shall long continue.

THE practical Democrats of the West are beginning to inquire, "What's the use of nominating CLEVELAND if HILL is going to control the machine in New York?" A sensible inquiry, if it be conceded that HILL "sold out" CLEVELAND in 1888, as the latter's New York adherents insist.

ALIEN LAND-OWNERS.

A bill has been reported to the national House of Representatives from the Judiciary committee, whose provisions are, briefly, that it prohibits any alien from hereafter acquiring any real estate in this country other than a five years' leasehold; and requires that all aliens who now hold lands here must become citizens by naturalization, or dispose of the lands they now hold, within the next ten years.

In its accompanying report on the bill, the Judiciary committee recites the fact that certain noblemen in Europe, principally Englishmen, have acquired and now own in the aggregate about 21,000,000 acres of land within the United States, and that there is a large aggregate area held by untitled aliens, which is, however, generally held in smaller individual areas. The committee goes on to say:

This alien, non-resident ownership will in the course of time lead to a system of landlordism incompatible with the best interests and free institutions of the United States. * * This aggressive foreign capital is not confined to the lands it has purchased, but overleaping its boundaries has caused hundreds of miles of the public domain to be fenced up for the grazing of vast herds of cattle, and set at defiance the rights of the honest but humble settlers.

The bill proposes to place these aliens under the disabilities of the civil law as to all future attempts to acquire land in this country. In other words, the bill is a declaration against absentee landlordism. It declares all foreign-born persons who have not been naturalized incapable of taking the title to lands anywhere within the United States, except a lease-hold for not exceeding five years, and it has no retroactive but a prospective operation. It also contains a provision which will compel alien land owners to cease to be such or to become citizens of the United States within ten years.

The bill would prevent any more abuses like that of Mr. Scully, who resides in England and is a subject of the queen, but owns 90,000 acres in Illinois, occupied by tenants, mostly ignorant foreigners, from whom he receives as rent $200,000 yearly, and expends it in Europe. The Schenley estate of about 2,000 acres within the city limits of Pittsburg and Allegheny, from the rents of which the Schenleys, who are subjects of the British queen, draw annually not less that $100,000, is another instance of alien landlordism in America.

The tenth census shows that the United States has 570,000 tenant farmers, the largest number possessed by any nation in the world. * * The multiplication of the owners of the soil is a corresponding enlargement of the number of patriots, and every landowner in this country should owe allegiance to the United States.

The bill was reported by Mr. OATES, a Democrat, and party lines are not drawn upon it at all; yet some Democratic papers are attacking it bitterly. Of course, the ground they take is the question of constitutionality. One might suppose, from the invariability of resort to this, in the absence of any better argument, in attacking any proposition advanced in Congress, that the federal constitution was intended to prevent Congress from doing anything at all. The New York *World* is bitter against the bill, yet it constrained to admit that some check "upon the alien ownership of land" is necessary; and then remarks, "it is one thing to say that a prohibition should exist, and quite another thing to say that Congress has constitutional power to provide it."

The *World* thinks the matter belongs to the states, through their legislatures, and not to Congress. There are, however, leading Democrats in the latter body, whose knowledge of its constitutional powers are at least equal to that of the *World*, who favor the bill, and have no doubt of the power of Congress in the premises. Even the *World*, however, cannot dispute the unquestioned power of Congress to enact such legislation for the Territories and the federal district; and if the bill shall pass, any alien landholder who wishes, can bring suit in the Supreme court to test the question of its constitutionality. The *World* should not let its intense sympathy with titled Englishmen run away with its patriotism.

A NATIONAL ELECTION LAW.

The Republican caucus of the House has decided upon a national election policy. The matter of drafting a bill for that purpose has been delegated to Messrs. LODGE and ROWELL. Each had introduced an election bill; but in the caucus the more meritorious features of each were discussed, and it was determined to combine them in one measure—and this task was fittingly delegated to their authors, who will collaborate in the work.

It has long seemed to us that the true method which must be adopted to have a perfectly satisfactory national election law, is to require federal elections—those for Representatives in Congress and Presidential electors—to be held entirely independent of state elections, carrying this idea so far as to have either federal elections on a different day from any state election, or if this be considered unsuitable, to at least have a separate registration of voters, separate polls, separate tickets, and different judges.

The keystone of a free popular government is absolutely honest elections. No matter which party wins, if the election is known to have been fair and honest, and without intimidation or fraud, the will of the majority, as shown by the result, will be acquiesced with by every honest man. Hence, whatever system is adopted must apply to all sections equally; and the same precautions must be taken to prevent intimidation of voters in a manufacturing city at the North as in a Southern community with a preponderance of negro voters. Its provisions must be as effective against bribery in Chicago as against bulldozing in the capital of Mississippi.

It has been objected that a federal election law would prove ineffective in the "black belt" of the South, for the reason that the negroes "have found they are better off if they do not attempt to go to the polls." It is undoubtedly true that this feeling of caution predominates in some sections; but whether this would prevent their voting at an election where the assurance would be positive that every legal vote should be honestly counted, remains to be seen. We await with some interest the provisions of the bill which Messrs. LODGE and ROWELL are preparing.

THE committee which investigated the charges against Civil Service Commissioner LYMAN reports that his official course has been characterized by a laxity of discipline, and that he not only kept employed at the commission's offices, but actually promoted, his brother-in-law, CAMPBELL, after it had been proved that he had been stealing and selling examination papers. LYMAN will no doubt resign, and it is understood CAMPBELL's resignation has already been tendered. LYMAN is president of the Civil Service board, and is a fragrant legacy from the last administration, as that eminent "reformer," GROVER CLEVELAND, appointed him.

Cleopatra's bones are for sale. They are valued at $60,000. This shows how time increases the value of things. Cleopatra once threw herself away for one Marc.—[New York World.

Another way of putting it would be to say that a woman prefers a man of Marc to money.—[Toronto World.

Why not state the fact that "the serpent of old Nile" put her charms in the Mark-et, and ANTHONY was the highest bidder?

THE opposition which was alleged by the Democratic and mugwump papers to exist in Kansas to the return of Senator INGALLS, does not appear to have materialized. It is now admitted that the distinguished orator will be re-elected without opposition. In this the Kansas Republicans are very sensible.

THE CHEYENNES OF MONTANA.

The speck of trouble up in Montana with the Indians does not attract national attention to any great degree; but there is a possibility of serious consequences. The Indians that are now becoming rebellious are the remnant of the Cheyennes, a tribe as fierce and bloodthirsty as the Sioux, and nearly as difficult to bring under control as were the latter. The scene of the present disturbance is the same ground on which the campaign of 1876 against SITTING BULL and his band of hostiles, was carried on, and the depredations so far committed have all been in the immediate vicinity of the battle-field where on the brave CUSTER lost his life.

Hence it not at all beyond the range of possibility that we may have another Indian massacre; for while the wave of advancing civilization has covered what was, fourteen years ago, an unsettled wilderness, with farms and villages, the Cheyennes are numerous enough to do terrible butchery before they could be put under control, and the number of settlers is such that murder by wholesale could be committed within a very short period. It has been assumed that the day of Indian massacres is past; but while the probability is, fortunately, against it, the possibility, as will be seen by the above statement of facts, yet remains.

Should an outbreak occur, it would be hideous butchery while it lasted, but it is safe to say that it would be the closing one of the long series that goes back to the beginnings of European colonization on our shores. The experience of the hardy white men who have formed the frontier line, for several generations, and who had and have the best opportunity for judging of the red man's character, has crystallized into the aphorism that "a dead Indian is the only good Indian." The universal opinion to-day in Montana seems to be that the Indians there must either be removed or exterminated, and should an outbreak of savage wrath occur, all the preachments of theorists who think that kindness should be the rule, and that the Indians must be treated like overgrown children, would not avail to save them from a quick reduction in numbers at the muzzles of white men's rifles, and the prompt removal of the minority of survivors to some other section of the country.

A SPLENDID BOOK ALMOST A GIFT!

Every subscriber should call the attention of his friends to the remarkable offer made in the Publishers' Column, on 5th page, under the head, "Nasby in Exile." Read it over carefully, and you will see it is an offer you should accept, and should also bring to the notice of all your friends. The books are going rapidly under this offer.

THE fact that GEO. W. CHILDS, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, through Mr. MCKEAN, of that paper, and his friend, Postmaster General WANAMAKER, is the donor of a cottage at Cape May to Mrs. HARRISON, is a perplexing one to some of the Democratic press. They would like very much to raise a howl over it, but are estopped by a remembrance of the nice things they said of Mr. CHILDS a couple of years ago when he presented Mrs. CLEVELAND a beautiful Jersey cow for which she had expressed a great admiration on the occasion of a visit to Mr. CHILDS's country place. The fact is, personal testimonials of this character, especially coming from a man like Mr. CHILDS, are estopped from criticism. There is nothing in the gift of an administration that Mr. CHILDS desires, and every sensible person knows it. Hence his gift to Mrs. CLEVELAND, or that to Mrs. HARRISON, have not the slightest political significance, and common decency should silence the voice of the carper.

THE Alabama Democrats at their recent convention made the following absurd declaration:

Wh hold that any interference on the part of the federal government in the selection of our Senators and Representatives in Congress is a userpation of power unwarranted by the constitution.

If they had read the constitution, about which Democrats usually prate so much, they would have found this:

The times, places and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each state by the legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time, by law, make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing Senator.

That settles the *right* of the general government to interfere; whether it will do so is another thing.

THE Providence *Journal* (Dem.) has evidently mixed the Mr. ELLIOTT who lately figured in one of the South Carolina contested election cases, with the former Senator of that name, for it calls him a "negro politician" of an "unsavory" and infamous type. The Senator ELLIOTT was a negro, but he was a man of good attainments and he made a very creditable record during his official term; but the present MR. ELLIOTT is a white man, who served in the rebel army, and who is a Democrat of the extreme Bourbon type. Now the *Journal* will probably make amends by saying he is a gentleman and a statesman.

JUDGE BEACH, of New York, has signed the findings in the case of the contested will of the late SAMUEL J. TILDEN, declaring the bequests to the Tilden trust illegal and void, and giving judgment in favor of Col. GEORGE H. TILDEN, the plaintiff. Judge BEACH directs the executors to account for the residuary estate and distribute it among the various heirs. Another example of the common case that a lawyer can not draw his own will so that it will stand a contest.

THE howl of a few Democratic sheets against the census questions proves an inglorious fizzle. The people have more common sense than these quarrelsome partisans. The latter tried hard to make capital against the census office, ignoring the fact that the questions are fixed by statute, and that the present law is a copy in this respect of that of 1880, which was drafted by the late S. S. COX, a Democrat.

IT is proposed to mark the battle-field of Antietam with historical monuments, the same as Gettysburg and Chickamauga. We hope it will be done. Ohio had in that engagement thirteen organizations, and they made a creditable record—over which the state is as proud as over that made by the nineteen Ohio organizations at Gettysburg, all of which, we think, have been already marked by appropriate monuments.

ONE of the funny points of human nature is that the persons who are most sensitive about the questions to be put by the census enumerators, and who complain most of the "intrusion on their private affairs," are generally the ones whose ears are always open to listen to scandal, and to gossip of other people's private affairs.

THERE is a good deal to be said in favor of the proposition to erect a suitable monument on the battlefield of Tippecanoe. It was one of the decisive conflicts of the long border warfare with the Indians in the Northwest Territory, and established American supremacy in that section of the frontier.

THE old soldiers are the "preferred creditors" of the nation.

OUR NEW STORY.

Written Expressly for The Blade, and to Be Run During the Coming Campaign.

As previously announced in these columns, we will shortly begin publishing in THE BLADE a very interesting serial, combining the interest of a rapidly-moving story of incident, turning upon the development of political events, with a discussion of current political issues. The "story with a purpose" is not a new thing, as witness the tremendous popularity of "Robert Elsmere," and others of the class; but a story dealing with the tariff, the subject of pensions, and other topics uppermost in the public mind at this time is a novelty, and from a perusal of the opening chapters we are certain our readers will pronounce it not only a success, but intensely interesting.

The author is one of the best-posted men of the country upon the tariff issue, in all its ramifications; he has written much upon it in a leading editorial capacity; and he is known as a writer of clever and interesting stories. Hence he is perfectly at home in the field selected, and THE BLADE's readers may be assured that the story will be one worth their attention, and withal one that is likely to create a sensation.

The Scene of the Story

Is placed in Ohio, and while it refers back to the war period, the main action takes place in the future. The author has assumed that the present Congress fails to do justice to the surviving soldiers of the late war, or to answer the demands of the Western farmers for measures calculated to give them relief, and that consequently the next Congress (the Fifty-second) has a Democratic House. He then traces this supposed revulsion in public feeling through to the campaign of 1892, and the election of a Democratic President.

The reaction is so great that the Senate dare not oppose the will of the people, and the result is the overthrow of protection, the adoption of free trade, and other radical changes in national policy. The story then goes on to show the effect upon the people of the United States, gives a vivid pen picture of the new order of things, and the totally unexpected results which flow from it.

There is nothing in the story that is not only both possible and probable; and some startling pictures are drawn which, while they seem strange, are by no means beyond realization, and that within the next four years.

This story will give our readers new material for thought and discussion; it will broaden their horizon of political knowledge; and it will be especially useful to the boys and young men, just coming on the stage of political action.

Campaign Subscribers.

We shall make a special effort for campaign subscribers this summer, in order to give this story the widest circulation possible. We ask our friends to mail us lists of names of persons to whom we may send sample copies of THE BLADE with the full announcement of the story, which will be given shortly, and probably also sample copies containing the first installment. Send us names, and send them quickly!

PASS THE BILL.

Business men throughout the country want the agitation about the tariff to cease. They were alarmed when the Democrats were in power because of the efforts made by the free traders to destroy the protected industries of the United States. Consequently when in 1888 the issue between free trade and protection was fairly joined, the business men voted with the Republican party, which advocated protection, and a Republican victory was the result. The business men knew that the conditions of trade had changed somewhat, and that an intelligent revision of the tariff was necessary; but they insisted that this revision should be made on protection lines. That had been promised by the Republican party and that has been done by the passage, by the popular branch of Congress, of the McKINLEY bill.

This bill, while not perfect nor satisfactory to the business interests, is admitted to be as just and equitable a measure as could be framed, and if passed by the Senate there will be no more general tariff legislation for many years, provided the Republican party remains in power. The election of a Democratic House would, of course, renew the tariff agitation and bring about the same business uncertainty that was noticeable during the Cleveland administration. Practical business men favor the speedy passage of the McKinley bill, and they will then aid in securing the election of a Republican House next November.

WHEN the Congressional committee was down in Arkansas investigating the frauds connected with the election of Representative BRECKINRIDGE, that gentleman said he had no more witnesses to present. Now that the committee is about ready report, Mr. BRECKINRIDGE says he has about a thousand witnesses to present in support of his case. The committee will probably not listen to him now for it has been very conclusively proved that he holds the place in the House to which Mr. CLAYTON was chosed by the vote of the people. Mr. CLAYTON was murdered to prevent his going to Washington and Mr. BRECKENRIDGE and his Bourbon supporters are morally guilty of the crime.

THE National Temperance congress at New York is an interesting gathering. It is of the nature of a conference among men of all shades of opinion on the temperance question, who are united in their opposition to the saloon and its pernicious influences, but hold differing views as to the proper method of abating the nuisance. Hence no resolutions are allowed to be introduced, and no final expression of opinion will be adopted. The effort is to find common ground on which all may meet for practical work.

THERE are only three contested election cases yet undisposed of before the House Elections committee. They are the notorious Breckenridge case in Arkansas; EATON against PHELAN, 10th Tennessee district, and MCGINNIS against ALDERSON, in the 3d West Virginia district.

GOVERNOR HILL, of New York, is to attend the unveiling of the Hendricks monument at Indianapolis next month. It is probable that HILL takes the trip less to do honor to HENDRICKS than to lay wires to capture the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1892.

THE Democratic press has not made much stir over the recent results of the annual town meetings in Rhode Island; probably because they have been generally favorable to the Republicans.

THERE is no politics in trade.—[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

But there's a good deal of "trade" in politics.

THE DISABILITY PENSION BILL.

It may be well to recapitulate the successive phases of the pension struggle so far at the present session of Congress. In the first place, Senator DAVIS, of Minnesota, chairman of the Senate committee on Pensions, reported from that committee a dependent pension bill, which passed the Senate, and was sent to the House. There it was of course referred to the Pensions committee of that body, which reported the so-called Morrill bill as a substitute, which had, it will be remembered, a provision for service pension after the age of 60 years. The House passed this substitute, and, as each branch of Congress insisted on its own bill, the matter was referred to a "conference committee," made up partly of Senators and partly of Representatives.

This committee held a number of meetings, and finally, on June 11, an agreement was reached. The House conferees gave up the 60-year service pension clause, and the Senate yielded its dependent clause, and the bill which they reported is a "disability" bill—that is, a man who was a soldier in the Union army, and who is now disabled from earning his own living, either wholly or partly, is to have a pension. Under the existing law, the disability had to be traced back to some disease or wound which happened during his term of service. This restriction is now swept away by the new bill, and the veteran who is disabled so as to be unable to earn his own living, can, under this bill, obtain a pension.

This disability bill was reported to the House, and after a short debate was passed. The members voting for and against it are given in full in the "News of the Week," of the 8th page of this issue. The Senate has not yet acted upon it.

The bill is entitled "An act granting pensions to soldiers and sailors who are incapacitated for the performance of labor and providing for pensions to widows, minor children, and dependent parents." In the first section it is provided that in considering the pension claims of dependent parents, the fact of the soldier's death by reason of any wound or injury which would have entitled him to an invalid pension, and the fact that the soldier left no widow or minor children having been shown, it shall be necessary only to show that such parents are without other present means of support than their own manual labor or the contributions of others not legally bound for their support.

In the second section it is provided that all persons who served three months or more in the military or naval service and who have been honorably discharged and who are now or may hereafter be suffering from a mental or physical disability of a permanent character, not the result of their own vicious habits, which incapacitates them from the performance of manual labor in such a degree as to render them unable to earn a support, shall, upon making due proof of the fact, be placed upon the list of invalid pensioners of the United States, and be entitled to receive a pension not to exceed $12 per month and not less than $6, proportioned to their inability to earn a support.

The third section provides that if any soldier or sailor who served ninety days or more has died, or shall hereafter die leaving a widow without other means of support than her daily labor, or minor children under the age of 16, such widow shall, upon proof of her husband's death, without proving his death to be the result of his army service, be placed on the pension roll at the rate of $8 per month during her widowhood, and shall also be paid $2 per month for each child.

The last section provides that no greater fee than $10 shall be charged for prosecuting a case under this act. It is to be noted that the disability must be *permanent*, and that no person can receive more than one pension for the same period. It carries with it no arrearages; that is, the pension is to commence from the date of filing the application.

This is the measure which, with perhaps some slight amendments in the Senate, will be passed by this Congress and signed by the President. It is not a service pension bill; neither is it a "dependent" bill in language, though in effect it is the same—for the Senate "dependent" bill specified that a soldier must be dependent on others for his support, while this specifies that he must be disabled from earning his own living. If a man is disabled from earning his own living he is dependent upon others, unless he is rich enough to live without work; hence there is but little difference, in reality.

The ten thousand veterans who are now, to the shame of the nation they served so well, inmates of poorhouses, will be taken out of them by this bill; it will give needed aid to thousands of others who have broken down under the stress of disease and old age; and we rejoice that this much is to be done. We cannot sympathize with those who oppose this measure of justice. True, the bill is not a service pension measure, and we are sorry it is not; but we are heartily in favor of it as far as it goes. It accomplishes something that ought to have been done years ago.

Nor is it going to injure the progress of the service pension movement. A service pension bill at the hands of the present Congress is hopeless; it has always been hopeless, as can now be plainly seen. But with this disability bill added to the pension laws, there will be no subterfuge that can be used to hide opposition to a service pension. The cry has been, "We must provide for the old soldiers in the poorhouses first." This provides for them. There is no excuse now for voting against a service pension bill. Its opponents will have to come out and define themselves before the country.

ROSA BONHEUR'S "HORSE FAIR."

Read the splendid offer for this admirable picture, given in the Publishers' Column on the 5th page of this issue. Orders are steadily coming in under it, and the pictures going rapidly. We wish to close them out as soon as possible, and hope every one who has not the "Horse Fair" already will avail himself of it before they are all gone. Be particular to mention that you want the "Horse Fair."

THE British tin plate trust has been making a nice thing of the monopoly it has held hitherto. The London *Financial News* some time ago stated, on "good authority," that the tin plate works in South Wales are "returning considerably more than 20 per cent to their proprietors." The new duty on this plate, and the establishment of competition in the United States, will cut down such profits, and make tin plate cheaper to the public.

A CARD from DAN TALMAGE'S SONS & Co., the rice dealers of Charleston, S. C., informs us that there is a shortage of 90,324 bushels in the stock of domestic rice on hand. The inference is that rice is going to increase in price. People who are fond of it will take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

THERE is a gratifying improvement in the work of the Pension bureau. Last month 15,511 pension certificates were issued as against 13,209 issued in May, 1889.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A cannery at Maysville, Cal., receives ten tons of cherries daily.

The mayor at Plainfield, N. J., has an umbrella that he has carried for thirty-five years.

The beech is said to be crowding out all other trees in the struggle for existence in the Danish forests.

Sam Joyce 73 years old, of Astoria, Tenn., offers to run a mile foot-race with any man of his own age for $10,000.

A house at South Fairfield, Mich., was set on fire by the rays of the sun, reflected from tin pans that were set out to dry.

It is said that the province of Araucania, in Chili, is infested by hordes of bandits, and atrocious crimes are succeeding each other with alarming rapidity.

A deposit of black slate 1,800 feet wide and two miles long has been found near Pine Grove, Pa., on land belonging to the Gettysburg & Harrisburg railroad.

A dentist of Kingston, N. Y., recently pulled eight of his own teeth. He says he found it somewhat inconvenient, because he couldn't keep his head still.

A brakeman on the Cleveland & Marietta railroad, who dreamed that he lost a leg, it is said, fell under his train a few days after and had both a leg and an arm taken off.

Professor Hebra, of Vienna, used often to express himself in this wise: "It is necessary that there should be surgical geniuses, but don't ever let a surgical genius operate on you."

Paul Peel, the artist to whom the gold medal has just been awarded at the Paris Salon, is 30 years of age. He was born in London, Canada, and from his early youth developed a strong taste for painting.

W. H. Doane, the hymn writer, is manager of an iron foundry in Cincinnati. He can superintend the making of a big casting and then cast himself into a religious frame and cast off a hymn that will bring him $25.

Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World, occupies in Paris what is known as the Chocolate Palace, a splendid mansion built by M. Menier, a rich chocolate manufacturer, who went out of business some years ago.

The Princess of Wales is quite deaf and the affliction is growing upon her constantly. Besides not being able to hear at all times there are times when she does not wish to hear, particularly when told that she is soon to be a made a grandmother.

Jane Simmons, of Middle Edgeville, Ga., is the first woman in the South to adopt the business of butcher as a regular calling. She is very expert with the knife and cleaver and can kill, clean and cut up more hogs than any man in the county.

Frank C. Ives, the young billiardist, has a sensational trick shot which is thus described: He places one of the object balls under the table and then he sends the cue ball, after scoring, off the table so as to spin on the floor, roll back and count on the ball underneath.

The ex-emperor of Brazil was expected to arrive in Vienna at the beginning of June for the purpose of making a long stay at Schonbrunn. He thinks of settling in the neighborhood of Vienna, and negotiations for the purchase of a suitable place have been set on foot.

An order has been issued at the press censors department in St. Petersburg that no telegrams can be either received or sent by the papers between 6 in the evening and 8 in the morning. The only reason is that the officials of the bureau object to remain on duty at night time.

General Van Merlen, a veteran of the Dutch army, invites all soldiers entitled to wear the silver cross for Waterloo to communicate with him at London so that he may arrange for all the survivors who wish to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the great battle on the 18th of June.

On Monday night while Harry Mick, the Sciota Valley telegraph operator at Chillicothe, was musing at his table, with his head resting on his hands, a huge rat jumped upon the table and bit him through the nose. It would appear from this that Chillicothe rats are entirely too familiar.

A lady of St. Paul, Minn., the mother of three young children, after trying about a dozen nurse girls with very unsatisfactory results, advertised for a boy to take care of her children. She obtained one, and he possessed more good qualities than all the nurse girls combined, giving perfect satisfaction.

Henry Huckey is the owner of a five-acre strawberry patch near McConnellsville. It is near an old barn, out of which come great droves of rats, which overrun the patch and eat the berries as fast as they begin to ripen. The rats commit most of their depredations at night, when the patch cannot be watched.

Senator T. C. Power of Montana, is building in Helena what will be the handsomest private residence in Montana, and its interior decoration and furnishing will be regardless of expense. Mrs. Power, a distinguished appearing woman, is a liberal entertainer and very much liked in society at the Montana capital.

Church ushers in Boston have apparently got the business down pretty fine. One of them, the other Sunday, remarked to a pretty woman who had asked him for a seat: "Certainly, madame; if you will allow me I should like to give you a seat on the broad aisle. We put the handsome ones there to decorate the church."

The Malta, O., woman who married a man because he was a Johnstown sufferer, and now wants a divorce, can hardly expect a great amount of public sympathy. The victims of the flood were entitled to a certain measure of charitable aid, but there was really no call for any woman to make a martyr of herself by marrying one for benevolent reasons.

A party of German sharpshooters, numbering 150, left New York the other day to test their mettle in one of the greatest shooting matches that has ever taken place. The match will be held at Pankow, a suburb of Berlin, and 10,000 marksmen will shoot for prizes, whose aggregate value is 1,000,000 marks. Many of them took their families with them.

Thomas B. Catron, of Santa Fe, N. M., has secured a very valuable library that formerly belonged to Father Augustine Fischer, once the private secretary of Emperor Maximilian. It consists of nearly three thousand volumes, chiefly on matters Mexican. Besides many rare works by Mexican and Spanish writers, there is a considerable number of manuscripts and autographs.

Colonel Andrew D. Baird, the new postmaster of Brooklyn, was born in Kelso Scotland, in 1839. His father was a stonemason, and the son adopted the same business when a lad of 15, and laid the foundation of a large fortune and a business which now requires 500 men. He served in the Seventy-ninth New York regiment, and for valor at Bull Run was promoted from corporal to sergeant. During the last days of the war he was given command of his regiment.

Judge Joseph Cox tells a Cincinnati paper that General Sherman said to him once: "Cox, a mule is the easiest animal in the world to ride. I always preferred to ride one during the war. In a picture representing the burning of Atlanta the artist has me seated on a fiery steed, with fury in his eyes, etc., while the houses are burning and the soldiers are tearing up the railroad iron. Well, I was there; but I was not on a prancing horse, but I was straddle of a plain, common, every-day mule."

A lamb was born, dead, on Sunday on the farm of Dr. A. L. Davis in Marion township, Hancock county, O., which had two perfectly formed heads and necks, the two necks uniting at a point between the shoulders. The double parts of the animal are uniform in size and formation and in all respects it was a double lamb. Dr. Davis sold the freak to a Findlay museum for $50, which is more than he would have realized from it had it been an ordinary sheep.

Mrs. S. D. Crites, of Lima, met with a very serious and singular accident on Tuesday. She was rescuing a little child who had got in a shed where several hives of bees were located, when a large number of the insects settled on her head and arms, in half a hundred places, stinging her all the time. The pain from the stings was so severe that the woman was thrown into convulsions, and was delirious for a week. The child was also severely injured by the stings inflicted upon it.

A resident of the village of Sunset, a thriving place in Meigs county, has been greatly annoyed recently by the unexpected and unnatural failure of his cow to give any milk at night. Sunday afternoon late he observed a large snake milking his cow, which, with some difficulty, he captured. It is a curious looking snake, whitish and blue in color. When it died, which was shortly after the Sunset man made its acquaintance, its mouth was wide open, and stiffened that way, disclosing in its throat as pretty a milk-strainer, formed of bony growth, as one would wish to see.

A short time ago T. M. Worthington and five or six neighbors, provided with picks and shovels, went to a large mound, on his farm near Moon Postoffice, in Fayette county, O., for the purpose of ascertaining what of prehistoric interest it contained. This mound is located on the top of the most prominent hill in that locality. The diameter of the mound at the base is 150 and its depth, at the center, is about 150 feet. Eight years ago two human skeletons were exhumed from the center of the mound, one of a male and the other a female. These skeletons were seven feet in length, and were in a good state of preservation. This is the mound that was reopened. After Mr. Worthington, and his companions, had dug down into its depth for some distance, a large quantity of ashes was struck, and then the skeleton of what had evidently been a chief among the prehistoric people who made the mound, was discovered. The skeleton lay upon its back with the head to the north, completely surrounded by charred wood and ashes, appearing as if logs had been burned around the body. Around the neck was found a string of ivory beads, about the size of peas. On the left wrist were found two copper bracelets ten inches in circumference. These bracelets were one-third of an inch wide and one-fourth of an inch thick. They had evidently been made of strips of copper, as the ends had not been welded together, although they fit closely. Flint arrow heads and a number of beads were found as well as battle axes and other evidences of the burying place of some one high in authority among this people, who occupied the land before the red man was monarch of all he surveyed. Mr. Worthington and his friends are still working on the excavation and more important finds are anticipated.

JUSTICE "to him who has borne the battle, to his widow and orphans."

UNION SERVICE PENSION ASS'N.

ORGANIZED.

Official Reports of the Organization of Union Service Pension Associations.

Toledo Camp, No. 1 of Ohio.

TOLEDO, OHIO.—7th Congressional district; organized June 10, 1890; 27 members.
Commandant—Robinson Locke (editor of BLADE.)
Vice Commandant—Dr. F. T. Howe.
Adjutant—S. W. Bolles, Toledo, O.
Quartermaster—Col. C. Caughling.

Waterloo Camp, No. 2 of Ohio.

WATERLOO TOWNSHIP, Athens Co., Ohio; 12th Congressional district; organized June 14, 1890; 46 members.
Commandant—J. W. Jones, King's P. O., Athens Co., Ohio.
Vice Commandant—J. D. Cox, Mineral, Athens Co., O.
Adjutant—L. Hawk, Mansfield, Athens Co., O.

Farmersburgh Camp, No. 1 of Indiana.

FARMERSBURGH, Sullivan Co., Ind.—8th Congressional district; organized June 14, 1890; 22 members.
Commandant—G. B. Fisher, Farmersburgh, Ind.
Vice Commandant—Wm. A. Johns.
Adjutant—Alex. De Hart, Farmersburgh, Ind.

Somerset Camp, No. 2 of Kentucky.

SOMERSET, KY.—Congressional district; organized June 14, 1890; 22 members.
Commandant—John Silvens, Somerset, Ky.
Vice Commandant—A. F. Floyd.
Adjutant—D. W. Carl, Somerset, Ky.

Somerset No. 2 was organized by the Extension Committee of Science Hill No. 1. Commandant Bond, of the latter, says:

Agreeably to our promise last week, Science Hill Extension Committee visited Somerset on the 14th, with the above result. The Commander of the G. A. R. Post, H. G. Trimble, gave us a royal reception, and greatly aided our work.

The officers and comrades of Somerset No. 2 can be depended upon to push. We are now so strong in this county that we have not time to count our members, but we are fast running into the hundreds.

We give the above for the aid and encouragement of our friends elsewhere.

Everything Going Along Nicely.

The organization of the Union Pension Service association is proceeding nicely. At a thousand localities in the United States, extending from Vermont to California, blank pledges are circulating for signers, and the work of actual organization is beginning. Each of these will be a center from which the work will spread in all directions; and meanwhile we are sending out over 1,000 fresh blank pledges every day, showing that the plan meets with favor in all sections.

There are several Pension Service associations already in existence, each independent of the other, and confined to only one district. We hope that our friends who know of these will use their influence to have them join forces with the U. S. P. A. In union is strength; in numbers is influence. We are certain that there have already signed the U. S. P. A. pledges a greater number of voters than are in all these smaller organizations that are in existence, taken together. Let us combine under the U. S. P. A. plan of organization, which will bring all the associations of a district into unity, all the districts of a state, and all the states.

We will be much obliged if friends will send us the names and addresses of all these associations that may be now in existence.

How to Organize.

Several persons who have obtained lists of signers to the pledge of the U. S. P. A. have sent the signed pledges to us, apparently supposing there is something else to be done before organizing.

This is a mistake. When you get enough signatures call a meeting, read the list of signers and state that you have met for organization. Have a chairman and a secretary pro tempore chosen by motion. The next thing you do is to adopt a constitution. If any minor changes or additions to the constitution given in the "Plan of Organization" are deemed necessary, make them and adopt it. You can cut it out of THE BLADE, paste it on sheets of paper and make the necessary corrections. After its adoption, proceed to elect the officers of the Camp. Then you will be fully organized, ready to go to work. Let the Adjutant send us a report of organization, using the same form as we give elsewhere, so that we can publish it.

The same night, as soon as the new Commandant is in charge, let him detail the Recruiting Committee and the Extension Committee to serve until the next regular meeting. Probably they are the only Working Committees you need at first. Be sure you pick a good man for Commandant, and let him detail men who will *work* on these committees. Fix on the date you will next meet—not longer than a week, if possible—and at that meeting these committees will report. If they have done their duty, the Recruiting Officer will be able to report quite a list of new members who have signed the pledge blanks. Vote on them and admit them as full members. You can have several Recruiting Committees at the same time, if you choose, numbered "First Recruiting Committee," "Second Recruiting Committee," etc., the chairman of each being called a Recruiting Officer. If you need more blank pledges, let the Adjutant send for them; we will supply all you need, free of charge. And the Extension Committee should be able to report the organization of a new Camp, or that it has enough members to organize.

The Matter of Expense.

We have a letter from one comrade, who is working to get signatures, who says:

Please inform me by return mail what the probable cost will be per member to the U. S. P. A., as the boys do not like to go into it without knowing what it will cost. Will it be necessary to have an instituting and installing officer?

The plan has been drawn so as to have as little expense as possible. There are no regular "dues," no salaries; it is believed that the comrades are patriotic enough to work without pay, and to see that in the practical union into one body of all friends of service pension will be so great an aid to the cause that they will labor to that end without making expense to their comrades.

The only items of expense we can think of are hall rent, lights, the cost of a blank book to be used in keeping the minutes, and what stationery and postage will be needed. All told, this will be but a few cents for each comrade. You can make an estimate of what it will cost, and then assess the Camp, so many cents per man, enough to raise the sum.

There are no enrolling and installing officers, and no charter is needed. When you organize and report, all is done that needs doing in that line. Americans know how to govern themselves, and each Camp is able to govern itself, keep order, and work for the good of the cause.

Proceedings in Camp Sessions.

Keep up interest in your regular Camp meetings by reading articles for the information of comrades on pension matters, and their discussion. For instance, have the article in this issue of THE BLADE on the disability pension bill in the House (under "News of the Week"); also, the editorial article on it; and discuss the bill, which is also given in full in "News of the Week." Then the editorials in last week's issue on "The Census of Veterans," and "The Farmers and Service Pensions," are excellent to have read and discussed. Each week we shall print something on pension matters which can be discussed in Camp. Keep out all topics but those pertinent to the objects of the Association. These readings and discussions will come under "Order of the Day" in the order of business.

Who Shall be Asked to Join?

A comrade writes to ask, "Who shall I ask to sign the pledge blank? Shall I ask anybody except members of the G. A. R.?"

Yes, most certainly. Anybody who is a voter! The object is to get all the voters we can to work with us to obtain service pensions. Ask every soldier and sailor to win, whether he belongs to the G. A. R. or not; every son or relative of a soldier or sailor; every farmer, for every farmer should be in favor of service pensions (see article on "The Farmers and Service Pensions," on 4th page of last week's BLADE, for reason); every merchant and business man, Republican or Democrat—no matter what his occupation. Show him the justice of service pensions and ask him to join!

Push the Work!

It will be years, if ever, before a service pension bill is passed, unless the demand for this act of justice comes in a form which can not be evaded. Hence the organization of the Union Pension Service Association. The "Plan of Organization," given elsewhere, shows fully how it proposes to work. We believe it to be the means whereby service pensions can be reached most quickly. It simply proposes to unite the voters who favor justice to the soldiers—and there are two millions and a half of them, assuredly—into a compact voting and working association for this one supreme end—no other.

WHAT THE BOYS SAY

About the U. S. P. A.—The Work Steadily Going On All Over the Country.

The following are extracts from a few of the hundreds of letters we have received within the past week, calling for blanks to start Camps of the U. S. P. A.:

Will Work With a Will.

MAPLE CITY, MICH., June 7.—Send blanks and BLADES containing Plan of Organization. We have a G. A. R. membership of over 50, and will obtain the name of every one. You have struck the right method, and Congress will soon feel the force of our united power. I am full of faith and will work with a will.—W. H. C.

Believes in the Plan.

WAYNESVILLE, ILL., June 12.—Please forward blanks. I believe your plan is a good one and favor such an organization, and will do what I can to promote its interests and thus secure justice to the old soldiers. At a meeting of our post we voted unanimously in favor of a service pension bill. Will keep you posted.—F. M. J.

The Soldiers Must Begin Work.

KENNEDY, N. Y., June 6.—Please send me blanks for U. S. P. A., and I will begin work at once, as I think it time that the old soldier began to work for himself, as there seems to be no help from the present Congress.—N. S. I.

Talks Business.

HAMMOND, KAN.—Please send blank pledges of the U. S. P. A. Also sample copies of THE BLADE. I am an old soldier; am in favor of the per diem bill, and will do all I can in organizing an association and getting new subscribers for THE BLADE.—J. B., 9th O. V. C.

A Good Motto.

RITCHIE C. H., W. VA., June 5.—I have read your plan and endorse every word. Please send me the necessary blanks and I will organize an Association immediately. My motto now, as in 1861, is, to fight it out to the end—D. W. C.

Ready for Work.

NOBOB, KY., JUNE 7.—Please send me Pledge Blanks for the organization of the U. S. P. A. I am one of the boys that wore the blue from 1861 to 1865. I think we ought to organize at once; we have a G. A. R. Post at this place with 31 members in it, and a good many other veterans. Send me a few copies of THE BLADE, and I will do all I can for it.—A. B. D.

Kansas Booms It.

NORCATUR, KAN., JUNE 9.—At a meeting of our Post, No. 413, Department of Kansas, I was requested to write you for blanks for organizing the U. S. P. A. The course of THE BLADE was also endorsed. Keep up the good work. Send me several sample copies of your paper, and I will see that they are properly distributed.—W. H. H.

They All Say "Yes."

OVER, NEB., June 5.—Yes, send me some blanks, and we will start a U. S. P. A. at once; for every soldier I have spoken to on the subject says "yes;" every neighbor says "yes;" and if vigilance and push will help us, we are just as determined as we were when we charged the breastworks at Vicksburg, Chattanooga or Donelson.—U. H.

This Means Business.

CARBONDALE, ILL., June 11.—Send me 50 pledge blanks to be used in perfecting an organization of the U. S. P. A., as we cannot and will not vote for any man who is not in accord with our views upon the question of service pensions.—P. L.

Starts Out Right.

REPUBLIC, MO., June 7.—Please send blanks for U. S. P. A. and copies of THE BLADE, and I will do what I can to extend your circulation and organize a Camp here. I am an old reader of THE BLADE and will continue to be so as long as it advocates our claims.—H. G. C.

Tired of Promises.

RIDGEVILLE CORNERS, O., June 10.—Please send me the necessary blanks for organizing a U. S. P. A. We think your Plan of Organization is just the thing. We are tired of the campaign promises, and want something reliable. I think we can raise 25 or 30 veterans to join at once. Send sample copies of THE BLADE and I will see that they go into the hands of men who will appreciate them.—H. L. C.

Hit the Nail On the Head.

GREELEY, COLO., June 7.—I consider THE BLADE the soldier's best friend. It has hit the nail square on the head in the interest taken in organizing the U. S. P. A. A service pension is what we want, and that according to length of service. Please send blanks and BLADES. You shall hear from us anon.—R. S. C.

What a Post Says.

MT. PULASKI, ILL., June 9.—EDITOR BLADE: —Yes, send 'em on, and right quick, too! I brought your "service pension" before our G. A. R. Post, last Saturday night, and they gave it a rousing, unanimous vote and then voted me solid to send for the necessary papers. Send to my address blanks U. S. P. A., and we will go to work in earnest. Yours in deed—SAM WALKER POST, 205.

This Is The Way to Work.

GREENLAND, MINN., June 7.—Please send blank pledges for the forming a Union Service Pension association. I cannot send you all the names of all that will join the association, but you may send me copies of THE BLADE to distribute among the people. I have already canvassed with the copy of 29th ult., and it takes well. I propose to work as soon as I get the blanks, so send them along as soon as possible. I hope to have the association organized by the middle of next week, and in full working order; and I shall not stop work until I have kindled the fires in Waseca and also Blue Earth counties, in this, the Second district of Minnesota.—W. J. C.

99 in Every 100 Will Join.

LYNXVILLE, WIS.—I received THE BLADE this morning and I showed the U. S. P. A. to some of the members of my Post. Some of them belong to the Republican party and some to the Democratic, but both say "send and get the blanks, and we will stand by them." Our Post voted this spring unanimously for service pension and was down on the dependent or pauper bill. The pledge of the U. S. P. A. is our hold. We will ever pray that God speeds the good work till we accomplish our aims. I will here inclose a few names of the members of our Post. Send us the blanks and within two weeks we will have all the old veterans' names to the pledge. I think that 99 votes out of every 100 will sign it in this county.—S. C. P.

A Strong Position.

BRADFORD, PA., June 9.—Please send me the necessary blanks for organizing the U. S. P. A. You are on the right track. Such a move as this will rouse up our Congressmen to do their duty in behalf of those who sacrificed years of their young lives, in defence of the flag. We have been sending men to Congress because they belonged to our party, and, after they were elected they seemed to forget those who had made it possible for Congress to assemble. Hereafter, I propose to vote for those who work for the passage of a service pension bill, no difference to what party they belong. Throw the Jonahs overboard; leave none on the ship except those that are true to the old veteran, and, soon we will have a service pension for all, without waiting until we become 60 years of age.

I served nearly four years in the army. The best days of my life were spent there. Am now enlisted in the interest of the old war-worn soldiers' rights, and expect to do duty at the ballot box for life, or until every soldier receives a just recompense for the service he willingly gave to his country. We only ask for justice, will accept nothing less. Tell the old boys to fall in. Guide right, forward march to the polls in November next.—T. G.

Short, But Means Business.

GERING, NEB.—We see your U. S. P. A. in THE BLADE. We endorse this arrangement. Please send me necessary blanks and instructions, and we will at once proceed and organize and see what we can do.—J. P. F.

Will Fight It On This Line.

VAN WERT, O., June 9.—Your Plan of Organization ought to meet with hearty approval from every vet. that has at heart his individual interest and that of his comrades, and of the widows of those fallen comrades of ours who deserve that compensation justly due them. Please send all necessary papers for organization of the U. S. P. A. here; also a few copies of THE BLADE. Let us fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer. Receive my thanks for what you are doing for us through your excellent paper.—J. L.

Tennessee All Right.

LOVELACE, TENN., June 9.—The G. A. R. post here has requested me to order a lot of pledge blanks. We are going to organize the Union Service Pension association. We also have a post of Sons of Veterans. We can get up a large association here. Please send us a lot of pledge blanks, also a lot of specimen copies of THE BLADE, and I will circulate them over our district.—A. H. P.

U. S. P. A.

How to Form an Association.

Any one who desires to form an association will write to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," asking for blanks. We will mail him blank pledges, *free of charge*, after the following form, with room for signatures:

PLEDGE OF THE UNION SERVICE PENSION ASSOCIATION.

We hereby agree to become members of the Union Service Pension Association of ———, of the County of ———, [of the ———th Congressional district*] of the state of ———.

We hereby pledge ourselves to work for the nomination and election to the national House of Representatives of no one who will not pledge himself, unequivocally and publicly, to use his best efforts for the early passage of a service pension bill, which shall grant to every honorably-discharged soldier or sailor, who served for a proper time in the army or navy of the United States, a reasonable pension, and which shall increase that minimum in proportion to the time of service, either at the rate of one cent a day for all service over a stated period, as provided in what is known as the "Grand Army per diem bill," or some similar plan which shall recognize the principle that those who served the longest shall have the largest provision; and which shall grant to the widow of every honorably discharged soldier or sailor, irrespective of the cause of his death, a pension, with suitable provision for any minor children he may leave, under the age of 16 years, and until they reach that age. And he must pledge himself unequivocally not to be bound by any caucus action in the House to support any pension bill which does not contain such provisions.

And we hereby agree that as soon as ten persons have signed this pledge, we will join with them in the formal organization of this association, in the election of officers, and in increasing the membership of the association; and that the organization shall be completed according to the "Plan of Organization" published in THE TOLEDO BLADE. In witness whereof we herewith sign our names:

NAMES. NAMES.

*This clause in brackets is to be stricken out in forming associations in states which elect but one representative.

PLAN OF ORGANIZATION

Of the "Union Service Pension Association."

When you write to us for blank pledges, send us the names of all the persons in your vicinity whom you think will join, and we will send each a sample copy of THE BLADE containing the pledge and this "Plan of Organization;" or, we will send a number of copies to your address for you to use in the work. As soon as the blanks come, start at once to get signatures. Several pledge blanks will be sent; put each in the hands of a good man, and canvass for signers.

Explain that the association does not aim to found a new party; that it concerns itself only with the choice of Congressmen; that the idea is simply to throw the solid vote of every friend of service pensions *in favor of* the nomination and election of a man who will openly and honestly pledge himself, if elected, to work for and vote for a service pension bill, as detailed in the pledge—and *against* any candidate (either for nomination or election) who will not so pledge himself.

Take the pledge among your friends, Grand Army men, ex-soldiers who are not comrades of the G. A. R., Sons of Veterans who are voters, (or will be by the Congressional election), and the friends of service pensions everywhere. We have confined the pledge to service pensions alone, and to suitable provision for widows and minor children, because these embrace the most important objects to work for. Get as many signatures as you can, before calling a meeting. Then notify the signers, and fix upon a suitable time and place of meeting. Call the meeting to order, and have a chairman and secretary *pro tempore* chosen. The meeting need not be secret. Have everybody come who wishes, whether they sign or not.

The next thing in order is the reading of the pledge and the list of signers; and then comes the adoption of the constitution and the election of permanent officers. As a guide in this matter we submit the form of a constitution, which may be added to or changed, except that no change must be made in the pledge, nor in the titles of the officers, nor in the date for the close of their first official term—July 4, 1891. These exceptions are insisted on so as to preserve absolute uniformity:

Form of Constitution.

ARTICLE I.—NAME AND OBJECTS.

SECTION 1.—The name of this organization shall be, "The Union Service Pension Association of ———, county of ———, [———th Congressional district of the] state of ———."

SEC. 2.—Its object shall be solely to work for the nomination and election of men to Congress who will pledge themselves to work for the preparation, and vote for the passage of, a bill which shall grant a pension to every honorably discharged soldier and sailor of the war of the Rebellion, the widows of such persons, and their minor children up to the age of sixteen years; and to oppose the nomination and election of any man who opposes such a measure.

ARTICLE II.—MEMBERSHIP.

SEC. 1.—Any legal voter, or any one who will have become a legal voter by the date of the next election of members of the national House of Representatives, may become a member of this association by election thereto, by the vote of a majority of the members present at any regular or called meeting of this body, and signing the pledge of this association.

ARTICLE III.—OFFICERS.

SEC. 1.—The regular officers of this association shall be a Commandant, Vice Commandant and Adjutant [and Quartermaster, if a treasurer shall be deemed necessary; if not, his duties shall be discharged by the Adjutant.]

SEC. 2.—The Commandant shall be the presiding officer, and discharge all the duties commonly appertaining to that position. He shall also detail all Working Committees for the furtherance of the objects of the association, and designate the special field of duty of each.

SEC. 3.—The Vice Commandant shall act as Commandant in the absence of that officer, and shall in such cases exercise the same powers.

SEC. 4.—The Adjutant shall keep a record of the proceedings of each meeting, including the names of all Working Committees, read the reports of the same, and discharge all the duties usually pertaining to the office of secretary.

[If a Quartermaster is appointed, a section should be added defining his duties.]

ARTICLE IV.—WORKING COMMITTEES.

SEC. 1. For the furtherance of the objects of this association, Working Committees shall be detailed by the Commandant, who shall instruct them as to the special object to be attained.

SEC. 2. One of these shall be the Recruiting Committee, whose chairman shall be styled the Recruiting Officer; and, if thought desirable, more than one of these committees shall be detailed at one time, consisting of three members or more, in the discretion of the Commandant. Their duty shall be to personally canvass every voter in the section in which their work is assigned, explaining to each the objects and pledge of the Association, and to secure as many new members as possible. The Commandant, when he details a Recruiting Committee, shall distinctly state the portion of territory which they are to canvass, which shall be small enough to allow the committee to see every voter personally. The Recruiting Committee shall report at the next meeting of the Association, and be discharged—one or more new committees being appointed for duty in their stead.

SEC. 3.—When a choice of delegates to a Congressional convention, for the nomination of a candidate for Representative in Congress, is to take place, the Commandant shall detail one or more Working Committees, of as many members each as he shall deem expedient; and at least one committee shall be so appointed for each place of meeting of a primary caucus for the selection of delegates. The Working Committees for this particular purpose shall be called Caucus Committees. It shall be their duty to be present at the caucus or its equivalent, to explain the objects and aims of the Union Service Pension association, and endeavor to obtain, by all honorable means, the selection of delegates who will vote only for a nominee as candidate for representative who will publicly and unequivocally pledge himself to work and vote for a service pension bill, in accordance with the pledge of this Association. These Caucus Committees shall report fully at the next meeting of the Association to the commandant; and he shall, after the hearing of the report of each, and the reception thereof by the Association, formally discharge that particular Caucus Committee declaring it to be "with the highest commendation," if its work has been completely successful, and he believes it to have done all that in it lay to secure that success; "with commendation," if he judges it to have done its work with reasonable diligence; "without commendation," if he considers the work not as well done as the committee was capable of doing; and "with censure," if he is convinced the committee neglected its work—which words shall be entered on the minutes of the meeting, after the entry of the discharge of the committee from duty.

SEC. 4.—At the meeting before the election for members of Congress, the Commandant shall detail a Working Committee, to be called the Polls Committee, for every voting precinct within the jurisdiction of this Association, whose duty it shall be to be present at the voting place to which it is assigned from the time the polls open until they close. It shall be the duty of this committee to respectfully call the attention of every voter who comes to deposit his ballot to the aim of this association, and to use all honorable arguments to induce him to cast his vote for Representative in accordance with the pledge of this Association. The Commandant shall appoint for each precinct a Polls Committee large enough to have at least three members present constantly, if it be practicable so to do. Each Polls Committee shall report fully on its work and its result, as shown by the vote at its precinct, at the next meeting of the Association; and the Commandant, in formally discharging it from duty, shall pronounce his verdict on its work, after the manner prescribed in the preceding section, which verdict shall be entered on the minutes.

SEC. 5.—If it shall be possible so to do, and the Association deem it necessary, at the next meetings before the date of the assembling of the caucuses mentioned in section 3 above, and before the election mentioned in section 4, the Commandant shall detail a Rallying Committee for each caucus and voting precinct, whose duty shall be to see that every member of this Association, and every voter known to be favorable to the objects of this Association, is present at the caucus or the election to take part therein.

SEC. 6.—When there shall be an election pending of members of a state legislature upon which will devolve the election of an United States Senator, the Commandant of this Association, upon notification from the State Council or from the District Council, shall appoint Caucus Committees, Polls Committees and Rallying Committees, as prescribed in the foregoing sections, with the intent and object of electing a majority of the legislature favorable to the selection of a senator who will favor a service pension law.

SEC. 7.—Any other Working Committees for other purposes connected with the general object of the Association, may be provided for by the Association, and detailed for duty by the commandant. And the order of the District Council for the detail of any Working Committee it shall deem desirable, or the order of the State Council for a similar detail, shall be promptly obeyed.

SEC. 8.—No Working Committee shall be detailed for any political purpose other than bearing upon the election of a Representative in Congress, or upon the choice of an United States Senator, favorable to a service pension law, in accord with the pledge of this Association; or to defeat the election of candidates for those offices who are opposed to service pensions.

ARTICLE V.—ORDER OF BUSINESS.

SEC. 1.—The order of business at each regular meeting of this Association shall be:

1.—Reading of minutes.
2.—Reports of any special committee.
3.—Reports of Working committees, in this order:
(a) Recruiting Committee, through Recruiting Officer.
(b) Extension Committee.
(c) Caucus Committees.
(d) Polls Committees.
(e) Rallying Committees.
(f) Special Working Committees.
4.—Admission of new members.
5.—Postponed business.
6.—New business.
7.—Order of the Day—under which head the progress of the association, communications from the District or State or National Councils, the state of the service pension question among the people, the prospects of the campaign, if one be pending, new pension legislation, or the action of Congress on any general pension matter, the utterances of party platforms on the subject of pensions, and everything pertaining to the objects of the association may come up for discussion, or be read for information.
8.—Detail of new Working Committees, to serve until the next regular meeting.
9.—Miscellaneous (under which officials report.)
10.—Adjournment to a fixed date.

[Meetings should be held weekly until the entire territory under the jurisdiction of the association shall be thoroughly canvassed by the Recruiting Committees, and the membership be brought to a maximum. The association can then fix on a regular meeting night.]

ARTICLE VI.—EXTENSION.

SEC. 1.—As soon as any Association is thoroughly organized, it shall discuss, at each meeting, under the head of Order of the Day, the matter of organizing new Associations. The most favorable localities shall be considered, and a selection made, by motion that an extension of the Association be made in that place. The motion being carried, the Commandant shall detail a Working Committee, to be called the Extension Committee, to consist of at least three members, of whom the Commandant shall be chairman *ex officio*; and if he is unable at the designated time to attend, the Vice Commandant shall take his place. This Extension Committee shall, at a suitable date, before the next regular meeting, as directed by the Commandant, go to that locality, and obtain enough signatures to the Pledge of this Association, not less than ten, and proceed at once to organize a new Association. This work shall be kept up until a sufficient number of Associations are organized to fully cover the ground; but the orders of the County Council of Administration, as soon as it is organized, are to be followed in the work of extension.

ARTICLE VII.—COUNTY COUNCIL OF ADMINISTRATION.

SEC. 1.—There shall be in every county a Council of Administration, composed solely of the Commandants of the different Associations therein, which shall have supervision of the work of extending the organization, and of extension into surrounding counties.

SEC. 2.—As soon as three Associations are fully organized in any county, their Commandants shall meet and organize by the election of a chairman, who shall preside at their sessions, and have power to call special meetings, if need arises. This Council of Administration shall meet in the county seat, if possible, but meetings may be held elsewhere, if desired. As fast as new Associations are organized, their Commandants will take their places as members of the Council.

SEC. 3.—The County Council of Administration is to determine how many separate Associations are necessary to be organized in the county to best further the objects of the Association, and where each is to be located; to determine what Associations shall send Extension Committees to these localities, and generally to harmonize and direct the work of extension, which they shall push as rapidly as possible, until arrangements are made to have every polling-place in the county under the special charge of some Association.

SEC. 4.—Whenever a county political convention is held, it shall be the duty of the Council of Administration to bring the purposes of the Association before its members, and to endeavor to obtain an endorsement of service pensions in the platform thereof; and in case of a county convention for the purpose of selecting delegates to a Congressional Convention, the Council of Administration shall take upon itself the duties of a Caucus Committee, working to obtain an endorsement of service pensions and the selection of only such delegates as are favorable to the nomination of a candidate who will endorse the pledge of this Association.

ARTICLE VIII.—MISCELLANEOUS.

SEC. 1.—This constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any regular meeting, provided that the amendment or amendments shall have been submitted in writing at the previous meeting, held at least one week before the one on which the vote is to be taken thereon, and entered on the minutes.

The matter of finances has not been touched upon, as the idea is to have the officers and Working Committees serve without pay. All necessary expenses for hall, lights, stationery, postage, etc., can be provided for by a small assessment on each member, of a few cents each.

District Councils.

Have the Adjutant report at once the fact of your organization, with the names and postoffice address of all the officers, to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio." It will be published in the next issue. As soon as *five* Associations are formed in your Congressional district, we will notify each Association that it is in order to choose a member of the District Council for your Congressional District. The date by which these must be chosen will be stated, and we will name the time and place of the meeting of that body. The members-elect will meet at the time and place specified; a chairman and secretary pro tempore will be chosen, and a permanent organization effected. We will give a form of constitution for District Councils in a future number of THE BLADE.

State Councils.

As before stated, in the states electing but one Congressman each, the State Council will be the same as the District Council, and should be chosen as directed above. In other states, the District Councils will report to THE BLADE as soon as organized, through their secretaries, with list of officers and postoffice addresses, which will be published in the next issue. As soon as half the District Councils are organized (in states which have more than one Congressional district), we shall call on the District Councils to choose members of the State Council, fixing a date before which they must be chosen, and also the date for the organization of the State Council, which will meet at the state capital.

As there are five states which have but two Congressional districts each, and others many, the number of members to be chosen by each District Council will vary. The State Council should be small in numbers, to save expense; hence the basis of representation has been fixed as follows:

For states having 20 or more Congressional districts, *one* member of the State Council for every District Council;

For states having more than 5 districts and less than 20, each District Council to choose *two* members of the State Council;

For states having more than two and less than five districts, each District Council to choose one member of the State Council for every *five* Associations in the district, and one additional member for a fraction of three or more Associations. This provision is but temporary, and will be considered by the National Council, when organized.

National Council.

When *five* states have fully organized by the organization of State Councils, we shall call on the District Councils of the entire Union to each send one delegate to the National Council, at Toledo, Ohio, and will fix the date of the meeting of that body. It will have supreme control of the Association of the United States, will adopt a permanent constitution for it, and take full charge.

One person in each locality can earn a good-sized bag of gold at work for us during the next few months. Some earn $20 a day and upwards, and all get grand wages. No one can fail who follows our directions. All is new, plain and easy. Experience not necessary. Capital not required; we start you. Either sex, young or old. You can live at home, giving work all your time or spare time only. One person has earned $5000 during past few months; you can do as well. No room to explain here. Full particulars and information mailed FREE to those who write us at once. Better not delay if you want work at which you will be sure of earning a large sum of money every month. STINSON & Co., Box 446, Portland, Maine.

A REMINISCENCE OF NASBY.

Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

It was the late Petroleum V. Nasby, P. M., "wich waz postmaster," who devised the ingenious plan of creating diversion in his favor at a public meeting at which he had been announced to speak, by previously hiring a man to interrupt him by asking certain questions that Nasby himself had devised and that Nasby was primed to answer in a crushing way. In Nasby's case, however, the plan did not work well, because the stool pigeon got drunk and divulged the arrangement to the enemy, who gave him twice as much as Nasby had promised, and thereby got him to ask questions which "broke Nasby all up."

A notable feature of the German Lutheran convention, yesterday afternoon, is suggestive of this story of Nasby, but if the managers of the convention really did arrange the matter beforehand, they remembered Nasby's unfortunate experience, and on that account took care to make their bargain with a representative of the cloth, who, of course, would not spoil things by untimely indulgence in the inebriating cup.

Previous to the assembling of the convention, the impression had very generally obtained that the Catholics were "running things," and that the Lutherans were in reality only "playing second fiddle." In view of the ancient enmity between the Catholic and Lutheran churches, the Lutheran politicians, who have an eye on offices, were desirous of doing something to remove an impression which would excite the apprehension of the great mass of their co-religionists, and cause them to regard the proceedings of the convention with suspicion, and—worse yet—would cause them to vote independently of its suggestions. The politicians who desired the convention to exert an influence that would further their political aspirations of course knew perfectly well that if something could take place that would have the appearance of a slap at the Catholics it would exert a good moral affect—from their peculiar point of view.

In the absence of anything but circumstantial evidence, of course nobody is going to charge that the episode of Father Hackner, of Fountain City, being called upon by Mr. Koerner to address the meeting, and then being refused a hearing, was pre-arranged. There is no harm in saying, however, that if it was pre-arranged, it was a very clever bit of strategy, and was not only well-planned, but ably carried out.

A NONSENSE SONG.

The Glark looked up at the Zankiwank
With a measureless grief in his eye,
On the Yum Yum bank so dubrous and dank,
With an infinite longing to die.

And the Wallowpod wobbled out of his hole
And looked at the Glank aglear;
With a luminous flit did the Licketysplit
Flop featfully over the Weir.

"Beware of the Wall of the Wark," says he,
"Of the wominous Wall of the Wark!"
When the gibberous Glair slinks into his lair
And the world is left in the dark.

Then the Flunk flew over the fiery Float;
O featly and fair he flew!
And the sorrowful Sonx he blew on his Konk
And the Burgle burst in two!

Then the Glark he gazed at the Zankiwank,
And the Cark he crawled to his side,
And the Whizzle he whirled right over the world,
And flapped his flams and died.

And then the Wall of the Wark was heard;
O the wominous Wall of the Wark!
And the light went out on the Spume of the Spout,
And the world was left in the dark.
—[S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

Sudden Gush of Sympathy.

"Mamma," said the petted young heiress, "is it true that Auntie Simpson's fever left her quite deaf and nearly blind?"

"That is what your cousin Simpson writes, dear."

"Let her come and live with us, mamma," pleaded the daughter, with eyes almost tearful in their tender sympathy. "I want her for a chaperon."—[Chicago Tribune.

His Queer Way.

There was a good-natured old prince of Piedmont who, every time he had occasion to dismiss an unfaithful servant, called him to his room, and said to him, in a voice of thunder: "Giovanni, you are dismissed. On and after to-morrow I shall call you Michele." And Michele stayed on until he became Francesco or Serafino by a similar process.—[Chatter.

Modern Courtship.

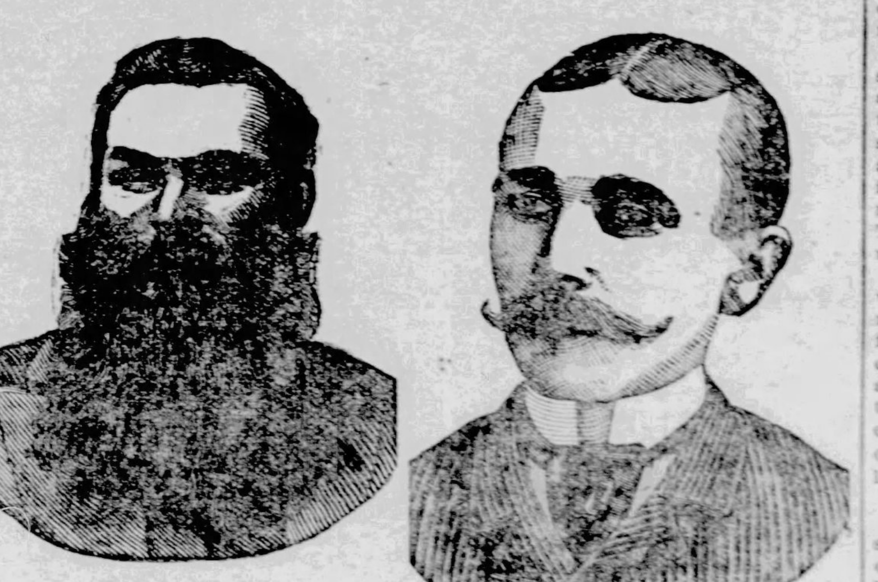
Modern courtship and marriage have been wittily described as—

A little kiss,
A little bliss,
A little ring—'tis ended;
A little jaw,
A little law,
And lo! the bonds are rended.

SWORN STATEMENT

OF THE RETAIL SALES AT THE CHICAGO OFFICE FOR FIVE MONTHS, ENDING MAY 31, 1890.

The OWEN ELECTRIC BELT & APPLIANCE CO.,



[TRADE MARK.]

Dr. A. Owen, Pres. and Gen. M'r. C. E. MEIGS, Sec'y and Book'r.

The following is a sworn statement of DR. A. OWEN, President and General Manager, and C. E. MEIGS, Secretary, of the retail sales of the Chicago Office of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCE COMPANY for January, February, March, April and May, 1890.

January—26 days, average $240.50 per day	$ 6,253 00
February—24 days, average $321.75 per day	7,722 00
March—26 days, average $373.15 per day	9,701 90
April—26 days, average $376.83 per day	9,797 67
May—26 days, average $395.75 per day	10,290 26
	$44,764 83

Showing a gain in February over January of $1,469, a gain in March over February of $1,979.90, a gain in April over March of $95.77, and a gain in May over April of $492.59.

Signed by—DR. A. OWEN, President.
C. E. MEIGS, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of May, 1890.
JULIUS H. DYRENFORTH,
Notary Public.

In addition to the above the other offices combined show sales of	44,979 23
Making in all a total for five months of	$89,744 06

The above statements and the following facts are not published in a boastful manner, but to convince the public that the best always leads, and that our belts excel all others on the market. This wonderful record is attributed solely to the merits of our goods. Other belts have been on the market for five or ten years longer, but to our personal knowledge we know that some of them do not sell one-quarter the goods we do. There is only one explanation to this, and that is, people are going to invest their money where they can get the most good for it, consequently the Owen Electric Belt and Appliances leads them all.

The Owen Electric Belt and Appliance Company was incorporated June 16, 1887, under the laws of the State of Illinois, Dr. A. Owen, President; S. M. Owen, Treasurer, and C. E. Meigs, Secretary, and it has been secured by the following patents:

DR. A. OWEN'S UNITED STATES PATENTS

Bear dates and numbers as follows:

First—Aug. 16, 1887	No. 368,543
Second—Oct. 2, 1888	No. 390,514
Third—Oct. 2, 1888	No. 390,515
Fourth—Oct. 9, 1888	No. 390,883
Fifth—Nov. 13, 1888	No. 392,878
Sixth—Dec. 4, 1888	No. 393,920
Seventh—March 12, 1890	No. 399,433

DOMINION OF CANADA.

Dec. 17, 1887 .... No. 28,190

FOREIGN PATENTS.

Bearing dates and numbers as follows:

Nov. 28, 1887	16,351
Dec. 5, 1887	79,843
Dec. 5, 1887	187,401
Jan. 17, 1888	5,565
Jan. 18, 1888	442

The Belt has been improved from time to time and other patents on it are applied for.

A GENUINE SUCCESS.

In this day of hurry and worry and sharp competition to come to the front and maintain one's self, and place an article on the market successfully means more than ordinary ability. Dr. A. Owen has made a great success of his belts, as the above exhibit shows, and it could only be done by manufacturing the best Belt in the world.

THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL BELT

Dr. A. Owen invented the first Electric Belt that had more than two electrodes, and all belts with more than two electrodes are imitations. He is the first and only man who had confidence enough in his belt to publish his own photograph as a trade-mark, which is embossed in gold on every Belt and Appliance he manufactures. He also invented the first Electric Belt where the current can in every case be made mild enough for a child and strong enough for a man—in other words, the current can be under the control of the patient, and this method is covered by his patents.

OUR OFFICE.

Our location at 191 and 193 State street is very central and easy of access, and we have been for the last two years occupying the second floor, 40x140, for office and factory purposes, but after May 1 we will occupy in addition the two floors above us, thus giving us three complete floors, 40x140 each.

CHALLENGE.

We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on a giant that we use on an infant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so; with them you can not reduce the current a particle—when it is charged it remains so, and if it burns, as it always does, it must burn or you must take it off entirely.

WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW.

Our invention has proved a great boon to suffering humanity, and we are not content to remain idle, but add one improvement after another as soon as it is apparent to us that it is necessary. Each improvement is covered by a patent.

THE MATERIAL AND HELP.

The men and women we employ are all experts. We pay them by the day to insure none but honest work, and every scrap of material that goes to make up the belt is the best that money can procure. Every belt and appliance passes through the hands of, and is inspected by, Dr. Owen, the inventor, himself before it leaves the factory, and this is the only belt made that is manufactured, inspected and sold by the inventor himself.

INVITATION.

We invite our patrons and their friends to call on us at 191 and 193 State street, and inspect our methods of doing business. We are not ashamed of the progress we have made. We do not advertise one thing and mean another. No matter what your nationality may be, come and see us, for we have in our business office secretaries who read and write fluently in the English, German and Scandinavian languages, and they will always be pleased to give all desired information in regard to the belt.

CAUTION.

☞ All persons are CAUTIONED against wearing any Electric Belt that has but one Electrode on the spine, as it is injurious to any one to keep a continuous current on the spinal cord. This has been the decision of all leading electricians.

☞ You are also CAUTIONED against persons who advertise Belts at half price, or Belts on 30 days' trial; neither are genuine offers, as you will find to your sorrow if you invest with them. Genuine Belts are not sold under any such subterfuge.

☞ You are also CAUTIONED against Belts that do not have the movable disks or the ones where the disks are covered with felt or any other thing. With the former you cannot reach the affected portion, and with the latter you can not get a current, without wetting them, which, by so doing, will soil the underclothing. It is disagreeable and it is liable to give the patient a cold.

OUR BELTS.

In the cheapest Owen Belt we have two electrodes in the back—one on each side of the spine, where the current will come to the nerve centers, but does not pass through the spinal chord. This belt is made the same as others, excepting the number of electrodes. The $10, $15 and $20 belts have more electrodes, more cell power, and will last longer, but the quality of goods in the belts is the same. We have no second-hand belts and no cheap belts. They are all scientifically constructed, thoroughly examined and guaranteed, and the prices are as low as they can be made, for a belt made of the material we use.

OUR PRICES.

We will not reduce prices—in other words, will not cut the price to one-half in order to sell. When you see men doing this, look out—there is something wrong. Either they have wronged you when they charged you full price, or they wrong you when they cut the price of the same belt in two. To advertise to sell a $10 belt for $5 means dishonest dealing; either in overcharge in the first place, or an inferior belt in the second.

OUR METHODS.

There is no delay in filling mail orders. That is one secret of our success. We invariably send goods out the day we receive orders for the same, and pay all charges on the goods where the cash accompanies the order.

The following diseases are cured by the Owen Electric Belt without the use of medicine:

RHEUMATISM,	ST. VITUS DANCE,
BRIGHT'S DISEASE,	ASTHMA,
SCIATICA,	FEMALE WEAKNESS
TORPID LIVER,	SPINAL DISEASES,
NERVOUS DEBILITY,	CONSTIPATION,
NEURALGIA,	BLOOD POISON, Etc.
HEADACHE,	PAINS IN THE BACK,
LEUCORRHŒA,	PARALYSIS,
LUMBAGO,	LOSS OF MEMORY,
KIDNEY COMPLAINT	EPILEPSY,
GENERAL DEBILITY,	DIABETES,

Persons making inquiry from the writers of testimonials must in all cases send a self-addressed stamped envelope to insure a reply.

All persons desiring any information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogues and valuable information, together with recent sworn testimonials of parties cured by the Owen Electric Body Belt. Catalogues in English, Swedish, Norwegian and German. Address

The OWEN ELECTRIC BELT & APPLIANCE CO.,

191 AND 193 STATE STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Canada patrons are requested to address their correspondence to 71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

Publishers' Column.

"NASBY IN EXILE."

A Handsome Illustrated Book, Worth $3.50, Given to Blade Subscribers for Simply Cost of Postage and Mailing.

We have just had newly printed and bound an edition of 5,000 copies of "NASBY IN EXILE," the last and best work of Mr. D. R. LOCKE issued in book form, which we are presenting to BLADE readers at a nominal price. "Nasby in Exile" is a complete history of Mr. LOCKE'S travels in Europe, not long preceding his death. It was published at great expense, the illustrations, which were drawn and engraved for it, alone costing nearly $3,000.

The volume is a large octavo, printed on a superior quality of book paper, containing about 700 pages and several hundred illustrations. It is one of the best descriptive books since MARK TWAIN'S "Innocents Abroad," and its equal in merit, if not its superior, as it has the advantage of being much later and newer. The edition is now being sent out. The books are not dusty, shop-worn volumes, but fresh and new.

The actual cost to us per volume, (with wrapping and postage) aside from the original investment of several thousand dollars for the plates and illustrations, is 86 cents each. The retail price at any book-store for a volume of this size and quality would be $3 to $3.50 each, without postage. We believe every reader of THE BLADE who has not yet obtained it will desire a copy at the absurdly low price we now place upon it.

Now for a Remarkable Offer:

We will send, postpaid by mail, to any subscriber or reader of this proposition, a copy of the book, "Nasby in Exile," with the Weekly BLADE for six months, for only ONE DOLLAR. The price of the Weekly BLADE for six months is 60 cents; and by taking this from $1, you can see this only leaves 40 cents for the book, and as the postage on each one is 22 cents, and the wrapping and mailing costs a few cents, we only get about 15 cents each for them. Our object is to give the book a wide circulation, as well as to favor our patrons. THE BLADE takes opportunity, whenever offered, of giving its subscribers such favors as it can, without profit. Any one who has been a subscriber for the past four or five years has had the opportunity to realize benefits, other than reading the paper itself, which more than repaid the price of THE BLADE.

How to Obtain the Book:

FIRST—Any one not a subscriber, whose attention is called to this offer, has only to remit $1, and say in his letter he wants the Weekly BLADE six months and a copy of "Nasby in Exile;" the paper will begin to come at once, and the book be sent postpaid by mail promptly, as soon as the order is received.

SECOND—Every person now a subscriber to the Weekly BLADE can get a neighbor to subscribe for six months; he can add enough to the latter to make up $1, and we will send the book to him and the Weekly BLADE to any address ordered, whether at his own postoffice or some other. We would like to have every present subscriber, who desires the book, obtain it in this way, as our object in this offer is to increase the circulation of the Weekly BLADE.

THIRD—If not convenient to obtain a new subscriber, we will send the book to any present subscriber who sends $1, and will extend his subscription for six months longer.

If ever so liberal an offer has been made by any publisher in the United States, we have yet to hear it. We firmly believe no bona fide offer was ever made that gave so much value for so little money as that we give above. We are mailing the books, as fast as orders are received, at the rate of several hundred per day. We ask every BLADE reader to show this offer to his friends and neighbors, and aid us in having the remainder promptly taken. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

ROSA BONHEUR'S "HORSE FAIR."

The price of the Weekly BLADE has always been 30 cents to three-months' subscribers, as all know. We have sold an enormous number of ROSA BONHEUR'S "Horse Fair"—a magnificent colored engraving of the celebrated original painting—which has always been retailed by everybody else at 50 cents but of which we have sent out thousands at 25 cents each. We have now a supply of 10,000 copies, which we propose to present to new subscribers of the Weekly BLADE, who send us 30 cents each for a three-months' subscription. Remit the 30 cents, either in silver by registered mail, or by postal note, or currency funds, but not in postage stamps; we will enter your name for the Weekly BLADE for three months and send a copy, by mail, postpaid, of this celebrated picture. Be sure to mention in your letter that you want the "Horse Fair," as otherwise it will not be sent. We ask our subscribers to mention this offer to their friends, in order that they may avail themselves of it. Address all orders: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portraits which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

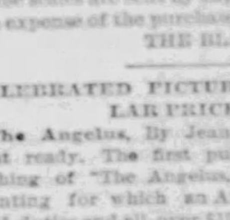
MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.
RELIGIOUS HEROES—Charles Wesley, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.
EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices.

Any one portrait	$ 25
The three divines	50
The four generals	65
The entire set of seven	1 00

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address
THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



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Miss EMILY S. BOUTON, ... EDITOR

THE BROTHER IN BLACK NUMEROUS

Many Wealthy, Well-Educated and Accomplished—Six O'clock Club and a Dinner.

ONE day while in Washington recently I boarded a public vehicle bound to the Northwestern part of the city, which is *par excellence* now the most desirable residence portion. Opposite to me sat two young women—ladies, I should say—judging from their appearance and manner as noted by such a casual observation. Both were pretty, with bright dark eyes, a rich brunette complexion which the red blood, visible underneath, flushed to a healthy tint, good features, wavy hair tastefully arranged, fine figures and an easy, graceful carriage. They were talking earnestly together, and I could not avoid hearing their conversation. Their language and intonation denoted a fair degree of education; their tones were musical to the ear and seemed to belong to those to the "manner born."

Well, what was there of especial interest about these two ladies, you are probably wondering. Simply that they belonged to the colored population of Washington and, therefore, were of a class by themselves; for, reason about it as we may, that strong division line between whites and blacks will remain in this country for many generations to come. It is possible that the time may arrive far in the future when the barriers will be swept away, but as yet they are as strong as ever. These young women, intelligent, apparently well-bred and accomplished, were set apart from the society of the same class of whites, and there is no power as yet to make it otherwise. They were not singular in Washington for there, more, perhaps, than in any other city of the United States, have these people risen out of their old-time bondage of ignorance into higher conditions.

THE COLORED FOLK.

About one-third of the population of the capital city is colored. There are many people of wealth who have aspirations after the good things of life. Some of their business men are bright, enterprising and prosperous. They have a well endowed college, and excellent schools, while some of their churches are among the finest in the city. One, in particular, is often frequented by the whites because of the superiority of the music. There one will see as much elegant dressing, in as good taste as in the most aristocratic house of worship belonging to the white people of Washington.

One might think that their condition settles the oft mooted question as to whether the blacks are susceptible of a higher education that will eventually place them upon a level as a people with the whites, but unfortunately almost all of those who are intelligent and cultivated, like the two young ladies I refer to, have a strain of white blood in their veins. It may be more or less, but it is there nevertheless, and thus overturns any theories as to the future possibilities of the case, which are founded upon these conditions. The full-blooded negroes—so far as I could see—were servants, outnumbering by far in this position, the foreigners. They have their faults, but one cannot help liking their pleasant, good tempered ways, their ever-ready politeness and readiness to oblige. Now and then one comes across an old servant whose freedom has made no difference in his devotion to "massa's" family, and he rejoices in their prosperity or mourns over their adversity, just as in the days when his fate was so absolutely bound up in their fortunes. I shall not soon forget one garrulous old fellaw who had driven his young ladies to the monument and waited while they went up to the top in the elevator. He was ready to talk to everybody, and so those who stood near plied him constantly with questions and kept him going. He had never been on a railroad, which he thought was an invention of the devil—"hosses were good enough for him"—and elevators were even worse, "but them chillen was jes boun' to go up top, and there wuz no use to try fur to stop 'em." Such as he, however, belong to the past, and are rapidly passing away to give place to these who are more independent, and perhaps more selfish.

THE SIX O'CLOCK CLUB

is one of the institutions of Washington, made up of literary and artistic people with a Congressional sprinkling. The principal requisite for membership is that the applicant shall be "a good fellow with one dollar in his pocket." The meeting occurs once a month, I believe, on Saturday night. Some subject is selected upon which those present are expected to talk, thus affording the brainy part of the entertainment, and then there is a supper where wit and merriment reign supreme after hunger is satisfied.

I attended one of these delightful gatherings. It occurred a few miles down the river at a favorite resort for summer picnicking. We went on board the pretty steamer at 6 o'clock, and after a charming ride of an hour or two landed at dusk, and made our way to where a red light shining through the air told us what was in progress—the preparation of

PLANKED SHAD.

I wonder how many of THE BLADE readers know what this is. It was new to me, and so I fancy it must be to many others, who, like myself, have lived away from the sea shore. I must confess to being full of devouring curiosity as to what "planked shad" might be, for the term did not convey quite so clear an idea as clam-bake did before I witnessed that operation for the first time.

This is what I saw on our arrival upon the grounds: Two long rows of hardwood planks about five feet apart. Adown the center of this enclosure a fire of hickory wood burned down to a glowing mass of coal. Nailed to the inside of the planks dozens of Potomac shad split open, and slowly turning to a delicate brown under the fiery heat falling full upon them. They looked in the flickering light like some great white insects with wings outspread, empaled there and expiring by slow torture.

It was a curious sight and seemed to arouse the hunger of the gathered throng, for it quickly scattered to the pavillion where long tables were spread ready for occupancy. Soon the planked shad were brought on; there was cessation of busy tongues awhile, and knives and forks were used with exemplary celerity. I do not wonder. Planked shad is good, and I only hope BLADE readers, to whom this dish is a stranger, may soon have an opportunity to discover its excellence.

I may not pause to tell of the flow of wit and wisdom that followed the supper and which continued all the way back to the city. The subject for the evening was "Our Tale of Woe," but I could not discover where the woe came in on this occasion.

One of the guests of the evening was Mrs. Huntley, the fair young widow of the man who, as Spoopendyke, a few years ago, aroused the newspaper reading world to laughter. She is a tall, brilliant-looking woman, with a quick, vivacious manner, is a ready convessationalist, and, I am told, has a considerable degree of talent as a writer.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

A New Fashion.

Art needle work is now applied to garden furniture abroad. Settees, lounging chairs and tables of wicker, bamboo or rustic work are fitted up with covers to be tied on, in the design and coloring of which great license is allowed. The material used is coarse linen, canvas or crash, to be worked in in cross-stitch with red or navy blue linen, though a pretty striped ticking could be effectively used. A table cover of hemp may be outlined with some easy pattern and edged with a fringe of its own ravellings.

A shady nook on the lawn may thus be made to assume a look of hospitable ease. There the late magazines and books, drawing materials or the work basket may be carried for use during a summer morning or afternoon, which 'twere a sin to spend in doors.

A square of carpet will add to the comfortable appearance of this out-of-doors sitting room, and avoid also possible danger from dampness of the ground.

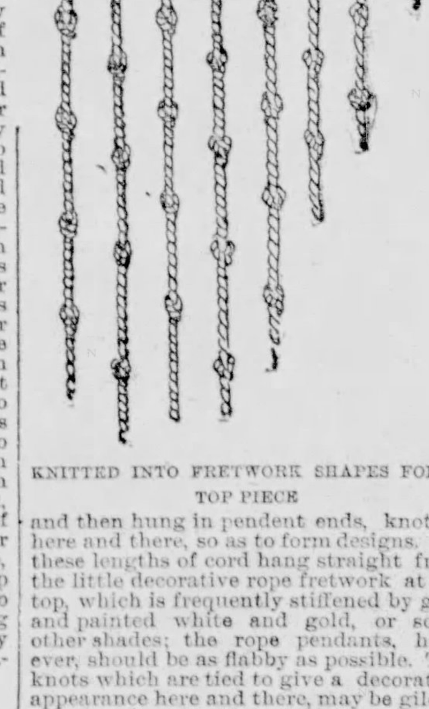
Fancy Work and House Decoration.

BLUE DENIM PORTIERE.—A very pretty way to use this material is to cut it the right length, then upon the light side put straight strips of the dark side, 2½ inches wide in alternate lengths, that is have every other one shorter. Let them run from the upper edge about one third of the length, finish the edges with a fancy stitch in blue crewel, point the ends and finish with crewel tassel. Let these strips be 4 or 5 inches apart. Turn a hem of the dark side upon the light all around about 2 inches wide, and couch it down with the crewel.

Another way is to cut out figures from the denim and scatter them over the curtain couching them down, the dark side of the figures showing upon the light side of the denim. Sometimes the denim is used over the mantel-piece for a back-ground for pictures, but of course it is a dining or sitting room, or perhaps a bedroom.

CORD PORTIERES.—It was not many years ago when folks at this time of the year put away their home decorations, bared their walls, stripped their floors and awaited fly time and the dog days in deserted, desolate quarters. This is all changed now, and the summer furnishings are a decidedly important factor with the trade and people. To be sure woolen stuffs are usually packed away, but there are lots of pretty things made in cottons, and silk and cotton; and with screens at the windows and doors these dainty furnishings can be kept harmless from flies.

A few years ago bead portières were novelties, and sold for $10 and $15 apiece. They hung in strings, with the beads arranged in such colors as to form charming designs. To-day you can buy them for $4, and excellent substitutes in bamboo strips for as little as $1.50; in summer, doors are taken down from all rooms, except the bed-rooms, and these cheap and artistic portières from Japan and China are hung instead. Then, again, some beautiful doorway and window portières for summer are made of knotted cord. Not exactly like the macramé work that was so popular some years ago, but heavier, the size of a clothes-line, tied or



KNITTED INTO FRETWORK SHAPES FOR A TOP PIECE

and then hung in pendent ends, knotted here and there, so as to form designs. All these lengths of cord hang straight from the little decorative rope fretwork at the top, which is frequently stiffened by glue and painted white and gold, or some other shades; the rope pendants, however, should be as flabby as possible. The knots which are tied to give a decorative appearance here and there, may be gilded or painted, and with taste some charming effects are thus produced.

UNFRAMED PICTURES, or plaques, can be arranged to hang on the wall, by putting a loop of ribbon, or thin cloth, through a small brass ring, such as is used for fancy work, and glueing the loop to the picture. Be sure to have the ring placed exactly where you want it, and do not try to hang it up until it is perfectly dry.

WALL POCKET.—Procure a large palm-leaf fan; cover the front of it with mahogany plush. For the pocket, outline palm leaves with Japanese gold cord upon mahogany-colored silk, and gather across the fan with elastic about one-third from the top. Finish the entire fan with a gold cord, gild the handle, and decorate with a bow of ribbon in yellow and mahogany. These colors may, of course, be varied to suit the taste.

HOP PILLOWS.—Hop pillows are now made slightly perfumed with orris root, and are considered more conducive to sleep than those of fir. A mixture of hops, fir needles, lemon, verbena, geranium orris, spices and tonga is sometimes used as a filling, but as the odor from this combination is rather powerful, although very delightful, it is well to provide a small down pillow to lay over it. This will serve to subdue the perfume when fresh.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

DOUBLE ROSE LEAF LACE.—Cast on 28 stitches. Knit across plain. 1st row—k 3—o—n—o—k 3—o—n—p 1—n—p 1—n—o—k 3—o—k 2—o—n*—ot—k 2. 2d row; s 1—k 2—p 1*—k 2—o—n—p 6—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 6—k 2—o—n—p 1. 3d row; k 3—o—n—o—k 5—o—s 1—n—to slipped stitch—p 1—s 1—n—to slipped stitch—o—k 5—o—k 2—o—n*—k 4. 4th row; s 1—k 5*—o—n—p 8—k 1—p 8—k 2—o—n—p 1. 5th row; k 3—o—n—o 2—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—s 1—n—to slipped stitch—o—k 1—n—p 1—n—k 1—ot—k 2—o*—n—ot—n—ot—n. 6th row; s 1—k 1—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2*—o—n—k 1—(that is the first loop of the ot)—p 3—k 1—p 7—o—p 3—k 3—o—n—p 1. 7th row; k 8—k 1 n—o—k 1—o—k 1—n—p1—n—k 3—n—p 1—n—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 2—o—n*—k6. 8th row; s 1—k 7*—o—n—p 5—k 1—p 5—k 1—p 5—k 2—o—n—p 1. 9th row; k same as first row to the star, then ot—n—ot—n—ot—n. 10th row; s 1—k 1—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1 then k like the second row after the star. 11th row; k same as third to the star, then knit nine. 12th row; s 1—k 10. then knit like fourth row after star. 13th row; k same as the fifth row to the star, then n 3 tog—o t—n—ot—n—ot—n—o t—n. 14th row; s 1—k 1—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2, then k like the sixth row after the star. 15th row; k same as seventh row to the star, then k 12. 16th row; bind off 10 stitches, k 3, then knit like eighth row after star. Repeat from the first row.

The above pattern is very handsome knit in silk No. 300, but is pretty in thread.—S. L. W.

DOUBLE ROSE LEAF INSERTION.—Cast on 17 stitches. 1st row—o—n—k2—p2—k2—ot—p1—k2—p2—k4; 2d row—o—n—p2—o—n—p2—k1—o—k1—p2—o—n—p2—k2; 3d row—o—n—k2—p2—k2—p2—ot—p1—k2—p2—k4; 4th row—o—n—p2—n—ot—p2—k1—o—k3—p2—n—ot—p2—k2; 5th row—o—n—k2—p2—k2—p4—ot—p1—k2—p2—k4; 6th row—o—n—p2—o—n—p2—k1—o—k5—p2—o—n—p2—k2; 7th row—o—n—k2—p2—k2—p2 tog—p5—k2—p 2—k4; 8th row—o—n—p2—n—ot—p2—k4—n—p2—n—ot—p2—k2; 9th row—o—n—k2—p2—k2—p2 tog—p3—k2—k4; 10th row—o—n—p2—o—n—p2—k2—n—p2—o—n—p2—k2; 11th row—o—n—k2—p2—k2—p2 tog—p1—k2—p2—k4; 12th row—o—n—p2—n—ot—p2—n—ot—p2—k2. Where it says "over twice, purl," the over twice is to be knit as one stitch in the next row.—S. L. W.

Correspondence.

CATS IN DAYS OF OLD.—Your very interesting correspondent writing in the issue of May 10, "About our cat friends," says: "Perhaps one reason why, among Christian nations, the cat has been looked upon with no more respect, is that nowhere in the Bible is there any mention of this domestic animal. That, however, is probably owing to the fact that it was unknown among the Hebrews." Owing, probably, to the fact that American publishers of the Bible do not print that part of the book called "The Aprocrypha" many have no opportunity of knowing of its existence and of the beauties that are to be found in it, as for example, "The Wisdom of Solomon" and "Ecclesiasticus." In the "Book of Baruch," the sixth chapter is "The Epistle of Jeremy" in which he describes the Gods of Babylon, and among other things that testify to their worthlessness, he mentions, "Upon their bodies and heads sit bats, swallows, and birds, and the *cats* also." This one mention of our feline friend is perhaps, not of a very reputable character, still it shows that the Hebrews knew the cat, and that the animal is mentioned in the Bible.—D. A. B.

STAND UP FOR "COME FORTH."—Although I think "Come Forth" needs no defending, a late article in THE BLADE HOUSEHOLD, signed "N. A. H." impels me to reply.

I fear "N A. H." is almost an infidel, in spite of his (or her) affected reverence for the Bible, or else a person with no imagination.

How any refined person can read that sweet and reverently-told story without feeling a stronger livelier, tenderer love for the Son of Man—the humble, silently-suffering, hard-working Nazarene—passes my comprehension. And as for "taking His name in vain," you might as well say it is wrong to use it at all except in prayer (but to my mind that Name is too often foolishly and sinfully repeated even in prayer).

There is a too-common idea that a novel, simply because it is a work of the imagination, is an "unholy thing, anyhow." Why? To me a (clean) novel and a history compare as a good dinner and a pleasing picture—reversing these terms, only—the one increases the appetite for the other. And who can say that the things which now appear real and those we are accustomed to regard as unreal, may not some time exchange positions? I will conclude with a statement which, no doubt, will startle many: I consider man's imagination even better than man's knowledge; as far superior as his knowledge is superior to the brute's knowledge; and for this reason: imagination is essentially his spiritual attribute—for brutes possess knowledge without imagination.

I wished to be brief, but as "N. A. H." made two objections to scriptural stories which "easy" people may consider unanswerable, I can not resist the desire to show that even "N. A. H." may be wrong.

This writer seems to imply that "the crosses reeled like drunken men" is irreverent, and that "the middle one raised itself up in a menacing manner toward his persecutors" is contradicted by Christ's prayer, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

Now, on the contrary, the Bible's own words show that the incident related might have happened—nay, probably *did* happen. Mat., 27th chap., 45th to 51st vs., tells of supernatural darkness and an earthquake. Read also Mark, 15th chap., 33d, 38th vs.; Luke 23d chap., 44th, 48th. Christ was forgiving, but God was angry. "N. A. H.," no offense, please.—Garland county, Ark.

ABOUT "BEN HUR."—N. A. H., in THE BLADE of May 22, speaks a piece of her mind about novels having their foundation in Scripture, such as "Ben Hur," etc., and asks, "where is the beauty or eloquence claimed for 'Ben Hur,' when he says the roses reeled like drunken men?" etc. N. A. H. shows a lack of knowledge of the account of the tragedy, as recorded in the Book of Books. I will notice a few points, which will suffice: The trial was at night, which was not according to law; it was on high ground, in cold weather, and those who had charge of the business were armed and worked with all possible dispatch, not that He would try to escape, but lest the multitude would try to release Him; consequently the holes in which the posts were placed were not deep enough to hold their burdens still, while the mountain quaked; and when there was even in the hem of His garment a virtue, (or electricity, if you please), which healed her who had sought His presence, I think it hardly becomes us at this day to attempt to prove that those posts did not reel.

Allow me to give you the verdict of several intelligent Christian people in my vicinity, after a perusal of "Ben Hur:"

"The story of the cross thrills me as never before," says one whose husband and children have joined the silent majority, and whose name has been on the Presbyterian church book for over half a century.

"O, it's grand," exclaims a member of the Episcopal church.

"The descriptions of the land and people, and the events immediately connected with the crucifixion, as we learn them from the Scriptures all in minute detail, are so natural I am carried back to the scenes so long ago. I have read the book through three times to my half blind invalid husband, and I can't let it alone now." This from a member of the Methodist church.

The writer's testimony:

"There is a charm about it; it rests me."—UNIVERSALIST, Erie County, Pa.

ANOTHER OLD MAID SPEAKS.—I glory in Addie Vance's decision, and though I am six years younger than she, I am as determined to live and die an old maid as she is, unless I find a worthy young man that may choose me for a wife. I enjoyed "A Reader's" letter. Some may say, "no gentleman would use tobacco." I think there are exceptions to that rule. There are old gentlemen who use tobacco, and have since they were boys, and all who know them love and respect them despite their tobacco habit. I can put up with it in an old person, but do not see any sense in a young man forming bad habits, that of tobacco or of drinking. "A Reader" said that of bad habits he "chose the least—that of smoking a cigar occasionally." I wonder if he thinks it does him any particular good? If his lady friends respect him any more for it? If I were one I would not. For your own sake let the cigars alone; you will not regret it in after life.

I enjoy "Farmer's Wife's Views" better than that of "Farmer's Daughter," though I'm a farmer's daughter. Too many girls forsake the farm, going to towns in order to get a living at some occupation easier than house work, and I notice those girls are quite sure to spend their vacations at home on the farm, with mother or sisters to wait on them. I have two sisters in town, and they usually take their vacation about fruit harvest time, but wouldn't stay on the farm and work as the Old Maid does. However, they always appreciate a basket of butter or eggs when I visit them.—OLD MAID, No. 2.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell the best way to make what is called cottage cheese out of curd?—MRS. A. L.

Will some one give a plan for grafting? I wish to graft a pink and white Oleander together.

Also tell how to keep little green lice off of rose bushes.—CHERRY BLOSSOM, Metropolis, Ill.

Will some of our older and experienced readers please give us their opinion about a lady after having received a gentleman's attention for a period of years, one whom she wishes to marry, but who does not offer himself to her as a husband; should she inform him of the fact. This has never been discussed in the HOUSEHOLD during the ten years I have been a reader of it, and I think it would benefit many an innocent, young girl, whose mother never thinks to teach her the ways of society.—A COUNTRY GIRL.

Will some one send a recipe to cook spinach?—L. LIRMAN, Davistown, Pa.

Will some one please send some good subjects for graduating essays?—MAY.

Will Harry S. Early, of Texas Co., Mo., who offered to give information in regard to making hair jewelry of all kinds, send it to the HOUSEHOLD?—MARY A. MANCK, Mo.

Could any of the many readers of THE BLADE tell me the name of the publishers of a book entitled "Bristling With Thorns," by Beard, or where I could get it? Have searched for it until I am almost in despair. Also what will kill worms on roses?—MABEL MOORE.

I should like to know if there is any way to keep cucumbers by canning, so they will not lose their crispness.—H. A.

What climbing plants are the easiest cultivated? I want something beside the morning-glory and the madeira vine.—L. A. W.

Will some good housekeepers tell what they think about using rugs instead of carpets?—MRS. R. L. C.

Will some one who has tried the divided petticoat advocated by the dress-reformers give her experience, and an opinion to its convenience?—L. X.

Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. T. D. Morris.—For a badge to be worn by THE BLADE family at the world's fair, we suggest ribbon, red or black, to suit the wearer. Let it be 8 inches in length, 1 inch in width, ravel one end 2 inches for a fringe for the lower end, fold down the upper end so it need not ravel, and pin on the coat or wrap, instead of a button-hole bouquet. If preferred, the badge may be printed, painted or embroidered with the word BLADE.—OHIO MOSS.

The word should be printed upon it to define the "family."—ED.

"Grandma."—If you will take a piece of alum and moisten it and rub on your little granddaughter's chin every little while, I think the wart will soon disappear. I have removed eleven warts with it, and think it a good remedy. FLORENCE ERVAN.

To "Subscriber" I would say the best remedy for stammering is to draw as long breath as possible every time you begin speaking. I do not think there is any perfect cure. Expand the lungs and speak very slowly and I think you will be benefited in time.

To "Peach Blossom:" To destroy currant worms, take white hellibore, dilute with water, sprinkle your currant bushes, and it is also good to sprinkle them occasionally with wood-ashes.

If "Sid" will wash her face with sour buttermilk she will find it a good remedy for sreckles.

Floating Island recipe for "S. F." Beat the yolks of 3 eggs until very light, sweeten and flavor to taste, stir into a quart of boiling milk and cook till it thickens, pour into a low dish, beat the whites of the eggs and drop over the top like "little islands" and drop a teaspoonful of bright jelly on each.—BUSY BELLE.

"Eighteen" wishes to know what will remove ink stains from carpets. I removed every atom from a woolen coat with sweet milk. Wet it then rubbed on salt. Kept wetting and rubbing until it all came out, then rinsed out the milk with a cloth and clear water.—C. G.

To clean a kettle after roasting meat. Use soap suds and a tight lid, and boil 5 or 10 minutes. This may help some new beginner for I have seen old housekeepers that spent a long time scraping the kettle.—C. G.

"Nod Away," I can tell you a pretty way to decorate that palm leaf fan. Cover fan and handle with wadding, and either paint a delicate spray of flowers on it, or make a web of tinsel, in the center of which fasten a velvet spider; tack this on the fan.

On the handle, near the fan, tie a ribbon bow. Fasten the fan on the wall, and it makes a pretty and inexpensive ornament, the wadding looking like satin.

Very pretty throws can also be made of the wadding, fringing the ends, cutting slits for running ribbon of different colors through, or sprays of flowers may be painted. Tinsel is very pretty passed through between the rows of ribbon.

"New Subscriber," you can obtain the hickory nut oil at any drug store cheaper than you can make it, and a little of it goes a long way. I have used it on my hair with no beneficial results.

"Subscriber," to cure stammering, keep cool, and think out clearly what you intend saying before you venture to say it.—C. V. R., Ill.

In THE BLADE of the 22d inst. "Subscriber" asks for a cure for stammering. Let the person afflicted count one, two, three, and he can speak any word immediataly after without hesitation, and with patience and perseverance the difficulty may be entirely overcome. I know a gentleman who was cured at about 21 years of age. Older persons, perhaps, would find more difficulty, but it is worth a trial.—JAMES WHITHAM.

If "Eighteen" will put fresh milk on the ink stains on the carpets and let stand awhile, then take clean warm water and a cloth and rub the spots well, the ink will all wash out. If "Grandma" will try rubbing the wart with castor oil daily, I think she will be pleased with the result if she will persevere.—CLARA B. CONVERSE.

C. B. C.—The editor has never sent lace samples to the readers of the HOUSEHOLD.

"Peggy," and others, who have asked what THE BLADE mother named the boy, for whom names were asked, are informed that she has been unable, as yet, to decide, from the multitude of names that were sent, on any one, or two; but has promised to do so very soon, and then we will publish it in these columns.—ED.

If Carrie Johnson will use magnesia, with a flannel cloth, to clean her cream-colored silk wrap Henrietta, it will remove all stains.—MRS. J. ELIZA WALDRON.

L. D. Wilson:—We cannot give addresses in this department.—ED.

Recipes.

COD FISH BALLS.—Pick the codfish into small bits the same as for gravy; pour on hot water; let it stand awhile, slicing some cold boiled potatoes. Put in salt, pepper and a good piece of butter. Pour the water off from the fish. Mix with the potatoes with the hands until there are no lumps left, then make into pats and fry in butter.—MRS. J. E. GOULD.

Following is the original recipe for Thomsonian composition powders: Bayberry, 2 lbs; ginger, 1 lb.; cayenne pepper and clover, 2 ozs. each. All the articles should be ground fine and thoroughly mixed.

Another: Bayberry, ginger, poplar bark, and hemlock bark, each 1 lb.; red or white oak bark, ½ lb.; cayenne pepper, 3 ozs.; cloves, 2 ozs.—M. C. GORDON.

FRUIT COOKIES.—Two cupfuls sugar; ½ cupful butter; ½ cupful sour cream; 2 cupfuls chopped raisins (seeded); 2 eggs; 2 tablespoonfuls cinnamon; 1 teaspoonful soda; 1 teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon.—A. M. H.

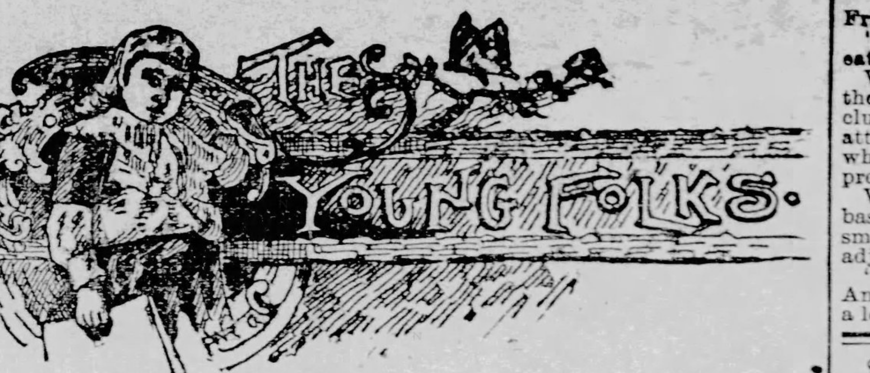
LEMON SNAPS.—One cupful sugar; ½ cupful butter; ½ cupful sweet milk; 2 eggs; 2 tablespoonfuls hot water; ½ teaspoonful soda; flavor with lemon. Mix stiff with flour and bake in a quick oven.—A. M. H.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—Make a strong solution of alum water, have it quite warm, and bathe affected parts for half an hour; then stir into the water, corn meal, and apply as a poultice, upon retiring. A few treatments will usually effect a cure.—SARAH B. TAYLOR.

DOUGHNUTS.—1 qts. flour, 4 heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 cupfuls sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoonful of mace; 1 tablespoonful melted butter. Mix with cold milk and fry in hot lard.

CUSTARD CAKE.—1 cupful sugar and 3 eggs beaten together, 1½ cupfuls of flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of baking powder, well mixed, 2 tablespoonfuls of water. Bake in two cakes in jelly pans.

CUSTARD.—Take nearly 1 pt. of milk, heat, and, when nearly boiling, add 2 small tablespoonfuls of corn starch, wet with a little cold milk, 2 beaten eggs, and 1 cupful sugar, cook, and stir it all the time until it thickens enough to drop from a spoon without running; remove from the stove, add ½ teacupful of melted butter. When cool, add 2 tablespoonfuls of vanilla; turn out the cakes on a molding board, and split them with a sharp knife; spread custard between the layers.—M. E. B.



For The Blade Young Folks.

Just Turned Eleven.

D. F. DE WOLF.

PERHAPS your eyes are not like mine
At three-score years and seven,
To see what depths of richness shine
In eyes just turned eleven.

We have a diamond left by twain
We loved, few know how dearly;
Bearing their love, it seems to gain
In liquid luster yearly.

Yet naught, howe'er embalmed, of earth,
Can smack so sweet of heaven,
As eyes, or sad or brimmed with mirth,
Of boy just turned eleven.

Our sample's awkward at the board,
Like most boys tall and lankey:
But no lithe squire nor proud young lord
Could show more grace on "Spankey."

He's rough with dogs; and—"mother cat"—
E'en yet he likes to tease her;
But you'd enjoy his manly chat
While reading "Julius Cæsar."

His gun—(it is a marvelous thing,
All boys so love the tragic)—
Quails, doves and rice birds on the wing,
"Come down to that" like magic.

When he accosts a stubborn cow,
You'd feel disposed to pity her;
But mark his gentle accents now,
While reading gems from "Whittier."

His thund'ring tread and boist'rous words
Sometimes suggest a bummer;
But list his "horse-hair" woo the chords
In "The Last Rose of Summer."

Das Wasser kommt mein' Augen aus
To hear "Die Weisse Damme,"
"Zampa," some sparkling waltz from Strauss,
Or plaintive strains from "Norma."

To school? Well, souls are rare, indeed,
Like Ascham's, long since sainted,
Born the rich potencies to read
On youth's green tablets painted.

And so, for fear of shallow maid,
From Dixie's land or Yankee,
We've called, till now, no other aid
But music's Queen and "Spankey."

It may be well to have a change,
God, there above, knows better;
We value freedom, grasp and range;
There's spirit, while there's letter.

Some hours apart with Colburn's train,
With Harkness, Prescott, Guyot;
And some to trace each planet's gain
Through "Gemini," "Cancer," "Leo."

To scan the bones of "Jyp," who died,
And note the corn seed swelling;—
We'll risk his chance on these beside
"False syntax" and apt spelling.

Each implement upon the farm,
From sulky-plow to reaper,
He knows each bearing like a charm,
And just the way to "keep her."

He drives the mules to drag and mow,
Makes black folk proud to serve him;
Thus learns relations, force and flow,
Gains confidence to nerve him.

Sure that from mastery culture grows,
We'll take these twain together,
And step by step, as learning goes,
Her feet to use we'll tether.

Freedom will reign thro' all the land,
Suit 'mergency and season,
When knowledge guides the active hand,
And lust weds law and reason.

Mayhap your eyes are not like mine
At three score years and seven,
To see each human interest shine
In eyes just turned eleven.

To me, there's naught that's named on earth
That smacks so much of heaven,
As eyes, or sad or brimmed with mirth,
Of boy just turned eleven.

Madison, Ga., April 26, 1890.

A Word to the Young Folks.

A new feature is to be added to this department soon which cannot fail to be a pleasant one for its readers. Each one must be ready with his or her thinking cap, for it will challenge its use to the utmost.

Aside from the principal feature will be puzzles and conundrums, to which all are invited to contribute, if possessed of any that you think worthy of a place in the Young Folks.

PRESIDENT TOM.

BY FLORENCE PERCIVAL.

"Say, Frisky, do you believe it's wrong to kill snakes?"

The speaker was a wide-awake nine-year-old boy, by the name of Tom Livingstone.

Elliot Grey (or "Frisky," as he was called, by reason of his utter inability to keep quiet for one single moment at a time) was Tom's chum and next-door neighbor.

The two boys were walking home from Sunday-school, and Tom's question was suggested by a practical talk which Miss Torrey had given her boys on the subject of wantonly torturing and killing harmless animals.

"I don't believe it's wrong to kill rattle-snakes and boa-constrictors," said Frisky, kicking a pebble with the toe of his boot, "and I shall kill the very first one I see."

"Oh, of course!" Tom, scornfully said; "so shall I. But I mean those little brown fellers that don't do any harm, but just wiggle out of their holes, and walk round on the grass. Miss Torrey said it was wrong to kill anything that didn't hurt anybody."

Frisky held up one foot with his hand and hopped along on the other one, as he remarked, "Well, I don't kill every snake I see; do you?"

"Not *every*," said Tom, with some hesitation. "I only killed six last week, and I'm afraid two of those got alive again."

Frisky, who had been hopping along a little in advance of Tom, now stopped suddenly, stood on both feet, and cried, "Give us a stone, quick!"

"What's the matter?" said Tom, excitedly. "Is it a snake?"

"Yes, said Frisky, the enthusiasm all gone out of his voice as he bent closer to his prize; "but he's dead, and I almost know it was Joe Carter killed him. That's all the good it does to talk to Joe. He was making pictures on the back of his lib'ry card all the time Miss Torrey was talking, and now just see that, what he's done!"

"He ought to be ashamed of himself," said Tom, indignantly.

Perhaps it is not possible to tell for certain whether this indignation arose from the fact that the poor little snake had been cruelly killed, or that he, Tom, had been deprived of the pleasure of killing it, but no doubt Tom *thought* for the moment that his indignation was of the righteous sort, and if anybody had hinted anything to the contrary, he probably would have been very much surprised.

"I'll tell you what," said Frisky, hopping off the curb-stone and back very rapidly; "let's get up a club, and make everybody that joins promise not to rob birds' nests, nor kill snakes, nor anything that don't bite; and we'll have a president and secretary, and pay a cent a week dues."

"All right," said Tom; let's! We can meet in our old greenhouse down in the garden, where the plants froze last winter; and we won't have any girls, will we?"

"No," said Frisky; "course not. Girls don't rob birds and kill snakes."

"Oh, don't they!" said Tom, very ungallantly. "That's 'cause they're afraid of snakes and can't climb trees. They would quick enough, if they could," and Tom elevated his chin with a superior air.

"Ollie Avery wouldn't," said Frisky. "She cried the other day when I stepped on a beetle."

"Did she?" said Tom.

"Yes," said Frisky. "She said it made such an awful scrunch."

"Well, anyway, I don't think we'd better have girls," said Tom. "They could'nt pay their dues. Girls don't know how to save their money. Just as soon as they get a cent, they go off and spend it."

Frisky said nothing, for he knew at least one boy who had this same failing, and he honestly believed in his heart that boys in general were not entirely free from it. But he and Tom rarely openly disagreed.

"Who'll we have for president?" said Tom.

"Why, we'll call a meeting and vote," said Frisky. "We can see the boys about it to-morrow, and meet to-morrow afternoon after school."

"All right," said Tom, slowly. "Of course I don't care anything about being president myself, but if they should happen to choose me, I think p'r'aps my mother would make taffy for me sometimes, and give us cookies and cream-cakes for our meetings."

These words sank deep into Frisky's tender heart, and bore fruit the next day in the shape of some lively electioneering on his part among the school-boys, when, had we been base enough to listen, we might have heard the words "taffy," "cream-cake," "cooky," passed from one eager mouth to another.

"Call for me in the morning," said Tom, as the two boys parted at Frisky's front gate.

"Father," said Tom that evening, after tea, "how do people make resolutions about a club?"

"That depends on the prople," replied Dr. Livingstone. "I, for instance, would make a resolution not to beat my family with one."

Tom laughed. He was quite accustomed to being thus intentionally misunderstood by his father, and being really a very good-tempered little boy, he seldom grew impatient at his father's banter.

"No; but you know what I mean," he said. "A society, you know, where they have a long string of resolutions on a piece of paper." And then, as sister Agnes was heard approaching, he whispered, "Sh! let's not talk about it now. We don't want the girls to know anything about it."

"If you're going to be ashamed of your resolutions, I'm afraid they must be pretty bad ones," remarked his father, as Agnes entered the room.

Tom made no reply, but screwed up his features into the most dreadful contortions, and shook his head violently at his father, by way of mildly suggesting that the subject was a forbidden one. Dr. Livingstone took the hint, and was good enough to act upon it.

The next morning, however, Tom managed to have a few words in private with his father, and obtained the requisite suggestions for his set of resolutions.

The day seemed very long to the six boys who had been successfully solicited to join the new society. None of them had a very clear idea as to the object to be attained. Enough for them that they were going to join a club and meet once a week, and very likely make intimate acquaintance with some of Mrs. Livingstone's famous goodies.

In an incredibly short time after school had been dismissed the boys were assembled in the greenhouse aforementioned, and were being supplied by Frisky with small slips of paper on which to write their choice for president. Frisky whispered a single word into the ear of each boy as he presented the ballot, sometimes accompanying the word with a wink and a confidential poke with his eblow.

As there was only one pencil among them, the process of voting required time.

Meanwhile Frisky skipped all about them like a grasshopper, and endeavored to accelerate their movements by such words as, "Gentlemen will please hurry up! Spit on your pencil, Boxer, and it'll write better. Go it, gentlemen! Don't stop to make tails to your capitals!"

But the most tedious tasks are finally accomplished, and at last the boys were all ready with their ballots, and Frisky passed around his hat to receive them.

When he pronounced the result, and Tom Livingstone was declared president by the "unanimous vote of every member," everybody seemed as much impressed as if it had not all been settled beforehand.

A rousing cheer went up, to which Mr. Tom bowed a silent and gratified acknowledgment. Then, with the broadest of grins, he mounted the platform (soap-box), and proceeded to read to his delighted hearers the set of resolutions which he and Frisky had so laboriously constructed during the half-hour devoted to recess.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, but was interrupted by one of his audience, who shouted in a manner most unparliamentary,

"There ain't any ladies."

"Never mind," replied the president; "it sounds better. Ladies and gentlemen, the name of this society is going to be called 'The Society for the Prevention of Killing of Harmless Animals—Birds, Snakes or Bugs—or Stealing their Eggs.'

"It is hereby resolved that all members shall meet here every Saturday afternoon, unless absolutely kept at home by their mothers or some other adult member of the family;

"That all members shall bring a due of one cent to every meeting;

"That any member who don't bring his due for three meetings running shall be excommunicated;

"That no member shall kill or otherwise injure any animal that don't injure them."

"Hold on there!" interrupted Joe Carter. "Can't we kill lions?" Joe spoke in a tone that implied that he must kill something or suffer.

"Certainly," replied the president gravely.

"And elephants?" inquired Boxer.

"Say, that's silly!" put in Frisky. "Lions and elephants don't grow around here."

"They might escape from circuses," said Boxer.

"Gentlemen will please keep their mouths shut till the resolutions are all read," remarked the president, and then continued?

"That no member shall rob birds' nests, or kill birds unless they are dangerous to fowl—like eagles, hawks, and so forth,

"That refreshments shall be served at every meeting. Any member is allowed to bring anything to eat that they choose.

"If any member violates these rules they shall be fined one cent, and if they don't pay it they shall be excommunicated."

The president drew a long breath, and then said, "All those in favor will please rise."

Every boy rose to his feet.

"Those not in favor will please sit down."

Three boys sat down, and then looked foolish, and got up again.

"All right," said Tom. "Now you can all sit down. Has any member got anything to say?"

At this moment Joe Carter, who had been stationed near the door, uttered a resounding whoop, and disappeared:

Without waiting to learn the why or wherefore, the other five boys followed with as much unity of purpose as if they had been tied together with a string.

And then what happened?

Still following the example of the fickle Joe, they armed themselves with stones, sticks, and whatever they could lay their hands on, and rushed with reckless enthusiasm upon—a harmless garden snake, never stopping until they had reduced him to a state in which he would not be recognized by his dearest friends.

When they had extinguished the very last suspicion of a wiggle of which the snake was capable, they all stopped and looked at each other, and thought of the resolutions which they had just adopted.

Then Boxer, in rather a crestfallen tone, remarked, "He was poisonous, wasn't he?"

But Tom, who was the soul of honor, said, "No, he wasn't, and we all owe a cent fine for killing him."

"I haven't got one," said Joe Carter.

"Neither have I," said Frisky.

"Nor I," said Boxer.

"Nor I," came from the other two boys.

"Then you're all excommunicated," remarked the president, coolly.

This was a dampener. None of them had anticipated that their first meeting would also be the last, but present indications pointed in that direction.

"How about the refreshments?" asked Frisky.

"That's so," said Tom. "We've got to eat up those things before we break up."

Without waiting to be urged further, the boys hurried back to the deserted club-room, where they made a vigorous attack upon the basketful of good things which the president's fond mother had prepared for them.

When there was nothing left but the basket and the napkin and a few very small crumbs, Frisky said, "I move we adjourn, and have a game of leap frog."

"Second the motion!" cried the others. And thus ended the famous society with a long name.—[Harper's Young People.

The Sunday School.

Second Quarterly Review.

LESSON XIII., SUNDAY, JUNE 29, 1890.

Golden Text for the Quarter.—This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.—John 4:42.

Titles and Golden Texts.

I. CHRIST'S LAW OF LOVE.

As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.—Luke 6:31.

II. THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

They glorified God, saying, That a great prophet is risen up among us.—Luke 7:16.

III. FORGIVENESS AND LOVE.

We love him, because he first loved us.—1 John 4:19.

IV. THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Take heed therefore how ye hear.—Luke 8:18.

V. THE RULER'S DAUGHTER.

Fear not: believe only, and she shall be made whole.—Luke 8:50.

VI. FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.—John 6:35.

VII. THE TRANSFIGURATION.

And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved Son: hear him.—Luke 9:35.

VIII. THE MISSION OF THE SEVENTY.

The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.—Luke 10:11.

IX. THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—Lev. 19:18.

X. TEACHING TO PRAY.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—Luke 11:9.

XI. THE RICH MAN'S FOLLY.

Take heed and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.—Luke 12:15.

XII. TRUST IN OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.—Luke 12:30.

REVIEW HINTS FOR THE PRIMARY TEACHER.

This golden text for the quarter may be taught: "This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

Even little children can see that every lesson in the past quarter gives proof of the truth of this verse. About whom has every lesson taught us? Of the golden texts, nine have been the words of Jesus himself; one gives the words of God the Father spoken from the cloud of glory. Two of the golden texts are about Jesus, spoken by those who witnessed his wonderful works and heard his words; for he spoke as "never man spake." None but Jesus, the Son of God, could have said and done what we have learned in these twelve lessons.

There was never such a teacher as Jesus Christ, never one who taught so wisely or could perform such miracles. Some of the people believed that when he was on earth. In Samaria, one day, when he was tired, he sat on a wellside to rest. A woman came for water, and he taught her of the water of life—how her tired, thirsty soul might be filled with his teachings and his love. She went away, and told others, and they came and heard his words; and those Samaritans whom the woman brought to hear him, said, "We believe; for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

Jesus Our Teacher.—By His words and His example He was the Teacher of the world. Everything we need to know how to live aright, we can find in His teachings. Would the wisest of teachers do us any good unless we listened to his words, understood their meaning, and tried to remember and obey them? Jesus knew that, and one day He taught a lesson for all to know.

How to Hear.—He sat in a boat near the shore, and told the parable of the sower. What was the man sowing? What can you tell of the kinds of soil he found? Like what soil are those who have an honest and good heart? What did Jesus say He meant by the seed? What is that golden text? It means, "Take heed therefore how ye hear" the Word of God.

How to Love.—What did Jesus say about our enemies? To whom are we to do good? Are we to love those only who love us? How did Christ treat his enemies? What did he do for those who drove nails in his hands upon the cross? For whom did Stephen pray when stones came thick and fast around him, and were hurled at him? What golden rule did Jesus give as his law of love? Jesus had compassion on every suffering sad one he saw. Should we so love those in sorrow and distress? What are some of the kind things Jesus did which showed his love for others? His coming to earth, his whole life here, his death, all was love.

How to Forgive.—Who came to Jesus while he reclined at table in Simon's house? Why did she weep? How did she show her love and repentance? How did Jesus teach Simon a lesson of forgiveness? What did Jesus say to the woman? That golden text is from the letters of John the disciple, he who knew more than any other the love of Christ. He wrote and understood more than any other one of the great heart of love of the Father who "sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world." John knew that all real love must come from Jesus, and so he wrote, "We love him because he first loved us."

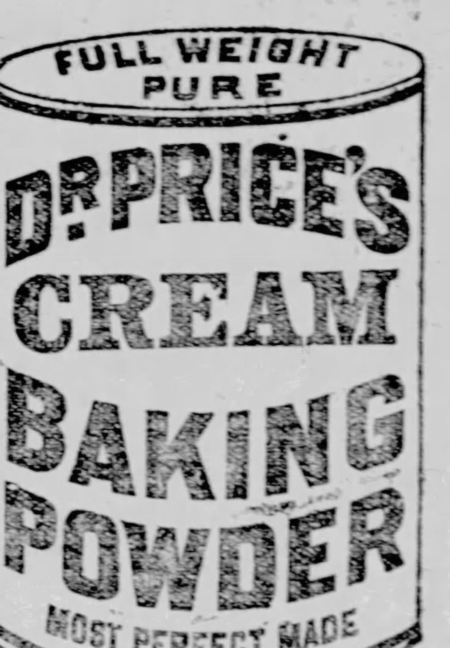
How to Help.—Do you remember what question a lawyer asked Jesus one day? Jesus asked the lawyer what is written in the law, and what did the lawyer answer? He could tell what was written in the Commandments about how to love God, and how to love our neighbor. When the lawyer asked, "Who is my neighbor?" what story did Jesus tell? Whom did the Samaritan find lying on the road? Who had passed by? Did they help him? What did the good Samaritan do for him. If his compassion had not made him do something to help the wounded man, would his pity have been worth anything? What are we taught to do for our neighbor? That story was about helping the wounded, suffering body; we have another lesson of help for wounded souls. Jesus sent out a company of missionaries, two and two, to go to every city and place where he was to follow. How many missionaries in all? What message were they to give everywhere about the kingdom of God? Is that golden text true of us to-day? Can children do anything to help others into the kingdom of God? How?

How to Pray.—Jesus many times taught by example how to pray. For what did he rise early in the morning, "a great while before day?" What was he doing when he was baptized, and the heavens were opened? What was he doing on the mountain when he was glorified? What do you call the words he taught us to speak to "our Father which art in heaven?" What is the threefold promise of that golden text about prayer?

How to Trust.—How did Jesus talk about the birds? What does God do for them? What did he say about the lilies? Are birds and flowers of as much value as the bodies of his children that God made? Which is of most value, the body or the soul? Who knows everything that his children need?

How to Live.—What was the story Jesus told of the man who would pull down his barns? Why did he need to do it? Was it wrong for him to be rich? In what ways might he have served God with his riches? Did the rich man so use his wealth? Of what does Jesus bid us beware? Jesus taught by his

Wonderful Works.—What do we call something which only God can do? What miracle did Jesus perform near the gate of Nain? When the people saw that he had power over death, they glorified God. What else did they say? When the father begged him to come and cure his daughter, and on the way he heard she was dead, what did Jesus say to him? With what did he feed five thousand? What did he say about bread in that golden text? Jesus was always showing by his life and works, day by day, how to love, how to forgive, to help, and to save. Which disciples did Jesus take with him when he was transfigured? Whom did they see with Jesus? Of what were they talking? Even in heaven's glory, how did Jesus give comfort to his disciples? What did the voice of the Father say? He bid us hear the words of his beloved Son. Can you give thanks that you know of him, and will you pray and work to send to others the knowledge of Christ, the Saviour of the world?—[Faith Latimer in S. S. Times.



Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities, as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in cans.

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A DOOR MANTEL.

Simple But Effective Decoration—Late Styles Described.

There is nothing which gives a quicker impression of comfort and elegance than

AN OVER-DOORWAY MANTEL.

with a simple railing around it and a huge plaque or two or three pieces of pottery surmounting it. A curtain or portière can be then suspended from the bottom. This makes a vast difference in a room, for a door-way top is generally a much neglected feature.

In a corner in the hallway this can be done in the same way, and if it is sufficiently dark to conceal the deception, I would suggest, says C. R. Clifford, that instead of wood fretwork, you would use some of the stamped paper that is produced at a trifling cost, and which has every appearance of wood, being perforated and serrated in close imitation.

Extreme taste now pales at white-and-gold furniture, and the French styles, and demands Chippendale and Sheraton desks, chairs and sofas. With the less critical the French styles, Louis XIV., Louis XV. and Louis XVI. are still the rage.

LIVE OAK, ALA., Dec. 13th, 1886.

Messrs. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & Co.
Rochester, Pa. *Gents*:—Last spring I received by mail a bottle of your Antidote for Malaria for my brother, who had chills for more than six months. He frequently broke them with Quinine, but they would soon return. I gave him the Antidote and he has not had a chill since. It has made a *permanent* cure.
Yours truly, W. W. PERDUE.

Died, Lived and Died.

Last week Miss Polly Lunsford, of Gaddistown, Union county, aged 16 years, was taken suddenly ill, and Dr. Jones, of this city, was summoned to her bedside. He pronounced her illness due from cold and exposure, and told the mother of the young lady that there was little hope for her daughter's recovery. For three days the young lady grew worse, and on Tuesday morning, to all appearences, died. The neighbors and friends of the family had gathered in, and the body of the dead girl was prepared for burial. Her arms were crossed over her breast and her eyelids closed. No color of life was visible in her cheeks. Her hands and face were cold, as if dead. Her pulse had ceased to beat. The coffin was sent for.

But as the mother and friends of the deceased sat around her inanimate form and mourned her as dead, she suddenly returned to life. Unaided she arose from her bed and went to the water bucket and drank a glass of water. Then she asked her mother and brother to kneel with her in prayer, which they did, together with all those present. The girl made a fervent prayer, asking God to direct her mother and brother in the paths of right. After the prayer she sang and talked with her mother for about an hour, when she told those about her that she was going to die—that she felt the death angel's touch. Hardly had she uttered the words than she fell back upon her pillow and expired. Those about her were astonished; the mother was loath to have her daughter buried, thinking that she might yet be in a trance and would return to life. But she was really dead this time, and on Wednesday evening was buried.—[Athens Banner.

Progress.

It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

How Women Should Sit.

Women who sit with their legs crossed to sew, or to read, or to hold the baby, are not aware that they are inviting serious physical ailment; but it is true, nevertheless, observes a writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. When a man crosses his legs he places the ankle of one limb across the knee of the other, and rests it lightly there. A woman, more modest and restricted in her movements, rests the entire weight of one limb on the upper part of the other, and this pressure upon the sensitive nerves and cords, if indulged in for continued lengths of time, as is often done by ladies who sew or embroider, will produce disease. Sciatica, neuralgia and other serious troubles frequently result from this simple cause. The muscles and nerves in the upper portion of a woman's legs are extremely sensitive, and much of her whole physical structure can become deranged if they are overtaxed in the manner referred to.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Shut in an Icehouse.

Two Americus (Ga.) icemen visited the storeroom to ascertain the amount of ice on hand. They entered the room and pulled the door shut behind them. The thermometer registered 38 degrees. After the inspection they started to return, but to their dismay, discovered that the hoop on the lock had fallen and that it was impossible to get out. They called in vain for two hours for help. At the end of that time the attention of a passer-by was attracted by the noise and he released them. The two gentlemen were almost frozen stiff, being clad only in the lightest clothing.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

Her Idea of It.

A little girl who knew nothing about encores found fault with the audience at a recent children's concert. "I know we didn't make one mistake," she exclaimed, "and yet they made us come out and sing it all over again."—[Leeds Mercury.

Grass Widow.

McFingle—Mrs. Gophast is a grass widow, isn't she?

McFangle—I never knew it. Why?

McFingle—Her husband died of hay fever—[Lawrence American.

—BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on a weak stomach.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.
2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.
3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.
4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.
5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Literary Work.

E. D. B., Rimersburg, Pa., asks: "1. Will you publish poetry that is not copyrighted and that has never appeared in print? 2. How should a beginner proceed to get his first writings printed? 3. How to proceed to sell articles from the pen to magazines if writer is a beginner?"

1.—THE BLADE does not pay for volunteer communications. If such are sent to us, we use them if we think them suitable. We find, however, this trouble: We use an article, and immediately its writer deluges us with others, apparently with the idea that, as we have used one, we will take any number. This is all wrong. We want variety. As to poetry, we have often begged not to have any sent to us. We are constantly in receipt of poems, sometimes a dozen a day. We only use four or five in one issue, and most of those are selected. Hence, there isn't one chance in a hundred that we will publish it.

2.—The only way for a beginner is to send his production to literary periodicals, inclosing an envelope addressed to himself with stamps enough for return postage if it is not used. Look carefully over the periodical, see the kind of matter the editor uses, and send matter of that kind. If one editor returns it, send to another. If you find your articles are accepted, then you can begin to think of pay. But don't start into a literary career with the idea that you can make a living out of it, for you cannot. There is a surplus of authorship in America; there is ten times as much written per month as is used.

"Michigan Lad" writes: "1.—Please to give me through your columns explicit directions how to prepare the title page for a book? I mean the page to send to obtain a copyright. 2.—What per cent do publishers offer as a royalty to the author? At least give me some idea. 3.—When my work is ready for publication should I correspond with some publishing house or should I send the MS. to some firm in order that may learn if it is worth an effort to introduce it to the public? and if their opinion should be favorable then enter into negotiations with them."

1.—Look in any book, and have the title-page arranged after the same style. 2.—There is no regular figure. An unknown author often is required to pay the expenses of getting out the first edition, and is paid back as the book sells; after which he gets a royalty. Ten per cent is as much as you can possibly expect, if you are unknown to literary fame. In point of fact, it is a risky undertaking to publish a book by a writer who has not had considerable experience in short literary work. 3.—Better send the MS., and if the publisher is willing to undertake publication, then it is time enough to talk terms.

Old Coins.

A. G. S, Wichita, Kan., writes: "I noticed in a paper about two years ago that in 1878 there were a few silver dollars coined with eight feathers in the eagle's tail, and that the coins were worth $17 each. Can you inform me about it?"

The fact is as stated about the coinage of the standard dollars. The first die had eight feathers in the eagle's tail, but some naturalist quickly reminded the officials that the bald eagle has only seven feathers in his tail, and the die was changed. We do not know of any premium being offered for them. They are not quoted in any dealers' catalogue at hand.

J. C. D., Holgate, O., asks us to explain the inscription on a coin, of which he sends a rubbing. Well, here goes—Obverse, bust; inscription surrounding it, "Carolus III., dei gratia—1786;" reverse, Spanish coat of arms; inscription surrounding it, "Hispan et Ind. Rex," and a letter or mark too indistinct to be made out, followed by "2 R. M. I." The Latin inscription runs from the obverse to the reverse, and this is its translation: "Charles III., by the grace of God, of Spain (Hispania) and India, King." The "2 R." means that it is a two-real piece. The piece of eight reals is the Spanish coin on which our dollar was based, and a real was the equivalent to 12½ cents of our money. The legal value of the two-real piece is now 20 cents. There is no premium. Collectors in this country do not care for foreign coins.

E. C. W., Gobleville, Mich., writes: "I saw in your paper a few days ago that quarters of 1853 are worth $4, without arrows. Can you tell me of a reliable person that I can send one to? or will you take it and send me your paper for one year and send me the balance? I see them quoted as high as $10."

We can not undertake to deal in old coins. We have no time for it. The price, $4, we find in a circular of a coin dealer, which gave the prices he offers. If you read the rules above, you will see that to give an address would be to give the dealer a first-class advertisement. If coin dealers wish to reach BLADE readers, they must advertise in its columns.

W. M. P., Flint, Ill.: The silver half-dime of 1853, without arrows on each side the date, is worth 20 cents; with arrows, no premium. We can not tell from the rubbing whether yours has arrows or not. There is no premium on the half-dime of 1834, and none on the dime of 1842.

H. C., Cottonwood Falls, Kan.: There is no premium on the half-dollar of 1827. We can not publish requests to others to write, nor publish addresses, even of private persons, in THE BLADE.

To Find the Week-Day of Any Date.

J. M. R., West Grove, Iowa, sends the following method, based on that of "Student," published some time ago, to find what day of the week any date falls upon:

Take the last two figures of the year; add to this a quarter of itself, disregarding the fraction; add the date of the month; then add the figure opposite the month in the column at the top of which the proper century appears:

	100 500 900 1300 1700	200 600 1000 1400 1800	300 700 1100 1500 1900	400 800 1200 1600 2000
January	5	3	8	7
February	8	6	11	10
March	8	6	11	10
April	4	2	7	6
May	6	4	9	8
June	2	0	5	4
July	4	2	7	6
August	7	5	10	9
September	3	1	6	5
October	5	3	8	7
November	8	6	11	10
December	3	1	6	5

Divide this sum by 7, and the remainder will be the number of the day of the week, counting Sunday 1, Monday 2, Tuesday 3, Wednesday 4, Thursday 5, Friday 6 and Saturday 7. If there is no remainder, the day of the week will be Saturday.

It must be remembered that for January and February in leap years the day must be set back one from that given by the figures. For any year less than 100, use the right-hand column.

Example.—"On what week-day did Memorial Day, May 30, 1890, fall?"

The two right-hand figures are 90
One-fourth of this, disregarding remainder 22
Day of the month 30
Figure opposite "May" in "1800" column... 4

Total 146

Divide this by 7, and it gives a quotient of 20, with a remainder of 6. Friday is the 6th day of the week; hence Memorial Day was on Friday.

A "Lot" of Land.

E. B., Gardiner, Ore., corrects us for a statement regarding the above in the Bureau of recent date:

"You say, in answer to J. B., of Lookout, Mo.: 'The word lot in a description of land means 80 acres.' In Illinois, Missouri (by the way, the inquiry comes from Missouri), Kansas, Colorado and Oregon, it means no such thing. A lot is a fractional 40 or 80; that is, it does not contain just 40 or 80 acres; it may be less, it may be more. For instance, I once owned land in Missouri, on a township line. The 80-acre tracts lying on said line all overrun; they are called lots all the time. On the official map, all deeds, tax receipts, etc., they are called nothing else, and nothing else is called 'lots.' My family has a large amount of land here on the river, which makes it largely fractional. They have lots 1, 2, 3 and 4 in section 9, which are all small. They have lots 1, 2 and 3 in section 17, all large, 47 to over 50 acres each.

You say 'each quarter section is divided into two lots of 80 acres each.' You say, 'the word lot is used in this specific sense in all records and descriptions of government lands.' I beg your pardon, but you are wrong. Forty years ago I bought lots 1 and 2; had they been a regular 80 acres, it would been described as 'the N ½ of N. W. ¼ of Sec. and township so and so.' It was a regular 80, only it over-ran; that makes me think I may be a little off. I think perhaps all fractionals are sub-divided into 40 acres, more or less. In the northeast corner of Henry county, Illinois, there is a large body of water of irregular shape, which causes all lands joining to be fractional. All fractionals are called lots, and nothing else, and nothing else are called lots."

The Youngest Union Soldier.

W. H. M., Lecompton, Kan., writes: "I answer the question about the youngest soldier. It was Thomas Hubler, of Warsaw, Indiana. He enlisted as a drummer boy in the 12th Indiana, of which regiment his father was major, in the fall of 1861, at nine years of age. General Reuben Williams, editor of the *Indianian Republican*, is young Hubler's brother-in-law, and has the family Bible record in his possession, and can prove this beyond a doubt. I have been acquainted with young Hubler from my earliest childhood, and in an early day there was quite a rivalry between our parents in regard to which was the best drummer. I was sixteen when I enlisted, the same fall. We both served throughout the war as drummer boys. Hubler was only fourteen when he was mustered out."

The Word "Knickerbocker."

V. R. D., Caneyville, Ky., writes: "What is the definition of the word Knickerbocker? I can't find the word in the dictionary, and I see it in papers so variously used, that I can't catch the meaning of it."

Washington Irving, the celebrated author, wrote a humorous fictitious "History of New York" (the city), which he attributed to an imaginary Dutch author, "Diedrich Knickerbocker." From this, the name "Knickerbocker" was humorously applied to the descendants of the old Dutch families of New York, who are said to be "of Knickerbocker descent." The *Knickerbocker* Magazine took its name from Irving's work, and was a noted literary periodical for years. As the early Dutch settlers of New York wore wide, full knee-breeches, knee-pants for children are named "knickerbockers," and the word is used in many senses, all easily derivable from Irving's first use of it. There is a family of Knickerbockers or Knickerbackers in the United States, of Dutch descent, but it is probable that Irving either invented the name, or got it from some Holland authority, not supposing that any one of the name was in the United States.

Largest Cities of the World.

C. D. H., Corning, O.: The ten largest cities of the world, as nearly as can be ascertained, are as follows:

London (estimated Jan. 1, 1880)	4,282,921
Paris (census 1886)	2,344,550
Canton (mere estimate)	1,600,000
Berlin (census 1885)	1,315,287
Vienna (census 1887)	1,270,000
New York (census 1880)	1,207,577
Tokio, Japan, (census 1886)	1,121,883
St. Petersburg (census 1884)	929,100
Constantinople (census 1885)	873,565
Calcutta (census 1881)	871,504

The estimated population of New York city now is 1,800,000; of Chicago, 1,150,000; of Philadelphia, 1,250,000.

Matters of Etiquette.

A. F. S., and J. A., Toledo, O., both ask the same question—"Should a bride and groom wear gloves at a home wedding?" Yes, most certainly. If there is any social occasion at which gloves are obligatory, it is certainly a wedding.

W. A. C., Allegan, Mich., asks: "Is it customary, in long engagements, where no time set, to present the young lady with a ring?" It is customary for the gentleman to present a ring to the young lady—which is probably what you meant, though your question is about presenting "the young lady with a ring" to somebody not named. This is an exceedingly common error. The gift is presented, not the person who receives it.

A Schoolboy's Question.

J. S., Lilly, Ill., asks: "What is the difference between eight gallons, and four pecks, and a bushel? Four quarts make a gallon, so eight quarts make a peck, and four pecks make a bushel, so that eight gallons ought to make a bushel. But a gallon contains only 231 cubic inches, while a bushel contains 2,150 2-5 cubic inches, and eight gallons of 231 cubic inches each contain only 1,848 cubic inches. Please explain."

There are two different gallons—the gallon of dry measure, of 268 4-5 cubic inches, and the gallon of liquid measure, of 231 cubic inches.

Sunday Schools.

G. O., West Plains, Mo., writes this in reply to J. K. C., in Bureau of Weekly BLADE of June 5: "The founder of Sunday schools, Robert Raikes, was a Protestant Episcopalian, and William Fox was a Baptist. The denomination of the church is not given, as they met at almost any place. Read the biographies of Raikes and Fox."

E. C. S., Darrtown, O., writes: "Will you please give a history of the founding of Sabbath schools?"

See Bureau in Weekly BLADE of May 22 and June 5.

"The Demagogue."

W. J., Ottumwa, Iowa, asks:

"Has the story published in THE BLADE some time ago, entitled 'The Demagogue,' been published in book form? I saw a notice in THE BLADE that it would be along about this time; if so, what does the book sell for?"

"The Demagogue" will be issued in book form some time this fall. It will be issued by an Eastern publishing firm, but they are not certain when it will be ready for market. We do not know what the price will be. The book will be advertised in THE BLADE the moment it is ready for sale.

That "Lunar Appulse."

V. R. D., Caneyville, Ky., asks: "What is meant by a lunar appulse? The almanac says on June 3, there was a lunar appulse. The dictionary says 'lunar' applies to the moon, and 'appulse' is the act of striking against; what does it mean? That the moon struck against the shadow of the earth?"

Exactly so; that on June 3 the moon came so near the earth's shadow as to touch it, but did not enter it enough to make it a partial eclipse.

Toledo's Population.

F. L. H. asks what we think to be the population of Toledo will be, as shown by the census returns. We have but slight data to go upon—only the fact that in one precinct of this city the census enumeration gives about 5½ persons to one registered voter—which would, if it is the case all over the city, give a population somwhere between 85,000 and 90,000.

Fire Losses.

L. C., Clear Lake, Wis.: The total loss by fire in the United States for each of the past five years is as follows:

1885	$102,818,796
1886	104,924,750
1887	120,283,055
1888	110,885,665
1889	117,049,260

There are no statistics, that we are aware of, of "losses by water."

The Cherokee Strip.

Frontiersman, Bogue, Kan.: We have no idea when the Cherokee Strip will be opened for settlement. As we understand it, the lands can only be homesteaded. The land is said to be about the same as Oklahoma—some good, some poor. If any one can give any specific information on these points, we shall be glad to publish it.

Population of the U. S.

A. W. L., Jerry City, O.: The population of the United States by the census since and including 1850 was as follows:

1850	23,191,876
1860	31,443,321
1870	38,558,371
1880	50,155,783

It is estimated that the census now taking will show a total of about 65,000,000.

An Amati Violin.

C. A. B., West Franklin, writes: "Please translate the following, which I find on the inside of my violin: 'Nicola Amati fecit Cremona sub titulo Santa Teresia, 1720.'"

"Nicholas Amati made [me] at Cremona, under the favor [or protection] of Saint Theresa, in 1720."

Short Replies.

J. J. O., Belleville, Kan.: We have handed your letter to editor of Farmstead, who will answer in that column.

M. J., Ambrose, O.: The poem "Ellsworth's Funeral," was published in "Old War Songs." We can not reprint any of them.

J. R. K., Glencoe, O.: "The Daughter of the Sun" has not been published in book form. We have not back numbers containing it.

A. C. C., Cassville, O.: The name Gladys is pronounced Glad-diss, accent on the first, The first syllable rhymes with "sad," "mad," etc.

C. T. G., Marine Hospital, St. Louis: The language spoken in Rio Janeiro is Portuguese. We can not answer your other request.

C. C. F., Spokane Falls, Wash.: Write to Hon. W. R. Forrest, Land Commissioner, Olympia, Wash., for information about your state school lands.

L. C., Downs, Kan.: We can find nothing about Warren Sumner Barlow. He is not in any cyclopedia or work of reference, and consequently we know nothing of his religious views.

C. D. H., Corning, O.: If you will state exactly what meaning you attach to the word "republic," we will answer your question, "What was the first republic established in the world?"

C. A. R., Allegan, Mich.: The money to carry on the Revolution was largely raised by the issue of "continental money"—the "greenbacks" of those days. It depreciated until it was worthless.

E. D. B., Rimersburg, Pa., asks for the origin of the phrase, "gone to sticks." Who can give it? 2.—There are cases which seem well authenticated in which the hair has grown after death.

E. E. C., Sanford, Fla.: We do not give addresses in this column. Probably the Superintendent of Public Instruction at Tallahassee can give you information about engineering schools.

E. T. E., Mendona, Wyo.: The vessels for seal-hunting are fitted out at San Francisco, we think. Our advice is to stay here, and not go as a common sailor to hunt seals. You would be heartily sick of it.

J. E. D., Remington, Iowa: In France every man is compelled to serve 5 years in the active army, 4 years in the reserve, 5 years in the territorial army, and 6 years in its reserve. Your hunting questions are not of general interest.

G. R. C., Little Genesee, N. Y.: We are not acquainted with the New York statutes, but presume a man working by the month is entitled to pay for legal holidays. However, you would better inquire of some one posted on your state law.

C. F. L.: Horse-shoe magnets are made by induction. An electric dynamo will make a magnet of one in a few minutes. The small ones are mere toys. No magnet has any effect on the physical system. The electric current, from a battery or electro-magnetic machine, has, but a simple magnet none at all. Send your address hereafter if you expect an answer.

G. L., Laurel, Iowa: Amateur photographic outfits are merely toys. You can make pictures, but you would be foolish to undertake to learn photography as a business in that way. Go into a regular gallery and learn it. Of course one can learn amateur photography without instruction, but he will spoil more plates in learning to make a passable picture than it would cost to have a good photographer give him a few lessons.

C. B. M., Holmesville, Neb.: There was no committee appointed to settle the trouble between North and South before the war, and if you were not terribly ignorant of our mode of government you would know that there was (and is) no way of giving a committee any power of that kind. Nor did the North "make an offer" to the South to free the slaves. Please read some large historical work—Greeley's "American Conflict," for instance, and find out about these matters. 2.—There is no such thing as an "international revenue tax." If you mean internal revenue, it is the tax the federal government raises on liquors, tobacco, oleomargarine, etc.

M. B., Bitter Creek, Kan.: 1.—Gen. Riall, who commanded the Hessians at the battle of Trenton, allowed himself to be surprised by neglecting to open a letter sent him to apprise him of Washington's advance. 2.—We do not know of any battle fought and gained without a commanding officer, properly speaking. The charge at Missionary Ridge was made without orders, it is said, but there were generals in command. 3.—The "Silver Greys" were a faction among the Whigs in New York in 1850-53, who considered the slavery question settled by the compromise of 1850, and opposed further agitation of it. The battle of Wilson's Creek was an Union victory. The rebels were driven off the field; the Union forces remained there until the next day, when they withdrew, fearing reinforcement of the enemy. Don't send so many questions at a time, and observe Rule 1 about sending your real name.

Talmage's Sermon.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE DISCUSSES THE PRODIGAL SON.

The Practical Lessons To Be Drawn from That Striking Parable Fully and Elaborately Set Forth.

BROOKLYN, June 15.—Dr. Talmage's sermon for to-day is on the Prodigal Son, and his text Luke xv. 20: "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. Following is the sermon:

One of the deepest wells that inspiration ever opened is this well of a parable which we can never exhaust. The parable, I suppose, was founded on facts. I have described to you the going away of this prodigal son from his father's house, and I have showed you what a hard time he had down in the wilderness, and what a very great mistake it was for him to leave so beautiful a home for such a miserable desert. But he did not always stay in the wilderness; he came back after a while. We do not read that his mother came to greet him. I suppose she was dead. She would have been the first to come out. The father would have given the second kiss to the returning prodigal; the mother the first. It may have been for the lack of her prayers and example that he became a prodigal. Sometimes the father does not know how to manage the children of the household. The chief work comes upon the mother. Indeed, no one ever gets over the calamity of losing a mother early in life. Still, this young man was not ungreeted when he came back.

However well appareled we may be in the morning when we start out on a journey, before night, what with the dust and the jostling, we have lost all cleanliness of appearance. But this prodigal, when he started from the swine-trough, was ragged and wretched, and his appearance, after he had gone through days of journeying and exposure, you can more easily imagine than describe. As the people see this prodigal coming on homeward, they wonder who he is. They say: "I wonder what prison he has broken out of. I wonder what lazaretto he has escaped from. I wonder with what plague he will smite the air." Although these people may have been well acquainted with the family, yet they do not imagine that this is the very young man who went off a little while ago with quick step, and ruddy cheek, and beautiful apparel. The young man, I think, walks very fast. He looks as though he were intent upon something very important. The people stop. They look at him. They wonder where he came from.

They Wonder Where He Is Going To.

You have heard of a son who went off to sea and never returned. All the people in the neighborhood thought the son would never return, but the parents came to no such conclusion. They would go by the hour, and day, and sit upon the beach, looking off upon the water, expecting to see the sail that would bring home the long absent boy. And so I think this father of my text sat under the vine looking out toward the road on which his son had departed; but the father had changed very much since we saw him last. His hair had become white, his cheeks furrowed, his heart is broken. What is all his bountiful table to him when his son may be lacking bread? What is all the splendor of the wardrobe of that homestead when the son may not have a decent coat? What are all the sheep on that hillside to that father when his pet lamb is gone? Still he sits and watches, looking out on the road, and one day he beholds a foot-traveler. He sees him rise above the hill; first the head and after awhile the entire body; and as soon as he gets a fair glance of him he knows it is his recreant son. He forgets the crutch, and the cane, and the stiffness of the joints, and bounds away. I think the people all around were amazed. They said: "It is only a footpad. It is only some old tramp of the road. Don't go out to meet him." The father knew better.

The change in the son's appearance could not hide the marks by which the father knew the boy. You know that persons of a great deal of independence of character are apt to indicate it in their walk. For that reason the sailor almost always has a peculiar step, not only because he stands much on shipboard amid the rocking of the sea, and he has to balance himself, but he has for the most part an independent character, which would show in his gait, even if he never went on the sea; and we know from what transpired afterward, and from what transpired before, that this prodigal son was of an independent and frank nature; and I suppose that the characteristics of his mind and heart were the characteristics of his walk. And so the father knew him. He puts out his withered arms toward him; he brings his wrinkled face against the pale cheek of his son; he kisses the wan lips; he thanks God that the long agony is over. "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran,

And Fell on His Neck and Kissed Him."

Oh, do you not recognize that father? Who was it? It is God! I have no sympathy with that cast-iron theology which represents God as hard, severe and vindictive. God is a father—kind, loving, lenient, gentle, long-suffering, patient, and he flies to our immortal rescue. Oh, that we might realize it. A wealthy lady in one of the Eastern countries was going off for some time, and she asked her daughters for some memento to carry with her. One of the daughters brought a marble tablet, beautifully inscribed; and another daughter brought a beautiful wreath of flowers. The third daughter came and said: "Mother, I brought neither flowers nor tablet, but here is my heart. I have inscribed it all over with your name, and wherever you go it will go with you." The mother recognized it as the best of all the mementos. Oh, that our souls might go out toward our Father—that our hearts might be written all over with the evidence of his loving kindness, and that we might never again forsake him.

In the first place, I notice in this text, the father's eyesight; in the second place, I notice, the father's haste; and, in the third place, I notice the father's kiss.

To begin: the father's eyesight. "When he was a great way off his father saw him." You have noticed how old people sometimes put a book off on the other side of the light. They can see at a distance a great deal easier than they can close by. I do not know whether this father could see well that which was near by, but I do know he could see a great ways off. "His father saw him." Perhaps he had been looking for the return of that boy especially that day. I do not know but that he had been in prayer, and that God had told him that that day the recreant boy would come home.

"The Father Saw Him a Great Way Off."

I wonder if God's eyesight can descry us when we are coming back to him? The text pictures our condition—we are a great way off. That young man was not farther off from his father's house, sin is not farther off than holiness, hell is not farther off from heaven than we have been by our sins away off from God; aye, so far off that we could not hear his voice, though vehemently he has called us year after year. I do not know what bad habits you may have formed, or in what evil places you have been, or what false notions you may have entertained; but you are ready to acknowledge, if your heart has not been changed by the grace of God, that you are a great way off—aye, so far that you cannot get back of yourselves. You would like to come back. Aye, this moment you would start, if it were not for this sin, and that habit, and this disadvantage. But I am to tell you of the Father's eyesight.

"He saw him a great way off." He has seen all your frailties, all your struggles, all your disadvantages. He has been longing for your coming. He has not been looking at you with a critic's eye or a bailiff's eye, but with a father's eye; and if a parent ever pitied a child, God pities you. You say: "Oh, I had so many evil surroundings when I started life." Your Father sees it. You say: "I have so many bad surroundings now, and it is very difficult for me to break away from evil associations." Your Father sees it, and if you should start heavenward—as I pray you may—your Father would not sit idly down and allow you to struggle on up toward him. Oh, no. Seeing you a great way off he would fly to the rescue. How long does it take a father to leap into the middle of the highway if his child be there and a swift vehicle is coming and may destroy him? Five hundred times longer than it takes our Heavenly Father to spring to the deliverance of a lost child. "When he was a great way off his Father saw him."

And this brings me to notice the father's haste. The Bible says he ran. No wonder! He did not know but that the young man would change his mind and go back. He did not know but that he would drop down from exhaustion. He did not know but that something fatal might overtake him before he got up to the doorsill; and so the father ran. The Bible, for the most part, speaks of God as walking. "In the fourth watch of the night it says, "Jesus came unto them walking on the sea." "He walketh upon the wings of the wind." Our first parents heard the voice of the Lord, walking in the garden in the cool of the day; but when a sinner starts for God the Father starts to meet him. Oh! if a man ever wants help, it is when he becomes a Christian. The world says to him: "Back with you. Have more spirit. Don't be hampered with religion. Time enough yet. Wait till you get sick. Wait until you get old." Satan says: "Back with you; you are so bad that God will have nothing to do with you;" or, "You are good enough and need no Redeemer. Take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." Ten thousand voices say: "Back with you. God is a hard master. The Church is a collection of hypocrites. Back into your sins; back to you evil indulgences; back to your prayerless pillow. The silliest thing that a young man ever does is to come home after he has been wandering." Oh, how much help a man does want when he tries to become a Christian! Indeed, the prodigal cannot find his way home to his father's house alone. Unless some one come to meet him he had better have

Stayed by the Swine Troughs.

When the tide comes in you might more easily with your broom sweep back the surges than you could drive back the ocean of your unforgiven transgressions. What are we to do? Are we to fight the battle alone and trudge on with no one to aid us, and no rock to shelter us, and no word of encouragement to cheer us? Glory be to God, we have in the text the announcement: "When he was yet a great way off his father ran." When the sinner starts for God, God starts for the sinner. God does not come out with a slow and hesitating pace. The infinite spaces slip beneath his feet, and he takes worlds at a bound. "The father ran." Oh, wonderful meeting, when God and the soul come together. "The Father ran." You start for God and God starts for you, and you meet; and, while the angels rejoice over the meeting, your long injured Father falls upon your neck with attestations of compassion and pardon. Your poor, wandering, sinful, polluted soul, and the loving, the eternal Father, have met.

I remark upon the father's kiss. "He fell on his neck," my text says, "and kissed him." It is not every father that would have done that way. Some would have scolded him and said: "Here, you went off in beautiful clothes, but now you are all in tatters. You went off healthy, and come back sick and wasted with your dissipations." He did not say that. The son, all haggard, and ragged, and filthy, and wretched, stood before his father. The father charged him with none of his wanderings. He just received him. He just kissed him. His wretchedness was a recommendation to that father's love. Oh, that father's kiss! How shall I describe the love of God?—the ardor with which he receives a sinner back again? Give me a plummet with which I may fathom this sea. Give me a ladder with which I may scale this height. Give me words with which I can describe this love. The apostle says in one place, "unsearchable;" in another, "past finding out." Height overtopping all height; depth plunging beneath all depth; breadth compassing all immensity.

Oh, This Love!

God so loved the world. He loves you. Don't you believe it? Has he not done everything to make you think so? He has given you life, health, friends, home—the use of your hand, the sight of your eye, the hearing of your ear. He has strewn your path with mercies. He has fed you, clothed you, sheltered you, defended you, loved you, importuned you all your life long. Don't you believe he loves you? Why, if now you should start up from the wilderness of your sin, he would throw both arms around you. To make you believe that he loves you, he stooped to manger, and cross, and sepulcher. With all the passions of his holy nature roused, he stands before you to-day, and would coax you to happiness and heaven. Oh, this father's kiss! There is so much meaning, and love, and compassion in it; so much pardon in it; so much heaven in it. I proclaim him the Lord God, merciful, gracious, and long suffering, abundant in goodness and truth. Lest you would not believe him, he goes up Golgotha, and while the rocks are rending, and the graves are opening, and the mobs are howling, and the sun is hiding, he dies for you. See him! See him on the Mount of Crucifixion, the sweat on his brow tinged with the blood exuding from his lacerated temples! See his eyes swimming in death! Hear the loud breathing of the sufferer as he pants with a world on his heart! Hark to the fall of the blood from brow, and hand, and foot, on the rocks beneath—drop! drop! drop! Look at the nails! How wide the wounds are! Wider do they gape as his body comes down upon them. Oh! this crucifixion agony! Tears melting into tears. Blood flowing into blood. Darkness dropping on darkness. Hands of men joined with hands of devils to tear apart

The Quivering Heart of the Son of God!

Oh! Will he never speak again? Will that crimson face never light up again? He will speak again; while the blood is suffusing his brow, and reddening his cheeks, and gathering on nostril and lip, and you think he is exhausted and cannot speak, he cries out until all the ages hear him: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" Is there no emphasis in such a scene as that to make your dry eyes weep, and your heart break? Will you turn your back upon it, and say by your actions what the Jews said by their words: "His blood be on us and on our children?" What does it all mean, my brother, my sister? Why, it means that for our lost race there was a Father's kiss. Love brought him down. Love opened the gate. Love led to the sacrifice. Love shattered the grave. Love lifted him up in resurrection. Sovereign love! Omnipotent love! Infinite love! Bleeding love? Everlasting love!

Now, will you accept that Father's kiss? The Holy Spirit comes to you with his arousing, melting, alarming, inviting, vivifying influence. Hearer, what creates in thee that unrest? It is the Holy Ghost. What influence now tells thee that it is time to fly, that to-morrow may be too late; that there is one door, one road, one cross, one sacrifice, one Jesus? It is the Holy Ghost.

My most urgent word is to those who, like the young man of text, are a great way off, and they will start for home, and they will get home. They will yet preach the gospel and on communion days carry around the consecrated bread, acceptable to everybody, because of their holy life and their consecrated behavior. The Lord is going to save you. Your home has to be rebuilt. Your physical health has got to be restored. Your worldly business has got to be reconstructed. The church of God is going to rejoice over your discipleship. You are not gospel hardened. You have not heard or read many sermons during the last few years. You do not weep, but the shower is not far off. You sigh, and you have noticed that there is always a sigh in the wind before the rain falls. There are those who would give anything if they could find relief in tears. They say: "Oh, my wasted life! Oh, the bitter past! Oh, the graves over which I have stumbled! Whither shall I fly? Alas for the future! Everything is dark—so dark, so dark. God help me! God pity me!" Thank the Lord for that last utterance. You have begun to pray, and when a man begins to petition that sets all heaven flying this way, and God steps in and beats back the hounds of temptation to their kennel, and around about the poor wounded soul puts the covert of his pardoning mercy. Hark! I hear something fall. What was that. It is the bars of the fence around the sheep-fold. The shepherd lets them down and the hunted sheep of the mountain bound in, some of them their fleece torn with the brambles, some of them their feet lame with the dogs, but bounding in. Thank God! Saved for time, and saved for eternity.

—Hood's Sarsaparilla is on the flood tide of popularity, which position it has reached by its own intrinsic, undoubted merit.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

TRADE AND CROPS.

STATE OF TRADE.

Condition of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade, dated New York, June 14, says: Speculation has been neither large in volume nor enthusiastic in tone during the past week, but the legitimate business of the country continues unprecedented in volume for the season, and highly encouraging in prospects. The flow of currency to this center supplies demands and makes money easy. Interior cities report more demand for money and at Boston rates are rising, at Chicago and at St. Louis steady, and at Philadelphia dull, not much commercial paper offering. But at most points the demand is fair, with a sufficient supply.

Crop prospects begin to rule all markets at this season, and these are distinctly improving. Wheat has declined 1⅝c, oats 1c and corn ⅝c.

Coffee is unchanged; hogs, lard and pork have scarcely changed in price, and the rise of 1¼c in oil is purely speculative. A better demand for refined sugar is alleged as reason for an advance of ⅝c in price, but other reports indicate that dealers are not buying freely at the high prices asked. The general level of prices is but a shade higher than a week ago, and the prevailing tendency seems at present toward a lower range of quotations for a time.

The capacity of iron furnaces in blast June 1 was 180,795 tons, against 180,000 May 1, and 132,119 a year ago. The tone of the market is fairly confident. Eastern makers are said to have checked the incipient advance in prices, in order not to establish a market for southern and western producers to unload on. The demand for various forms of manufactured iron and steel is still good and the prices steady.

The wool market has been dull. Philadelphia and Chicago reports indicate that growers are now holding for higher prices. But no improvement is seen in woolen goods, though dress goods are in fair request here, and stocks of higher weight cloths are small. Flannel mills are generally cutting down production.

Reports from other cities indicate a healthy state of trade, with clear signs of improvement where better crop prospects have immediate influence.

Chicago grain receipts are heavy, and hides more largely, but wool receipts fall 60 per cent below last year's; dry goods trade shows considerable excess over last year's, with good collections. But there is little present activity in clothing, although bright prospects for fall trade.

St. Louis notes strong trade in nearly all lines, Pittsburg continued activity in iron and flint glass, and the northwestern and southern cities generally report better trade with brighter crop outlook.

The business failures throughout the country during the last seven days number 212 as compared with 205 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 250.

CANADIAN CROPS.

A Bright Outlook Reported From Across the Border.

Crop reports for every section of Canada are most encouraging. The outlook in Ontario is generally a bright one, but much depends upon the weather during the next few weeks. Winter wheat suffered severely for want of snow and excess of rain, and in some places will not average much over half a crop.

Spring wheat looks very well, particularly on high land. Roots of all kinds are in fine shape. Corn is backward and the acreage of barley below the average. Fruit bids fair to be a good crop, though it has suffered from the recent storms. Hay will be a magnificent crop in quantity, though a little poor in quality. In Quebec everything is very much backward. Manitoba takes a cheerful view of things and expects an immense wheat crop.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

Opposition to the Secretary of Agriculture's Efforts to Stamp it Out.

The stringent measures adopted by the secretary of Agriculture, to stamp out the virulent disease of pleuro-pneumonia in cattle from its last stronghold in the counties of Kings and Queens, on Long Island, has created tremendous excitement and roused the dairymen into an attitude of armed rebellion.

It is understood that Secretary Rusk has recently received private intimation that unless this disease is effectively extirpated, a severe quarantine will be proclaimed by England against the importation of American cattle. This will paralyze one of the most important branches of American industry for the time being, and result in incalculable loss to Western cattle raisers.

Last week Secretary Rusk spent two days in New York, and energetically impressed upon his subordinate officers, Mr. W. Judson Smith, government agent for the Eastern states, and Dr. A. R. Robertson, chief inspector for the state of New York, the urgent necessity of gathering in and killing all cattle diseased or exposed. A great raid was therefore organized and executed by the two gentlemen named at the head of a large posse of the bureau employes.

The dairymen were not found unprepared for vigorous resistance. They launched paving stones, bricks and other missiles upon the invaders, hand-to-hand encounters took place, and in some instances pistols were drawn. Some of the herds were so strongly defended that the bureau forces were unable to capture them.

Next day the headquarters of the bureau in Brooklyn were in a state of siege. Dairymen and dairywomen joined in a chorus of denunciation. Some had obtained writs of replevin, which were practically useless because all the captured cattle had been immediately slaughtered. It is understood that there will be other raids, and that Secretary Rusk will not modify the stringency of his measures until the last lurking places of pleuro-pneumonia be effectually conquered and cleansed.

FAVORED THE FARMERS.

A Righteous Decision Made by Judge Shiras.

Judge Shiras, of Sioux City, Iowa, has filed his decision in the case of Conklin vs. Wehrman, which is the celebrated O'Brien county ejectment case, growing out of the attempt, about a year ago, to eject a large number of farmers in that county from their homes. The farmers pooled their issues and employed counsel, and the trial, which took place here in May, was of much interest.

The court was asked to enjoin Wehrman from prosecuting his ejectment suits until the title could be settled, and that the title be quieted in the farmers. Judge Shiras holds that the farmers have both the legal and equitable title and that Wehrman never had a valid title, and that if he had he has slept too long on his rights now to assert it. This opinion is in harmony with other recent decisions of the higher courts that state claims, and technical defects can not deprive the farmers out of the homes that they have occupied for many years. Several thousand acres of valuable farm land are involved.

Contract Laborers.

Five Italians who arrived at New York on June 14, on the steamship Amsterdam, from Rotterdam, bound for Pittsburg, and thirteen Slavs, who arrived on the Saale, are detained on the ground that they are supposed contract laborers.

THE PENSION BILL.

The Conference Committee Makes a Compromise and the House Adopts It.

In the House of Representatives, on June 11, Mr. Morrill, of Kansas, presented the conference report on the Senate dependent pension bill.

Mr. Springer, of Illinois, asked that the report go over one day, in order that it might be printed in the *Record*, but Mr. Morrill objected.

The previous question was ordered—yeas 119, nays 76.

Mr. Morrill, in explanation of the report, stated that the conference committee had struck out the dependent feature of the Senate bill, and the service feature of the House bill. The measure, as determined upon, was not exactly what he would desire, but was the best he could obtain. It would distribute $35,000,000 among the poor soldiers of the nation.

Mr. Turner, of New York, said that the Morrill bill, as it passed the House, was a respectable measure, because it had a respectable father; but the pending bill was without a father, but with a considerable number of wet nurses. It was a measure which had never been asked for by the soldier.

Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, favored the bill, on the ground that it would place on the pension roll 250,000 names, and would increase the pensions of 50,000 now on the rolls.

Mr. McComas, of Maryland, elicited a round of applause by his reference to Mr. Morrill as the best friend the soldier had had in the House for many years. The bill was not all that he could have wished for, but it was the best that could be obtained. The Republicans acted while the Democrats talked; the Republicans voted, while the Democrats declaimed.

The conference report was agreed to—yeas 145, nays 56.

The following is the vote in detail:

YEAS.

Alderson,	Gear,	Osborne,
Anderson(Kas)	Geissenhainer,	Outhwaite,
Arnold,	Gest,	Owen, (Ind.),
Atkinson (Pa),	Gifford,	Owens (Ohio)
Banks,	Greenhalge,	Parrett,
Bartine,	Hall,	Payne,
Barwig,	Hansbrough,	Payson,
Bayne,	Harmer,	Pennington,
Belden,	Haugen,	Perkins,
Bergen,	Haynes,	Pickler,
Bingham,	Henderson(Ill)	Pugsley,
Boothman,	Henderson (Ia.),	Quindray,
Bowden,	Herman,	Reilly,
Brickner,	Hill,	Rockwell,
Brookshire,	Hitt,	Rowell,
Brosius,	Houk,	Sanford,
Browne (Va.),	Kelly,	Sawyer,
Buchanan(N J)	Kennedy,	Scull,
Burrows,	Kerr (Iowa)	Sherman,
Burton,	Kerr (Pa.),	Shively,
Butterworth,	Kinsey,	Simonds,
Bynum,	Lacey,	Smith (W. Va.),
Campbell,	LaFollette,	Smyser,
Cannon,	Laidlaw,	Snyder,
Carter,	Laws,	Stephenson,
Caswell,	Lehlbach,	Stewart (Vt.),
Cheadle,	Lind,	Stockbridge,
Cheatham,	Lodge,	Struble,
Chipman,	Maish,	Sweeny,
Clancy,	Martin (Ind.)	Taylor (Tenn.),
Clarke (Wis.),	Mason,	Townsend (Col.)
Cogswell,	McCarthy,	Townsend (Pa.)
Comstock,	McClellan,	Tracey,
Connell,	McComas,	Turner (Kan.),
Culbertson, Pa	McCormick,	Vandever,
Dalzell,	McDuffie,	Van Schaack,
Darlington,	McKinley,	Vaux,
DeHaven,	Milliken,	Wade,
Dolliver,	Moffitt,	Walker, (Mass.)
Dorsey,	Moore (N. H.)	Wallace (N. Y.)
Dunnell,	Morrill,	Watson,
Ewart,	Morrow,	Wickham,
Farquhar,	Morse,	Williams (Ill.)
Finley,	Mudd,	Williams (O.),
Fithian,	O'Donnell,	Wilson (Ky.),
Flick,	O'Neall (Ind.)	Wilson (Wash.),
Frank,	O'Neil (Mass.),	Wright,
Funston,	O'Neill (Pa.),	Yoder—145.

NAYS.

Anderson(Miss)	Enloe,	O'Ferrall,
Bankhead,	Forney,	Perry,
Barnes,	Goodnight,	Richardson,
Blanchard,	Grimes,	Robertson,
Bland,	Hatch,	Rowland,
Breckinridge, (Ark.)	Henderson,(N. C.),	Sayers,
Buchanan(Va)	Lane,	Skinner,
Caruth,	Lanham,	Springer,
Catchings,	Lee,	Stewart (Tex.),
Clarke (Ala.),	Lester (Ga.),	Stone, (Ky.),
Cobb,	Lester (Va.),	Tarsney,
Cowles,	Mansur,	Tillman,
Crisp,	Mills,	Tucker,
Culb'ts'n (Tex)	Montgomery,	Turner (Ga.),
Dargan,	Moore (Tex.,	Turner (N Y),
Dibble,	Mutchler,	Venable,
Dockery,	Norton,	Wheeler (Ala.),
Elliott,	Oates,	Wike,
Ellis,		Wilkinson—56.

The adoption by the House on June 12, of the conference report on the pension bill, may be regarded as fixing pension legislation for the present. The bill will distribute from $35,000,000 to $60,000,000 among soldiers who are debarred under the present law from getting pensions.

Until one has experience with pension evidence he cannot appreciate the relief this new law will bring about. One man dates his infirmities to being shipped home in a freight car after he had been discharged. A widow states that her husband died because his system was so enfeebled while he was in the army that he could not withstand a disease that originated after his discharge.

A third soldier was doing service in the far west, where there were no hospitals and of course no hospital records. His officers and comrades are now so scattered that he cannot reach them. Here are three actual cases. Each one is utterly hopeless under the present pension laws, but in each case it will be plain sailing under the new law.

The new law says that every soldier who served 90 days or more, who cannot because of disability now provide for his own support, shall receive $6 to $12 per month, proportioned to his inability to earn a support; that a soldiers' widow shall receive $8 per month whether her husband contracted disease in the army or not. Each child under 16 shall receive $2 per month. Dependent parents also receive pensions. Rank in the service shall not be considered in applications filed under this act. Ten dollars is fixed as a limit of the fee to be charged by agents in preparing cases.

The bill is not as good for the soldiers as a service pension would have been, but at present the increase of the pension payments from $80,000,000 to a probable $140,000,000 annually it was deemed all that the treasury can stand.

FULL TEXT OF THE BILL

As Agreed Upon by the Conference Committee of the Two Houses.

Following is the full text of the disability pension bill as agreed upon by the conference committee.

An act granting pensions to soldiers and sailors who are incapacitated for the performance of labor and providing for pensions to widows, minor children, and dependent parents. Be it enacted, etc.:

Section 1.—That in considering the pension claims of dependent parents, the fact of the soldier's death by reason of any wound, injury, casualty, or disease which, under the conditions and limitations of existing laws, would have entitled him to an invalid pension, and the fact that the soldier left no widow or minor children having been shown as required by law, it shall be necessary only to show by competent and sufficient evidence that such parent or parents are without other present means of support than their own manual labor or the contributions of others not legally bound for their support; provided, that all pensions allowed to dependent parents under this act shall commence from the date of the filing of the application hereunder and shall continue no longer than the existence of the dependance.

Sec. 2.—That all persons who served three months or more in the military or naval service of the United States during the late war of the rebellion, and who have been honorably discharged therefrom, and who are now or may hereafter be suffering from a mental or physical disability of a permanent character, not the result of their own vicious habits, which incapacitates them from the performance of manual labor in such a degree as to render them unable to earn a support, shall, upon making due proof of the fact, according to such rules and regulations as the secretary of the Interior may provide, be placed upon the list of invalid pensioners of the United States and be entitled to receive a pension not to exceed $12 per month and not less than $6 per month, proportioned to their inability to earn a support, and such pension shall commence from the date of the filing of the application in the pension office, after the passage of this act, upon proof that the disability then existed, and shall continue during the existence of such disability; provided that persons who are now receiving pensions under existing laws, or whose claims are pending in the pension office, may, by application to the commissioner of Pensions, in such form as he may prescribe, showing themselves entitled thereto, receive the benefits of this act, and nothing herein contained shall be so construed as to prevent any pensioner thereunder from prosecuting his claim and receiving his pension under any other general or special act; provided, however, that no person shall receive more than one pension for the same period; and provided, further, that rank in the service shall not be considered in applications filed under this act.

Sec. 3. That if any officer or enlisted man who served ninety days or more in the army or navy of the United States during the late war of the Rebellion, and who was honorably discharged, has died, or shall hereafter die, leaving a widow without other means of support than her daily labor, or minor children under 16 years, such widow shall, upon the proof of her husband's death, without proving his death to be the result of his army service, be placed on the pension roll from the date of the application therefor under this act, at the rate of $8 per month during her widowhood and shall also be paid $2 per month for each child of the officer or enlisted man under 16 years of age. And in case of the death or remarriage of the widow, leaving a child or children of such officer or enlisted man under the age of 16 years, such pension shall be paid such child or children until the age of 16; provided, that in case a minor child is insane, idiotic, or otherwise permanently helpless, the pension shall continue during the life of said child, or during the period of such disability; and this provision shall apply to all pensions heretofore granted or hereafter to be granted under this or any former statute; and such pensions shall commence from the date of the application therefor, after the passage of this act; and provided, further, that said widow shall have married said soldier prior to the passage of this act.

Sec. 4.—That no agent, attorney or other person engaged in preparing, presenting or prosecuting any claim under the provisions of this act, shall, directly or indirectly, contract for, demand, receive or retain for such services in preparing, presenting or prosecuting such claim a sum greater than $10, which sum shall be payable only upon the order of the commissioner of pensions, by the agent making payment of the pension allowed, and any person who shall violate any of the provisions of this section, or who shall wrongfully withhold from a pensioner or claimant the whole or any part of a pension or claim allowed or due such pensioner or claimant under this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall, for each and every such offense, be fined not exceeding $500, or be imprisoned at hard labor not exceeding two years, or both, in the discretion of the court.

OTHER CAPITAL NEWS.

A DISGRACEFUL ROW

Between Two United States Senators—White Hair but Hot Blood.

The marble room of the Senate was almost the scene of a battle royal on June 11, between Senator Reagan, of Texas, and Senator Stewart, of Nevada. Stewart is about 70 years old with hair and beard white as snow. Reagan, the ex-postmaster-general of the Confederacy, is 75 years old and weighs about 250 pounds.

Mr. Reagan was chatting with some friends that afternoon, when Stewart came along. The Nevada Senator has just met with a decided defeat in the fight he has made on Major Powell, the chief of the geological survey, and consequently feels very tender. Reagan, on the contrary, has been a staunch champion of Powell.

As Stewart passed Reagan the latter began chaffing him about his defeat. Mr. Stewart took one or two samples of the Texan's talk, then wearied of it and angrily charged Reagan with being a mere tool and puppet of Powell.

Reagan's wrath arose and he retorted in good kind. Words ran high until at last Stewart, beside himself with anger, charged Reagan with falsehood. Despite his seventy-five years and two hundred and fifty pounds, the ancient Texan jumped for the venerable Nevadan, and for a moment it looked as if the two antiques would indulge in an old fashioned fist fight of the date of 1800.

Reagan's arm shot out for Stewart's eye, but his arm was short and he missed Stewart by a foot. Before Stewart could retaliate the horrified bystanders interfered and the old gentlemen were carefully led to sofas in opposite ends of the room and calmed down.

Later in the afternoon Mr. Stewart called on Senator Reagan and apologized for his remarks, but Mr. Reagan haughtily declined to speak to him.

NATIONAL ELECTIONS.

Powell and Lodge to Frame a Compromise Bill.

For the fourth time, the Republican representatives were in caucus on June 11 upon the subject of a national election law. The attendance was small, and as it was understood that a vote was not to be taken before 10 o'clock to decide as between the Lodge and Powell bills, the first two hours were devoted entirely to a discussion, which served but to accentuate the preference of the southern Republicans for the Lodge plan.

The feature of the discussion was a speech in favor of that measure by Representative Cheatham, the colored member from North Carolina. The result of the talk was that when Speaker Reed pointed out how the differences between the adherents of the two bills could be adjusted by the combination of the features or principles of each which were unobjected to, his proposition was unanimously accepted, and Messrs. Rowell and Lodge were instructed to formulate a compromise bill.

Its features will be an enlargement of the supervisory system, so that the supervisors shall participate in registration, voting and canvassing. To carry out fully the national idea the supervisors' returns are to be prima facie evidence of the right of a member to his seat and to prevail in making up the roll of the House. If cases of conflicting returns the certificates of state canvassers may be used to allow the House to form its judgment of the qualifications of the contestant.

Some of the changes made already in the original Rowell bill are: A provision that, in cases of conflict between the returns sent in by state election officers and by those of the United States supervisors, the latter are to constitute prima facie evidence of the right of the member to his seat; and a provision that the United States court within an election district shall appoint a board of three persons, representing both political parties, to canvass the returns of the supervisors. A problem that is giving the committee some concern is how to formulate a provision for insertion in the bill to carry out its desire to prevent the wholesale and wrongful disfranchisement of voters, as alleged to prevail in South Carolina, and to meet the alleged Virginia and North Carolina fraudulent practices in connection with the "purging" of the lists of voters. It appears that much difficulty is being experienced in making the supervisory system fill these needs; but the committee is confident of its ability to solve the question.

CHINESE IN WASHINGTON.

The Census Report on the Subject will be Watched For With Interest.

A feature of the census returns of Washington city for which a good many people are watching with no small degree of anxiety will be revealed when Superintendent Robert P. Porter tells us how many Chinese reside within the limits of the district of Columbia. The increase, especially during the last three or four years, has been enormous, and to-day Chinamen are as common on the streets of the nation's capital as policemen or soldiers. Ten years ago, outside of the Mongolian legation, there were less than ten of the Celestials in the city. To-day there are at least 500. Practically, they monopolize the laundry business, and they have no competition in the running of opium joints. These latter the police are continually finding and breaking up, but the opium joints nevertheless do an enormous business. Chinese grocery stores and tailor shops are no longer rarities, and it is only in extreme cases that rowdy juveniles of Caucasian descent condescend to indulge in audible and irritating references to such articles of Chinese diet as "rats."

One of the most alarming things to be kept in mind in connection with the rapid growth of Washington's Chinatown, is the sanitary phase of the question. I have it on authority that is perfectly satisfactory, that there are now, concealed as closely as possible, not less than three cases of leprosy in its worst and most revolting form. The information as to the supposed whereabouts of these unfortunate but dangerous people has, I understand, been laid before the proper authorities, and a rigid search is now being instituted. Every Chinaman in town seems to be doing his best to act as a stumbling-block for the sanitary authorities. Bribes have no effect and threats are of no avail. The risks of contamination cannot be estimated, for the poison of leprosy is most insidious and extremely difficult to trace. The Chinese minister has been appealed to for active assistance in the matter, but so far he has failed to respond. If he really wanted to find these lepers he could do it within an hour.

There are a few things in Washington that are dear to the Chinaman's heart and that remind him of home; they are ailantus trees. The American wishes both Chinaman and Chinese trees across the Pacific. Just now the ailantus trees are especially annoying, and it is fortunate they are so numerically few. Up to within two or three years there were several hundred ailantus trees scattered over the city, and the summer air was continually tainted with their permeating odor, while every breeze filled the atmosphere with fine green pollen that would, if a man only tasted it once, make the most artistic profanity unequal to the occasion. Commodore Perry brought the original plants over from China, and the present administration condemned the commodore's taste in arboriculture by uprooting, a year ago, the fine specimens which cast so much shade in front of the White House. Only a few samples have been spared, and beneath the branches of these little knots of Chinamen gather every fine evening. Even Chinamen may have tender thoughts of home and its associations.

Lyman Censured.

The House committee on reform in the civil service have agreed upon a report, and in concluding the committee says: "With regard to the conduct of the Civil Service commissioners in the matters submitted to your committee, we find that Commissioners Roosevelt and Thompson have discharged their duties with entire fidelity and integrity, and that the official conduct of Commissioner Lyman has been characterized by laxity of discipline in the administration of the affairs of the commission, and is therefore censurable."

In the body of the report the committee says respecting the charges against the personal actions of the present and former commissions that it examined twenty-four witnesses. On the first charge affecting the conduct, retention and promotion of Alexander C. Campbell, the brother-in-law of Commissioner Lyman, the committee conclude that it was clear that Campbell copied the questions which were furnished to Flynn who gave instructions to persons desiring to take examinations; that the questions were not obsolete, and that an investigation properly conducted would have disclosed the fact. If the administration of the civil service was not to fall into disrepute Mr. Campbell should have been dismissed. His retention indicated gross laxity in discipline as showing that the administration of the commission was not such at that time as to receive or merit public confidence.

It is learned that Mr. Campbell, who is referred to in the first part of the report of the committee, has submitted his resignation as a clerk to the Civil Service commission to take effect in two weeks.

A Government for Utah.

Senator Edmunds, from the committee on the Judiciary, has reported back favorably, with amendments, the bill recently introduced by him providing for the reorganization of the government of Utah. By the term of the bill the existing election districts and apportionment of representatives for the members of the territorial legislature are abolished, and it is made the duty of the governor, Territorial secretary and board of Commissioners, as soon as practicable after the result of the census is made known, to redistrict the territory and make a new apportionment for legislative purposes.

The offices of Territorial auditor, treasurer, commissioners to locate university lands, probate judges, county clerks, selectmen, assessors, recorders and superintendents of district schools are vacated, and the appointment of all these officers vested in the Governor subject to the approval of the board of Commissioners. The board of Commissioners is authorized and empowered, in its discretion, to cause a new registration of voters in Utah, and to make and enforce rules and regulations not inconsistent with the laws of the United States for the conduct of registration and elections in the territory.

Government Seeds.

While the agricultural bill was before the House on June 12, the rather dull proceedings were enlivened by Kilgore, of Texas, who attacked the system by which seeds were distributed. He declared that they were used by members of Congress for electioneering purposes, and were placed where it was believed they would do the most good, not for the agricultural interests of the country, but in raising a crop of votes.

He moved to strike from the bill the seed appropriation. He found small backing, however, and his motion was vigorously assailed by both sides of the chamber. The members think too much of their seeds to give them up so easily. Stockdale, of Mississippi, was the only member besides Kilgore to vote for the latter's amendment.

The Appropriation Bill.

Senator Allison has reported the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill. The bill as it passed the House carried a total of $20,802,447, and the Senate committee added $613,470, making a total of $21,415,917. The bill for the year 1889-1890 appropriated $20,833,735, and the estimates for the ensuing year were $21,

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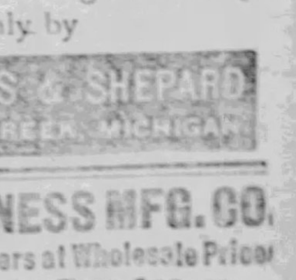
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627,240. Among the items added by the Senate committee are the following:

To establish branches of the hydrographic office at Portland, Me., and Chicago, $11,000; territorial offices of Oklahoma, $11,000; increase of clerical force in the offices of surveyor general of North and South Dakota and Washington, $18,700.

The committee struck out the provision in the House bill requiring that every application for civil service examination shall be accompanied by a certificate of state and county officers, stating that the applicant is an actual and bona fide resident of the state and county in which he claims to live.

WHEN WILL THEY ADJOURN?

The House will be Ready Much Earlier Than the Senate.

The House will be ready for adjournment within three weeks. The silver and tariff bills, the great measures of the session, and nearly all the appropriation bills, have passed the House. Before the end of the week all the appropriation bills, excepting the general deficiency, will be in the hands of the Senate.

Only two important measures remain to be passed by the House—the federal election law and the shipping bill. But these can be got out of the way by July 3, when the House will be ready to adjourn.

A very different state of things exists at the Senate end. The legislative appropriation bill has yet to be considered there, while the agricultural, diplomatic and consular, the postoffice and river and harbor bills are still in the hands of the Senate committees.

The tariff bill is yet to be reported, and considerable more time may be consumed in the dreary waste of words on the silver bill. The highly important measure to define and regulate the jurisdiction of the United States court, and the one to create a court of patent appeals, which were passed by the House months ago, still slumber in the committee on Judiciary.

If they should become law they would afford much needed relief to the United States Supreme court and enable justice to be done to litigants who now often die before their cases can be reached. Only two really important measures, such as will be considered in making up the record of the session, have yet passed the Senate, and those are the dependent pension bill and the McKinley administrative customs bill.

The outlook, therefore, is that the House will be kept here, probably until September, waiting on the Senate. Unless the Republican senators abandon, at the dictation of the Democrats, the purpose to pass a federal election law, or else change their antiquated rules, the day of adjournment may be even much farther off than September.

The Democratic Senators held a secret caucus Saturday and agreed to debate the tariff bill six weeks or longer, if necessary to prevent the passage of any measure extending federal supervision over elections. It remains to be seen whether or not the Republican Senators, with a majority of ten, will allow the Democrats to dictate what shall or shall not be done. The reverence in the Senate for old forms is too great to be overcome.

A Republican Senator says that the majority will, if necessary, remain in continuous session, and allow the Democrats to do all the talking.

It is the aim of the Democratic Senators to prevent the passage of any election bill in time to be of service in preventing frauds in the next election. All the Republicans propose to do is practically to extend the law regarding the appointment of supervisors in Philadelphia, New York and other large cities, so as to cover all the Congressional districts of the country, whenever 100 voters in a district request it.

The people of Philadelphia and New York, and of other cities where this new law has been in force, do not need to be told that its only possible effect is to aid in securing honest elections. This law has never interfered with the right of any qualified voter. But the Democrats assert that they will paralyze the government, if possible, rather than permit the just extension of that statute.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Resume of Daily Proceedings for the Past Week.

WASHINGTON, June 10.—The House silver bill was referred to the Finance committee, and the Senate silver bill discussed.

In the House the Speaker laid before the House a bill amendatory of the internal revenue laws. Passed. It authorizes the commissioner of Internal Revenue to formulate rules and regulations by which beer may be carried direct from the vats to the bottling department without passing through the intermediate process of being drawn into kegs.

A Senate bill was passed changing the present system of drawback on exported beer and fermented liquors, and permitting their exportation in bond in the same manner as distilled spirits are now handled.

The House then went into committee of the whole (Mr. Payson, of Illinois, in the chair), on the postoffice appropriation bill.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—In the Senate adverse reports were made from the Finance committee on Mr. Stanford's bill for government loans on liens of real estate and on the bill to abolish metal money, and the bills were indefinitely postponed.

On motion of Mr. Edmunds a Senate bill extending the criminal jurisdiction of the Circuit and District courts to the great lakes and their connecting waters was taken from the calendar and passed.

Mr. Morrill, from the committee on Finance, reported back favorably and with sundry amendments the House silver bill, and gave notice that at the proper time he would offer it as a substitute for the Senate bill.

The Senate silver bill was taken up, and Mr. Eustis addressed the Senate. He spoke in favor of unrestricted coinage, and was followed by Senator Turpie on the same side. The silver bill then went over till to-morrow.

The following bills were then taken up and passed: Senate bill for a public building at Racine, Wis., the cost not to exceed $100,000; increasing the cost of the public building at Duluth from $150,000 to $275,000.

Senate bill to prohibit a monopoly of the transportation of cattle to foreign countries (which was under discussion last Monday) was taken up and passed without further discussion, Mr. Vest having consented to the amendment offered by Mr. Hale, inserting the words "not already contracted for, in good faith, by persons or parties having cattle for transportation at the date of such contract sufficient to occupy such storage room."

The Senate joint resolution in regard to the export trade in cattle was then taken up and adopted. It requests the President of the United States to cause correspondence and negotiation to be had with the authorities of Great Britain for the purpose of securing the abrogation or modification of the regulations now enforced which require cattle imported into Great Britain from the United States to be slaughtered at the port of entry, and prohibiting the same from being carried alive to other places in said kingdom.

The Senate bill to provide for the inspection of live cattle and beef products intended for export to foreign countries was then taken up and passed.

In the House the conference report on the small dependent pension bill was agreed to, a report of its provisions, and the vote thereon, is given elsewhere.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—In the Senate, after some preliminary business had been transacted, the Senate silver bill was taken up and discussed.

In the House, after routine business, the agricultural appropriation bill was discussed.

At the evening session the following bills were passed: For a new lighthouse tender in the Thirteenth Lighthouse district, with headquarters at Portland, Ore.; to permit the secretary of War to grant a revocable license to use pier, as petitioned by vessel owners of Chicago, Ill.; to reorganize and establish the customs collection district of Puget Sound.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—In the Senate E. K. Valentine was made sergeant-at-arms, and the Senate silver bill was discussed.

In the House the sundry civil appropriation bill was discussed.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—In the Senate miscellaneous business of no general interest was transacted.

In the House the day was devoted to the memory of the late Samuel J. Randall.

WASHINGTON, June 16.—A message from the House asking further conference on the anti-trust bill was presented and the request was assented to after remarks by Senators Edmunds and Vest.

The deficiency appropriation bill for pensions and the census was reported and passed.

The House silver bill was taken up, and Mr. Daniel resumed the speech begun by him last Friday. Alluding to the expected passage of the bill to-day, Mr. Daniel said that the day was one of great victory and triumph for the representatives of Democracy and for those who, through good report and evil report, had steadfastly maintained the money of the people.

In the House Mr. Williams, of Ohio, presented the petition of ex-soldiers of Dayton, O., for the enactment of a law prohibiting the sale, use, manufacture or importation of banners or flags representing the confederate flag or the red flag of the anarchist. Referred.

The House then went into committee of the whole (Mr. Burrows, of Michigan, in the chair) on the sundry civil appropriation bill.

REACHED THE LIMIT.

Gen. Samuel C. Holabird Placed on the Retired List.

Brig. Gen. Samuel C. Holabird, quarter-master general of the army, was placed on the retired list of the army on June 16, having reached the statutory age of 64 years. He is a native of Connecticut, and was appointed a cadet at the military academy from that state in 1845, graduating four years later as a second lieutenant, and of the first infantry.

His position is being sought after by several officers of the quartermaster's department with great earnestness and vigor, a great deal of influence of various sorts having been brought to bear in their behalf. Secretary Proctor went over to the White House this morning and discussed the matter with the President. Lieut.-Col. Chas. G. Sawtelle, depot quartermaster general is temporarily in charge of the bureau.

ELECTION BILL.

The Republican House Caucus on Last Monday Night.

The Republicans of the House were in caucus on Monday night to receive the report of the caucus committee upon the national election bill. This measure, which was completed last Saturday and printed, was laid before the caucus and, to save the two hours that would have been consumed in its reading, Mr. Lodge briefly and concisely stated the substance of its provisions.

Apparently some opposition yet remained to these features of the bill providing for a United States canvassing board in the election districts, composed of three citizens of good repute, and for the use of certificates of these boards in the preparation of the roll of members-elect of the House. This took form in the shape of an amendment to the bill proposed by Representative Frank, of Missouri, by the terms of which the canvassing boards are to be composed of the United States chief supervisor, the clerk of the United States District court, and the United States marshal for the district, and by reverting to the terms of the original Rowell bill so as to provide that in case of conflicting state and federal returns the clerk of the House shall omit the names of both parties from the roll of members.

After some discussion this amendment was rejected, and the entire bill was approved as it came from the Caucus committee, some few suggestions being made in the line of perfection of detail and removal of possible complexity and ambiguity, which the committee was empowered to incorporate in the bill if it should see fit.

There was every disposition to secure speedy action upon the bill in the House, and it is expected that it will be reported from the committee and provisions made by the committee on Rules for its consideration before the end of the week.

Having disposed of this subject the caucus next turned its attention to the McComas anti-gerrymandering bill. This was discussed at some length. Before the vote was taken many members had left the hall, so that the result, which was a defeat of the bill by a vote of 22 to 26, was a disappointment to its friends, who had held that it could not fairly be held as an indication of the feeling of the entire party, and they will probably make another effort to have consideration of the bill at a subsequent caucus.

The Bill.

The National Election bill, as framed by the House Republican Caucus committee, has just been printed. The principal features of the measure are as follows:

Chief supervisors of elections in judicial districts, are charged with the execution of the law which is to apply to federal elections in cities of 20,000 inhabitants or upwards, and in entire Congressional districts, exclusive of such cities, upon application to the supervisor of 100 voters, or in counties or parishes forming a part of a Congressional district, upon application from 50 voters.

The supervisors are required to make—in towns of 20,000 people and upward—a thorough house to house canvass before election, to inform voters upon inquiry where and in what box to deposit their ballots, and to scrutinize naturalizations. In canvassing the votes the state laws are to govern, except that all ballots are to be counted by tens, first by an inspector of election, and second, by a supervisor, the local election officers and the supervisors keeping separate tally sheets, which are to be compared, and they are to be compared and the result to be publicly announced.

All ballots deposited in the wrong box are to be counted. Returns are to be made by the supervisors in duplicate to the clerks of the United States Circuit courts and to the chief supervisor, who is to tabulate and refer them to the United States board of canvassers of the Congressional vote, which is to be operated by the United States Circuit court, and consisting of three citizens of the state and persons of good repute, not more than two of whom are to be of the same political party.

The board is to convene on November 15 each even year and is to declare and certify the result of the election, and send one return to the clerk of the House of Representatives, one to the governor of the state, and one to the proper chief supervisor of elections.

The clerk of the House is to place upon the roll of members-elect the names of the persons declared elected by the United States canvassers, in case there is a difference in the result reached by them and by the state-election officers.

THE SILVER BILL.

The Senate Voting on the Amendments To-day.

The Senate, on June 17, voted on the amendment reported by the Finance committee, striking out of the House silver bill the provision that the treasury notes issued for silver "shall be a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private." The amendment was rejected—yeas 14, nays, 50—and the provision remains in the bill.

The Senate has voted on the second amendment, striking out the bullion redemption clause. It was agreed to—yeas 57, nays 7. So that clause is out of the bill.

The Senate then voted on the third amendment reported by the finance committee—Striking out the 6th section, for free coinage of silver, when the market price is one dollar for 371¼ grains of pure silver. The amendment was rejected—yeas 16, nays 46.

So the provision remains in the bill. The amendment fixing the limitation of the act to ten years was rejected—yeas 4, nays 64. The bill has been passed.

THE TARIFF BILL.

Reported to the Senate on Wednesday—Debate Next Week.

On June 17, Chairman Morrill, of the Senate Finance committee, announced that at that day's meeting of the Republican members of the committee, the tariff bill was closed against further amendments, and would be reported to the Senate on the 18th. It has been found impossible to prepare the report of the majority in time for it to accompany the bill on its presentation to the Senate and it will be submitted later, probably after the debate opens on the bill. Senator Morrill said the debate will not very probably begin before next week.

Capital Chat.

The President on June 13, returned to the House without his approval the bill for the erection of a public building at Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Dimmick and the children of the White House left Washington on June 17, for Cape May, and will remain there during the summer. The President will probably make them weekly visits until the adjournment of Congress, after which he will remain at the seashore throughout the heated term.

Sergeant-at-Arms Valentine.

In the Senate on June 13, the resolution offered by Mr. Edmunds appointing Edward K. Valentine sergeant-at-arms of the Senate was taken up and agreed to—an amendment offered by Mr. Harris, substituting the name of Henry W. Wall, of Tennessee, having been first voted down.

Olds Has Resigned.

Schuyler S. Olds, secretary of the Republican Congressional committee, on June 10 sent his resignation to Chairman Belden.

Claims are Out of Date.

The Marshall county, Iowa, attorney has decided that the back bounty claims alleged to be due many volunteers from that county can not be collected, being barred by the statute of limitations after five years from the time the said county was authorized by the county board as decided by the state Supreme court in 1873 in a similar case. This being true, many veterans will lose the bounty to which they were once entitled, and the county is saved an enormous expense.

GENERAL NEWS.

CATCHING CHINESE.

How the Government Officers Learn to Identify Them.

Collector Phelps, of San Francisco, on June 12, explained what was being done to prevent Chinese from entering the United States across the Mexican border. Special Agent Irvine and another officer were appointed to go with the Chinese, who arrived at this port in transit to Guaymas. They disguised themselves as miners and sailed April 25 on the steamer Newbein for Guaymas in company with 60 Chinese.

The officers mingled with the Chinese and studied their features until they could swear to each man's identity. Twenty Chinese who bought tickets to Guaymas left the steamer at Ensenada. Telegraphing to the collector at San Diego to look out for these, the officers continued on with the rest. Arriving at Guaymas, the Chinese left on the railroad in the direction of Nogales, accompanied by the officers, but when within 60 miles of Nogales and close to the border of the United States, the Chinese left the train and went into camp. Two officers went on to Nogales and made preparations for the capture of the Chinese the moment they crossed the border.

But the Mongolians did not cross, and some time after were joined by more, making a total of 180 in camp. Two weeks ago a Chinese letter was captured, which, on being interpreted, showed that the Chinese had been informed of the preparations for their capture. This explained their long delay in attempting to cross the border. The Chinese in camp near the border are in an unpleasant predicament. If they cross, they will be captured. They cannot go south or east because of Apaches, and on the west and northwest lies the great desert. Their countrymen at Guaymas are hostile to them, and what will become of them Collector Phelps cannot say.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

THERE'S FUN AHEAD.

Sealers to Defy the Orders Not to Enter Behring Sea.

The sealing schooner Lillie sailed on Saturday from Victoria, B. C., for Behring sea, where she will hunt for seals. A reporter met her owner just before she sailed, and was informed that he had given the captain positive orders to hunt in forbidden waters.

Other owners have also given their vessels similar instructions, and word has been sent by vessel to schooners cruising on the west coast of Vancouver's island to proceed to Behring sea. The full Victoria fleet will enter the sea.

H. M. S. Amphion, which ran on a rock while conveying Lord Stanley from Victoria to Vancouver some months ago, will leave Esquimalt drydock in a few days, and there is a settled conviction among sealing men and others interested that she has orders from the imperial government to cruise in Behring sea.

Preparations are being made for a long cruise, and although, of course, her destination is kept secret, enough is known to warrant the belief that she has been ordered to cruise in Behring sea and look after the interests of any Victoria sailing vessels which may enter disputed waters.

Naval officers, moreover, are looking for some active work this summer. Sealers, however, know there is no absolute certainty of their receiving protection, and are prepared for losses while they hope for the best. Exciting news from Behring Sea may be looked for about the latter part of July.

CHOLERA IN SPAIN.

Great Alarm at the Spread of the Epidemic.

Much alarm is occasioned by the continued spread of the cholera at Puebla de Rugat. The authorities are making strong efforts to stamp out the disease, but so far they have been unsuccessful and new cases are reported daily. On June 15 there were four deaths from the disease, and nine new cases reported.

The doctors at Puebla de Rugat are greatly overworked, and the authorities have telegraphed to Valencia asking that physicians be sent from that city to aid them. The supply of drugs is running short, and the town officials have also telegraphed for a fresh supply from Valencia.

The number of cases thus far reported is 91. One of the persons who fled from the town for safety has died from the disease at Albaida. Dr. Candela who is an expert declares that the disease at Puebla de Rugat is true Asiatic cholera.

ANNEXATION.

Mowat Can See no Public Sentiment in Favor of It.

Hon. Oliver Mowat, premier of Ontario, was interviewed on June 12 on the subject of annexation. He said:

"There is no sentiment for it in Canada. The election of Sol White should not, as is represented, be taken as an indication of a desire for annexation.

"White himself says he is for independence, not annexation. There is at present no great desire for a change in the political system of Canada, but if a change ever does come, it will be independence from Great Britain's control, not annexation to the United States."

Result of the Elections in British Columbia.

The provincial elections in British Columbia resulted in the government being sustained by a large majority. Victoria returned three opposition and one government representative, the latter being Turner, the Finance minister. Two outlying districts on Vancouver island are yet to be heard from, but the result will probably be ten government supporters, two independent government and four oppositionists. The result on the mainland will probably be ten government supporters, four oppositionists and three independents. It is expected the government will have a majority of eight in the house.

Governor General Stanley.

Henry M. Stanley has been tendered and has accepted the governor-generalship of the Congo Free State. He will not enter upon his duties until the beginning of 1891, unless he should be called upon to assume them earlier by King Leopold. After his marriage, Stanley will proceed to the United States, where he will remain until summoned to enter upon office.

A Big Strike.

Thirteen thousand dock laborers at Swansea, England, have struck for higher wages. The shipping business of the place, with the exception of coal trade, is at a standstill in consequence of the strike.

Stanley and His Bride.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley and his bride will spend their honeymoon at Metchet Court, Hampshire. The place is owned by Lady Ashburton, who has loaned it to Mr. Stanley.

Our Mary is Wed.

Miss Mary Anderson was married June 17, to Mr. Antonio Navarro, in the Roman Catholic chapel of St. Mary's, in Hampstead, London. The wedding was strictly private.

A Feeling of Unrest.

Jose Astiqueta has been appointed minister of justice of the Argentine Republic. The ministerial crisis has ended, but a feeling of uncertainty prevails.

Prisoners Released.

It is reported that the Mahdi has released all the Europeans who were taken prisoners by his forces.

Will Be a Rebate.

A new feature of the Des Moines river lands will be brought up if the government wins the suit. It is the almost unanimous opinion of the legal authorities who have considered the subject, that should the lands revert to the government the present holders are entitled to recover the taxes which they have paid on the lands with interest, as government lands are untaxable. The taxes have been nearly $5,000 a year since 1862.

Rescued the Crew.

The British steamer Irthington Captain Barnard, at Bristol from Baltimore, rescued the crew of the Swedish bark Lena, Captain Persson, from Ship Island, April 23, for Grimsby, which was abandoned in mid-ocean with her bulwarks and everything movable about decks gone, and leaking. The crew worked at the pumps incessantly for two days, when they became disabled.

A VOICE FROM THE WEST.

No New York Man Need Apply for the Presidency in 1892.

The *Rocky Mountain News*, of Denver, Colorado, the leading Democratic paper in the west, contained a double-leaded editorial on June 11, which takes strong grounds against the nomination by the national Democracy of either Cleveland or Hill, or any other New York man for president.

The *News* states that this desire is not the outgrowth of hostility to either of these gentlemen, but the attitude of the party in going to New York for a candidate ever since the war has sectionalized the party, the South and West has been compelled to submit to New York, and with New York to Wall street.

Until these bonds are broken the Democratic party can never claim to be what its founders made it. Since 1873 the country has been suffering evil effects of silver demonatization. It was partially restored by Democrats in 1878. The tariff is insignificant in importance to the financial issue, the South, West and Northwest are in favor of restoration of silver.

New York alone dominates and controls the whole party in this great financial struggle. Democrats in Congress are almost a unit for free coinage. In national conventions this candor vanishes in superstitious fear that only a New York candidate can be elected. New York will never cast its vote in convention for a man not bound in bonds of gold to Wall street. Even before Cleveland was inaugurated he shocked the country with a letter in opposition to silver.

If Cleveland or Hill were nominated neither could escape from his Wall street environment: The convictions of the St. Louis convention which nominated Cleveland were smothered. The Democratic party by conceding that it can win success only through a New York nominee, admits fatal weakness and almost merits defeat.

The *News* concludes by an appeal to party to give the West and South a chance.

THE WOOL GROWERS.

Resolutions Adopted by the Galveston Convention.

The National Wool Growers' convention at Galveston on June 13, adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That an amendment to the McKinley bill should be made by the senate, which shall provide substantially that all foreign wools having any cross or admixture of merino or English blood shall be classified as to pay duties imposed upon class 1 or class 2 wools, according to nature or cross of admixture, and that the secretary of the Treasury be required to remove all samples now in custom houses, for the purpose of classifying foreign wools for duty, substituting new samples in accordance with the principles above stated.

Resolved, also, That paragraph 383 in the McKinley bill be amended by striking out proviso contained therein, and that paragraph 608 be changed by striking out the words "Russian camel."

That we earnestly recommend that any further changes that may be made in the McKinley bill shall be only such as will give to the wool growers of the United States protection on wool as grown by American flock-masters.

That we protest emphatically against any law that will in terms or by implication permit wool to be imported in any other than its native condition as shorn from the sheep except as washed or scoured in unbroken fleeces.

Another resolution was adopted deprecating the decimation of ewe flocks west of the Mississippi by killing them for market instead of holding them for breeders. The present officers were re-elected. The convention meets next year in Kansas City.

IT DECLARED FOR WAR.

The Constitution of the New Western Republic.

United States Marshal George Gard arrived at San Diego, Cal., from Ensenada, Lower California, on June 11, where he has been making an investigation of the filibustering movement which was recently exposed. During his investigation a copy of the provisional constitution of the new Republic which the filibusters expected to form was secured, and this document has been forwarded to Washington.

The constitution asserts political freedom from the United States of Mexico, and declares that the people hereby delegate their authority to a council of administration for the purpose of a war of independence, and that the authority of the said council should be complete until peace should be declared, when a constitutional convention of the people shall be called.

All legislative, judicial and executive functions are vested in the said council, and until the declaration of peace, martial law should prevail on the peninsula. The writ of habeas corpus is declared suspended during the war for independence. The president was to preside at all meetings of the council and have the casting vote. The constitution also prescribed the duties of the commanding general, secretary general, treasurer general, surveyor general and other officers composing the council of administration.

The Filibustering Scheme was of Much Magnitude.

Col. C. E. Foster, special agent of the department of Justice, who arrived at San Francisco from San Diego a few days ago, where he has been investigating the recent filibustering movement to capture Lower California, left for Washington on June 12. He declined to make any statement in regard to the result of his investigations at San Diego further than to say:

"The filibustering scheme is of much magnitude and fully as extensive as has been reported. It may result in an increased military force being placed along the Mexican border, especially on the Pacific coast, by the government. The results of my investigations will not cause any trouble between the United States and Mexico."

HE WAS A GIRL.

A Strange Case of Double Suicide in Cleveland.

About three weeks ago J. A. Vincent, a chemist, and part owner of the Gardner Chemical Works on Indiana avenue, Chicago, came to Cleveland with a person known as Charlie O'Connor, on a visit. Vincent was 26 years old. His companion was much younger, of slight, girlish figure, black curly hair, blue eyes and a sweet feminine voice.

A few days since O'Connor went to his home in Allegheny, Pa., and at noon on June 12 Vincent committed suicide by jumping into the lake from the bluff west of the city. Ed Griffith, a boyhood friend of Vincent's, who knew him in Kansas City, saw him when he made the fatal plunge. Vincent went to Griffith's house despondent and declared that he would kill himself. When Griffith's arose Vincent had disappeared, leaving a note saying he had gone to drown himself in the lake. Hastily following him, Griffith arrived at the lake shore just in time to see Vincent leap from the bluffs. The body has not been recovered. Vincent left a letter saying he had killed himself because Charley O'Connor had gone back on him. Griffith says he thinks O'Connor was a girl. Vincent's father is an Episcopal clergyman in Kansas City.

THE WHISKY TRUST.

The Offices to be Removed to Peoria, Illinois.

C. C. Turner, of Louisville, Ky., the head and front of the Protective Liquor Dealers' organization, and the editor of their official organ is at Peoria, Ill., and the offices of the protective association are to be removed to that place.

The whisky trust and the protective dealers' association are to be amalgamated under one head. The office of publication of the official paper will also be removed to this city, and Mr. Turner will manage it. It connection with this new combine by the trust and dealers' association it is noted that work has been suspended on the new Wilson distillery at Pekin, in which eastern dealers were interested.

Indian Lands.

On June 12, the papers transferring 479,668 acres of land to the United States government were delivered by the Sac and Fox Indians of the Indian Territory. The commission concluded its work on June 12. The allotment of lands in severalty to the Indians will be made in the next 60 days. The Indians are already rich. They have already at Washington $1,000,000, the interest on which brings them $60 per year for each man, woman and child. Under the treaty each person will get 160 acres of land wherever he choose to select it. The boomers are becoming more numerous daily and the Indians are becoming restless. A delegation of Kickapoos has arrived and are consulting with their attorney relative to meeting the commission before it leaves.

MAINE REPUBLICANS.

The Platform Upon Which Governor Burleigh Will Stand.

The Maine Republican state convention met at Augusta June 13. The report of the committee on resolutions was adopted and Governor Burleigh then made a brief speech of acceptance of the nomination, receiving a perfect ovation. After an address by Hon. H. B. Cleves, of Portland, the convention, at 2:45 p. m., adjourned.

The platform adopted favors laws fro the protection of labor; sympathizes with honest efforts to eradicate intemperance, and renews its adhesion to prohibition of the liquor traffic. It demands of Congress the enactment of such legislation as shall enable each state to exercise full control within its borders of the traffic in all liquors, whether imported in original packages or otherwise. It favors a system of taxation under which all property shall be reached for taxation and shall bear its just proportion of the public burden. It favors an elective system free from corruption and it approves of legislation to secure that end. It favors liberal pensions for service rendered in the war of the rebellion.

It recognizes the munificent and successful contest made by the Republicans in the House of Representatives for the rights of the majority to transact the business of the country under the leadership of Speaker Reed, who has, by the courageous discharge of his duty, done honor to the state and a great public service to the country.

MISSOURI DEMOCRATS.

Declare for Tariff Reform and Denounce Monopolies.

The Missouri Democratic state convention met at St. Joseph on June 13, and proceeded to ballot for supreme judge. After the eleventh ballot Burgess continued to lose and Gantt and Thomas to gain until the sixteenth ballot.

No choice having been reached the roll call was again commenced. This ballot was the decisive one, the bulk of Burgess's strength going to Gantt. It resulted: Gantt, 273; Thomas, 210; Burgess, 12; McFarlane, 32. Gantt's vote was nine more than necessary to nominate, and when the figures were announced there was great enthusiasm over his success. The nomination was made unanimous.

The committee on Resolutions reported the platform. It condemns the present system of tariff taxes and monopolies; arraigns the present Republican administration for violation of pledges; denounces the quorum rulings of Speaker Reed as flagrant usurpation of power; favors the free coinage of silver and the enactment of laws to insure honest elections.

Union Labor Ticket.

The Union Labor party of Arkansas met in convention at Little Rock, Arkansas, June 10, and about 86 delegates were present, representing 33 out of 75 counties. The following state ticket was nominated: Governor, N. B. Fizer; secretary of state, J. M. Pitman; auditor, O. S. Jones; treasurer, J. T. Andrews; land commissioner, C. M. B. Cox; educator, T. M. C. Birmingham; attorney general, T. P. Chambers; commissioner of agriculture, G. B. Farmer.

For Carlisle's Seat.

W. W. Dickerson, of Grant county, was nominated on the 207th ballot as the Democratic candidate to succeed John G. Carlisle in the House of Representatives, by the convention at Carrolton, Ky.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Chicagoans all Think the Lake Front is the Most Popular Site.

Governor Fifer, of Illinois, has issued a call for a special session of the state legislature to be convened on the 23d day of July, proximo, to submit to the electors of the state a proposition to so amend the state constitution as to permit the city of Chicago to issue $5,000,000 in bonds in aid of the Columbian exposition in 1893; to pass the necessary legislation to permit the use of public grounds as a location for the exposition, and to vest the power of eminent domain in the city during the pendency of the fair.

On June 13 the executive committee fo the World's Columbian exposition assembled to hear the report of the committee on site. Except the lake front park, the committee criticised more or less all of the half dozen localities which have been discussed in Chicago for weeks as possible places for the fair grounds.

Garfield park, the favorite spot on the West Side of the city, was declared to be out of the question. The lake front, the committee held, was the ideal site, barring certain legal disabilities, which were in process of adjustment. More time was asked before a final recommendation be made.

The extension of time was granted and then the Executive committee listened to representatives of the west and north sides of the city, each opposing Jackson park, the choice of the southern part of the city, but agreeing that the lake front enlarged so as to take in the present outer harbor would be thoroughly acceptable.

By the "lake front" is meant the open tract bounded on the west by the business center of the city and on the east by the waters of Lake Michigan. The idea is to add to this tract a square mile of territory to be reclaimed from the lake.

KNOWN ONLY BY NUMBERS.

State of Affairs Found in the Pennsylvania Mines.

Mr. Porter, the superintendent of the census, has been informed by Mr. Ashley, the census supervisor of the 5th district of Pennsylvania, that his enumerators have notified him that Hungarians and Poles, and many Italians in Lackawanna, Luzerne and Carbon counties, have refused to give any census information even to interpreters. Many of these men, he says, are designated by their employers by numbers, each man wearing his number on his person or answering to it.

The supervisor says that if so instructed he will direct his enumerators to take account of such employes by numbers, in this way securing nativity, age and occupation, which in his opinion would be better than no information at all.

In his reply Supt. Porter informs the supervisor that it is impossible that the census office should help to perpetuate such a state of affairs as reported when large numbers of laborers are treated more like beasts of burden than men, and known only by numbers.

Mr. Porter gives him positive instructions to employ a sufficient number of enumerators and interpreters to thoroughly canvass these people and elicit from them the information called for by the schedules.

THE NORTH STAR SEIZED.

Her Officers Charged with Smuggling Chinese Into the States.

The little steamer North Star was seized by Customs Inspector Young at Victoria, B. C., on June 11, on charges of violating the Canada customs act. Capt. Angel Eiffel and F. Jones are officers of the North Star. The steamer, it is alleged, has been for the past six months engaged in carrying Chinese from British Columbia into Washington. The programme has been to run out of Victoria at night, land her contraband cargo at some quiet place on the American shore and at once shoot back into Canadian waters. The Chinese smuggling out are disposed of to Mongolian contractors, who pay $20 to $25 a piece for them. The buyers have agents at hand wherever a landing is made, and the Chinese are secreted for two or three days and then shipped to Seattle, Portland or California points. The North Star is also accused of bringing back American goods and landing them along the coast near Victoria, and this caused her seizure.

Held to the Grand Jury.

At Montreal, on June 14, Judge Desmoyers committed Hale, who shot his brother-in-law, Cowles, a week ago, to the grand jury, now in session. The grand jury will probably bring in a bill, and Hale will have to stand his trial. He will be released on bail, and if Cowles does not prosecute at the next term of the court the case will be allowed to drop.

Furniture Will Go Up.

At its session, in Chicago on June 13, the National Furniture Manufacturers association discussed the question of an advance in prices. All agreed that an advance was necessary, and that at once; but the methods for obtaining that advance was not decided upon.

NORTHWEST INDIANS.

Their Attitude Continues to be Menacing.

The attitude of the Cheyenne Indians continues to be menacing, though no overt act has occurred since the killing of Ferguson. Owing to the fact that the Indians have left their reservation and are scattered over the country in small parties, settlers are thoroughly alarmed, sending women and children to towns in large numbers.

Indian lookouts are on all high points and are constantly signaling by mirror flashes and blanket code. Friendly Indians have reported to whites that there is to be an outbreak and that they are now making medicine, which is generally accepted to mean that they are waiting to be joined by allies from Standing Rock, Sioux and Pine Ridge Cheyennes, to whom messengers have been sent.

The Northern Cheyennes of themselves only number about 250 bucks. At the agency of the Rosebud, Major Carroll, of the First cavalry, has three troops of cavalry—about 140 men. Detachments of a troop of cavalry and three companies of infantry, 150 all told, left Fort Keogh on June 13, to proceed up the Rosebud and co-operate with Carroll. Three companies more are at Fort Keogh that could be sent out, but no transportation.

In compliance with the request of the sheriff of the county, a hundred rifles and ten thousand rounds of ammunition arrived at Miles City June 13, in charge of Col. Curtis, aide to Gov. Toole. The sheriff expected the arms would be turned over to him for issuance to the settlers, but Col. Curtis will not do so unless in case of a great emergency, which he is not satisfied exists now.

It has been arranged for Col. Curtis and Stock Inspector Smith to go to the Cheyenne agency and confer with Maj. Carroll, and on their return report the situation to the Governor. The Indians are all well armed with Winchester rifles and government ammunition, while runners and cowboys are unarmed.

Calf branding and roundup has been stopped entirely, owing to this fact. If the Indians could be disarmed and put back on their reservation, settlers could take care of themselves; but in present condition of affairs there seems to be nothing for them to do but abandon homes and business, and congregate in town. While nothing of a more serious nature may occur, it is quite probable that any day may bring news of an outbreak.

Miles City Petitions the Government to Quiet the Cheyennes.

A petition of citizens of Miles City and settlers in the Cheyenne country was drafted on June 13, and sent to Col. Swayne, at Fort Keogh, to be sent by him to the secretary of War. The petition sets forth the present trouble and its causes, and asks the government to disarm the Cheyennes and keep them on the reservation.

Col. Curtis, Gov. Toole's aide, has gone to Cheyenne agency to quiet the trouble and to impress upon Maj. Carroll the necessity of moving his troops to points where they are urgently needed.

Linn Holt, a cattle owner, whose ranch is in the vicinity of Ashland, the government telegraph station, has lived in that locality since 1888, and in the vicinity of the Cheyenne Indians ever since they have been on the present reservation.

He has never felt any fears for his safety until now. About three weeks ago he noticed a change in the manner of the Indians, and Tuesday a friendly Cheyenne advised him to take his wife away, as there was going to be trouble.

Later a trusty Indian boy told him that the Cheyennes were going to fight; that two of the tribe had been sent to the Sioux agency at Standing Rock to get the Sioux to come and help them; that they were going to take agent Upshaw's scalp sure. So he packed up and brought his wife to Miles City.

HURRAH FOR THE YANK.

A Skipper Who Would Not Haul Down His American Flag.

The Canadian Order of Foresters in session at Kingston, Ont., on June 11, had arranged for an excursion down the river on the steamer St. Lawrence, an American boat. The government had given permission for her to touch at Canadian ports. The boat unfurled the stars and stripes at her stern and bowsprit, the Union Jack at the top of her staff, and showed the Canadian flag amidships.

This division of honor was accepted as proper until her majesty's bandsmen, of battery A, were ready to come aboard, when they informed the excursion managers that their superior, Col. Colton, would not allow them to go on board while the American flag was flying. The owners of the boat refused to haul down the stars and stripes, so the warlike musicians were compelled to go back to their colonel, and the excursionists missed their music. Col. Cotton says he regrets the occurrence, but he still believes British soldiers would not look well blowing their horns under an American flag. The affair created a great deal of excitement

AGAINST BUCKET SHOPS.

An Important Decision Rendered in Illinois.

The Supreme court of Illinois, on June 13, rendered an important decision in a bucket shop case which came up from Jacksonville. William Sobey, of Jacksonville, was indicted, and convicted under a special bucket shop act, and the case was carried to the Supreme court. Sobey was agent of Robert Lindblom & Co., of Chicago, member of the Chicago Board of Trade. He received quotations and placed them on a blackboard for public inspection, and proposed to buy and sell on Chicago markets, and receive margins therefor.

Charles James bought 5,000 bushels of wheat and put up 2 cents a bushel margin. He closed the deal in a few days at an advance and neither received nor delivered any grain. The court finds that he did not buy or sell grain for actual use, but simply for speculation. By the revised criminal code of 1874 it is made a criminal offense to deal in options, and the court says that the purchase of grain or other commodities for future delivery is a gambling contract, if the intention at the time of the purchase was to make a future settlement and not for actual delivery; but if either party contracted in good faith and intended to deliver the grain, it is not a gambling contract. The court says it was the legislative intention to do away with the evils resulting from bucket shops, and bucket shopping, and to suppress the vice of gambling in grain and other commodities detrimental to the public good.

The Smuggled Chinese.

The trial of 24 Chinamen charged with violating the exclusion law was commenced before U. S. Commissioner Hughes at Tuscon, Ariz., on June 16. The evidence appears conclusive that the Chinese came direct from Hong Kong to San Francisco. Being denied admission there they were trasferred to the steamer Newberry and landed by her at Guaymas, Sonora, Mex., and made their way across Sonora into Arizona.

Textile Workers.

The secretary of the textile workers' progressive union of America has written to Secretary Connolly inviting both the weavers and amalgamated associations of Fall River to send delegates to Philadelphia on July 4 and 5, when a convention will be held for the purpose of forming an amalgamation of all textile workers.

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A PECULIAR STAND.

Discussion by the Members of the National Temperance Conference.

At the National Temperance Congress, held in New York June 13, the Rev. Dr. Deems announced for discussion the topic, "Should there be a political party whose dominant idea is the prohibition of the liquor traffic?"

The Rev. Dr. H. K. Carroll, editor of the *Independent*, took the ground that such a party was not needed. Prohibition was a question that did not come, except in a very limited degree, within the scope of Congress. Congress has power only to prohibit the sale of liquors in the territories, in the District of Columbia, at army posts and on board United States vessels.

Prohibition is evidently a state question. A national party to live must have a dominant national issue and prohibition is not such an issue. The speaker thought we would have more prohibition if we had fewer prohibition parties.

The Rev. John Bascom, late president of the Wisconsin University, said the Republican party is now under the most unscrupulous leadership. It cannot be trusted to secure prohibition, hence the necessity of a Prohibition party, which shall devote itself to that one question, and force the politicians to assent to it.

E. C. Heath, ex-prohibition candidate for governor of Texas, forcibly declared himself in favor of a prohibition party. Mr. Hilliard, of Boston, spoke in opposition to a prohibition party. He thought this was to be a congress or conference, but it seems to be only a caucus. There seemed to be no room for any one excepting those having one idea and one sentiment.

The next subject taken up was "The relation between temperance reform and improved dwellings."

R. Fulton Cutting referred to tenements and the discomforts to which their inhabitants are condemned, and then pictured the attractions of bright, well-fitted, warm and spacious saloons, where companionship and social society can be found. Much as he detested the saloons, had he the power to close them to-morrow, he would not do so while so many poor, toiling men are condemned to such dwellings as they now occupy.

SECRETARY BLAINE.

He Wrote a Letter on the Question of the Tariff.

A letter from Secretary Blaine to ex-Mayor Cony, of Augusta, Me., says: "You are in error in supposing that I am opposed to sugar being admitted free of duty. My objection is not to free sugar, but to the proposed method of making it free. If, in the pending tariff bill, sugar is placed upon the free list, we give to certain countries a free market for $95,000,000 of their products, while they are not asked to open their markets to the free admission of a single dollar of American products.

"We ought to have, in exchange for free sugar from certain countries, a free market for breadstuffs and provisions, besides various fabrics from all parts of our country. In short, we ought to secure, in return for free sugar, a market for $60,000,000 or $70,000,000 worth of our own products. It will not require reciprocity treaties to secure this great boon. The tariff bill can contain all the necessary conditions. The legislative power is able to secure the desired end.

"Within the last twenty years we have given the countries south of us free admission for nearly $60,000,000 worth of their products, without receiving a penny's advantage in exchange. If sugar be now made unconditionally free, we shall have given to the Latin-American countries free admission for $150,000,000 of their products. It is time, I think, to look out for some reciprocal advantages. We are a very rich nation, but not rich enough to trade on this unequal basis."

THEY LIVED IT OUT.

Mules Survive in a Mine for Nearly a Month.

A party of mine experts, under the direction of Superintendent Gay, while exploring the Neilson shaft at Shamokin, Pa., on June 13, to ascertain the condition of the workings, were surprised to find that twelve of the sixteen mules that had been in the mine since the fire of nearly a month ago, were still alive, having been without food and water for 26 days. Eleven of the mules were standing and one of them was lying down, almost dead.

Three of them were untied at the time of the fire and had found some hay and feed and were looking well and fat. The unfortunate nine that had been tied could not help themselves, and were almost skeletons. The first food offered was hay, but this they refused. Then a gruel of wheat bran and rye chopped thin and mixed with water was given them, and they seemed to relish it. They did not eat or drink ravenously, however, as might have been expected under the circumstances.

A Michigan Woman Defies the Census Taker.

On June 13, Mrs Mary Holland was arrested at Grand Rapids, Mich., and taken before United States Commissioner McQuewan for refusing to answer a census enumerator and driving him out of her house with an ax.

When arraigned she admitted the charge, but said he insulted her by asking if her husband was a black, a homeless child, pauper, prisoner or convict, and she wouldn't stand that from any man. She was held for the grand jury.

Awful Mine Disaster.

A terrible explosion occurred at the Hill Farm mines, near Dunbar, Pa., on June 16. Out of 65 miners working in the pit but 15 have thus farescaped. It is feared that all of the 40 men still in the mine were either killed outright by the explosion or have been suffocated.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, June 18, 1890.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	June 17.	June 10.
4's coupons	122¾	121
4's registered	121¾	121
Pac. 6's of '95	113	113

NEW YORK, June 14—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, increase	$2,677,825
Loans, decrease	1,870,100
Specie, increase	712,800
Legal tenders, increase	1,060,300
Deposits, decrease	1,217,700
Circulation, increase	20,000

The banks now hold $6,987,900 in excess of the 25 per cent rule.

Range of New York stocks to-day, as received by Cronenberg, Chapman & King, Law Building:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Atch	46¾	46¾	46⅛	46½
A. C. O.	....	....	....	....
C. S.	59¾	59¾	58¾	58¾
C. C. C. & I.	76	76	75½	75½
C. B. & Q.	106¼	106⅛	106⅛	106⅝
C. Gas T.	53¾	54⅜	52¾	54⅜
D. H.	....	....	....	....
D. L.	145¾	145¾	145½	145¾
Erie	27¾	27¾	27	27
H. V.	....	....	....	....
J. C.	124¼	124½	124¼	124¼
Lead T.	21	21	20¾	20¾
L. S.	112	112	111¾	111¾
L. & N.	89¼	89¼	88¾	88¾
Mo. Pac.	74¾	74¾	74	74½
M. C.	101½	101½	101¼	101½
New Eng.	48¾	48⅝	48¼	48¼
Nor. P. pf'd	....	....	....	....
Northwest	111⅝	111⅜	111¼	111⅜
Or. Trans.	48¼	48⅛	47⅞	48¼
Pac. Mail	43½	43⅞	43¼	43⅝
Rich. Ter.	23⅝	24⅜	23¼	23¾
Rock Island	93¾	93⅜	93⅜	93¾
Reading	46⅜	46⅜	45⅛	46⅛
*Sugar	79¾	80⅞	78½	78⅞
St. Paul	76⅛	76⅛	75⅛	75⅞
Tenn. C. & I.	50⅜	50⅜	49⅛	49⅛
Tex. Pac.	21½	21⅞	21⅛	21¼
Union Pac.	65¾	66	65⅜	65¾
Wabash pref.	27	27	26⅜	26¾
W. & L. E. p'd	77	77⅝	77	77⅝
West Union	85¾	85⅞	85⅛	85¾

*Ex. Div. 2½ per cent.

NEW YORK, June 17—3 p. m.—Money closed easy at 4 per cent. Bar silver, 104¼. The stock market closed dull but firm, at small fractions below opening figures.

Trade.

The general trade of the country during the past week was fair. The collections in various departments of trade are satisfactory.

THE MARKETS.

To-Day's Markets.

The markets for wheat to-day were fairly active. Prices closed a little firmer on a little better export demand.

July wheat closed at 87¼c, ¼c up; August, 86@86¾c, latter to close, ⅝c higher; September, 86¾@87c, ¼c better.

Corn dull; No. 2 cash and July, nominally 35c.

Oats—No. 2, about 29c.

Clover seed—Prime, about $3.40.

At the Produce Exchange, to-day, No. 2 soft red wheat sold at 87c, about the same as on yesterday, No. 3 soft red, 81½c Wabash, 83¾c Lake Shore.

Middlings—$11 25; bran, $10 75.

At Chicago, July wheat opened at 86c and closed at 86¾c.

Prices of July and August wheat to-day:

July.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	87¼	87¾	87¼	87¼
Chicago	86	86¾	86	86¾
New York	92	92¾	92	92⅝
St. Louis	86¼	86¾	84¾	85¾
August.				
Toledo	86	87	86	86¾
Chicago	86⅛	87⅛	85¾	86⅞
New York	91	91⅛	91	91⅛
St. Louis	83¾	84⅛	83⅝	84¾

The Produce Market.

Butter—Very best, 11@12½c; choice, 8@10c. Eggs steady at 14c.

Fresh meats—Beef, 4½@6½c; veal, 5c; mutton, 8@10c; dressed hogs, $5 00.

Hides—Cured steers, 6½@7c; cured light, 4½@5½c; heavy steers', green, 5c; light, 3½c; No. 2, 2½@3c; grubby, 3c; calf, cured, 5½c; green, 6c; kip, green, 4c; market very dull.

Poultry—Chickens, 11c; turkeys, 12@13c.

Beans $1 75@2 25 ℔ bushel.

Potatoes, 50c.

Provisions—Heavy mess pork, $12 50; short mess, $13 50; clear mess, $13 00; short clear mess, $13 30. Hams—Sugar cured, 18 ℔s and over, 10½c; 15 ℔s average, 11c; 12 ℔s and under, 11½c; shoulders, 7c; breakfast bacon, clear, 9c; breakfast bacon, 8½c; smoked beef, 10c. Lard—Kettle rendered, tierces, 7c; barrels, 7c; half-barrels, 7c; 50 ℔ tins, 7c; refined lard, tierce, 6¼c; 50 ℔ tins, 7c; clear bacon sides, 8c; bologna sausages, 6c.

General Produce.

BUFFALO, June 17.—Wheat—No. 1 hard dull at 99c; No. 1 Northern at 92½c; No. 2 red winter wheat at 91c. Corn—No. 2 in store at 38c. Receipts—Wheat, 124,000; shipments—wheat, 50,000; corn, 140,000.

ST. LOUIS, June 17.—Wheat higher; cash, 85c; July, 85@85¾c; August, 84¾c. Corn firm; cash, 33¾c; July, 33¾@33¾c; August, 33¾c. Oats higher; cash, 28½c; July, 27½c; August, 27½c. Pork dull at $11 50. Lard nominal, $5 55. Whisky steady, $1 09.

MILWAUKEE, June 17.—Wheat quiet; No. 2 white on track, cash, 88@88¼c; July, 88¼c; No. 1 Northern, 88c. Corn quiet; No. 3 on track, 34c. Oats dull; No. 2 white on track, 29½c. Rye dull; No. 1 in store, 46c. Barley dull; No. 2 in store, 48½c.

DETROIT, June 17.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 86½c; No. 2 red cash, June and July, 87¾c; August, 87¼c bid. Corn—No. 2 cash and June, 35½c. Oats—Cash, 30½c; No. 2 white cash, 31c. Receipts—Flour 300; wheat, 19,900; corn, 2,000; oats, 19,000.

CHICAGO, June 17.—1:15 p. m., close.—The closing prices on the board of trade to-day, as quoted by the *Daily Trade Bulletin*, are as follows: Wheat—Weak firm; cash, 85c; July, and August, 86¾c bid. Corn—firm; cash, 33¾@34c; July, 34¼c; August, 35¼c. Oats firm; cash, 28½c; July, 28¼c; August 28¼c. Pork—Steady; cash and August, $12 75; July, $12 85. Lard—Dull; cash, $5 82½; July, $5 87½@5 90; September, $6 07½@6 10. Short ribs steady; cash and July, $5 02½@5 05; September, $5 20. Rye steady at 45½c. Barley quiet. Flax steady at $1 39. Timothy $1 36@1 38; steady. Butter firm; creamery, 10@13½c; dairy, 8@10c. Eggs dull, weak.

NEW YORK, June 17.—Wheat—Receipts, 3,800 bu; sales, 2,880,000 bu; market steady at ¼@¾c advance; foreign houses buying freely; July, 91¾@92½c; August, 91@91¾c; September, 90¾@91½c; December, 92 11-16@93c; May, 1891, 96½@96¾c. Barley—Nominal; Canadian, 60@72½c. Corn—Receipts, 56,000 bu; sales, 568,000 bu; more active; No. 2, 40¾@41½c; steamer mixed, 39¾@40½c. Oats—Receipts, 231,300 bu; sales, 25,000 bu; dull, weaker; western, 33@40c. Beef firm; plate, $7 75@8 00; extra mess, $7 25@7 50. Pork—Quiet, steady; mess, $13 75@14 25; extra prime, $11. Lard—Dull, easy; steam rendered, $6 10. Butter—Receipts, 17,835 packages; firm, odd demand; western dairy, 6@10c; western creamery, 7@15½c; Elgins, 15@15½c; imitation creamery, 7@12c. Cheese—Receipts, 16,506 packages; strong and wanted; state, 8½@9½c; western, 7½@8½c; skims, 2@7½c. Eggs—Receipts, 6,736 packages; strong, fair demand; western, 14@14½c. Sugar—Raw is steady; fair refining, 4½c; centrifugal, 96 test, 5¼c bid; refined, firmer; powdered, 7 1-16c; granulated, 6¾c; crushed, 7⅜c. Spirits turpentine—Firmer and quiet; quoted at 39@39½c. Molasses—Quiet; New Orleans, 31@40c. Tallow—Dull to-day; city ($2 for packages), 4 11-16c. Coffee—Options showed local features only, affecting prices with dull trading. There was a decline of 5 points on June, and 15@25 points on other months. Receipts at Rio were 6,000 bags, and at Santos, 10,000 bags. Havre sold down ¾@1 franc. Rio exchange was was 21¾d. Rio on the spot was quiet; No. 7 flat bean, 18¾c.

Live Stock.

ST. LOUIS, MO., June 17.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,000; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 3,500; market lower; fair to choice packing, $3 70@3 77½; packing, $3 60@3 72½; Yorkers, $3 65@3 70. Sheep—Receipts, 11,000; market strong.

CLEVELAND STOCK YARDS, June 17.—Eirick Bros. report.—[Exclusive to THE BLADE.]—Hogs—Receipts, ——; market is somewhat steady; mediums, $3 95@4 00; Yorkers, light and heavy, $3 95@4 00; pigs, $3 60@3 70; stags, $2 00@3 00; roughs, $3 25@3 45. Veal—calves strong at 4 75@5 00.

BUFFALO June 17.—Cattle—Feeling steady; Receipts, 61 loads through; no sale. Sheep and lambs dull, nominal; receipts, 18 loads through, 3 sale. Hogs—Good demand and a shade higher; receipts, 15 loads through, 4 sale; mediums, heavy and mixed, $4 15; heavy Yorkers, $4 10; light Yorkers, $4 10; pigs, $3 90@3 90.

KANSAS CITY, June 17.—Cattle—Receipts, 7,600 head; shipments, 2,800 head; market 10 to 15c lower; steers, $3 60@4 40; cows, $1 60@3 25; stockers and feeders, $2 65@3 70. Hogs—Receipts, 16,700 head; shipments, none. Market 2½@5c lower; all grades $3 55@3 67½; bulk, $3 77½. Sheep—Receipts 1,600 head; shipments, 3,300 head. Market quiet; good to choice muttons, $3 50@5 00; lambs, $3 25@3 25; stockers and feeders, $3@3 75.

CHICAGO, June 17.—Cattle—Receipts, 8,000 head; market steady and slow; beeves, $3 70@4 90; stockers and feeders, $2 40@3 90; Texas grassers, $2 40@3 50. Hogs—Receipts, 25,000 head; market active and lower; light, $3 65@3 90; heavy packing and shipping $3 60@3 90. Sheep—Receipts, 6,000 head; market steady; muttons $3 90@5 50; stockers and feeders, $3 40@4 35.

Oil City Oil Market.

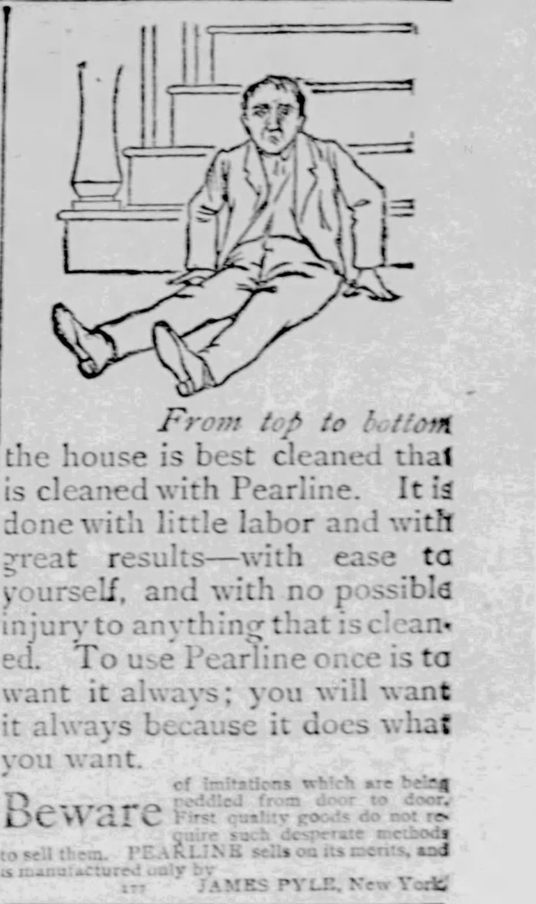
Opened, 90½c; highest, 90⅞c; lowest, 89½c; close, 89½c.

New York Wool Market.

NEW YORK, June 17.—There is a little more doing, and prices are a trifle firmer. Combing and delaine, 35@46c; unwashed do, 21@36c; unwashed Western, 29½c; secured Territory, 55c; Texas, 19@23½c.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

LOUISVILLE, June 17.—There is a strong, healthy market. Sales have exceeded the receipts. The planting season is good. Quotations for 1889 new crop: Burley—Trash, $3@3; colory trash, $4@7; common lugs, $4 00@5 50; medium lugs, $5 50@7 00; good lugs, $7 00@8 50; colory lugs, $8 00@12 00; medium leaf, $10 00@16 00; good leaf, $16 00@22 00; Fine leaf and selections, $22 00@28 50. Dark—Trash, 75@1 25; common lugs, $1 25@2 50; medium lugs, $2 50@3 00; good lugs, $3 00@3 50; common to medium leaf, $3 50@5 00; medium to good leaf, $5 00@6 00; good to fine leaf, $6 00@10 50. Old 1888 crop is quoted: Burley—Trash, $2 00@3 00; colory trash, $5 50@7 00; common lugs, $3 75@5 50; medium lugs, $5 50@7 00; good lugs, $7 00@9 00; colory lugs, $9 00@12 00; common leaf, $7 25@8 50; medium leaf, $8 50@13 00; good leaf, $13 00@18 00; fine leaf, $18 00@25 00; selections, $25 00@35 00. Dark—Trash, $ 50@1 50; common lugs, $1 25@2 00; medium lugs, $2 00@2 50; good lugs, $2 50@3 00; common leaf, $3 00@4 00; medium leaf, $4 00@5 00; good leaf, $5 00@7 50; long leaf, $5 00@8 00; wrappers, $7 50@12 75.



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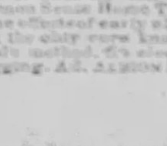

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